

# THE MÜHLENBERG

## Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	1
The Method and the Spirit of the True Student, . . . . .	8
Captain Hawkins and His Twenty Negroes, . . . . .	14
About the College, . . . . .	17
Our Alumni, . . . . .	18
Editor's Table, . . . . .	22
The World of Letters, . . . . .	23

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

"*Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.*"

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Vol. XV. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1897. No. 1.

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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 **TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

**FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.**

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

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With this issue the new staff of THE MUHLENBERG make their salutatory bow. Realizing very well how important and how difficult our struggles may be, we do not take this initial step with an overwhelming confidence in our ability to perform the duties which we have assumed. Not a few friends of ours are anxious about the success of THE MUHLENBERG under its present editorship. Let us answer them by paraphrasing what Prince Bismark said to Alexander of Bulgaria: that it would at any rate be a pleasant reminiscence to have edited a literary journal. However, we have now taken charge of THE MUHLENBERG, and in assuming the edifying

editorial duties we take this chance to ask for the cordial coöperation of all the students, so as to place this College monthly still higher in the ranks of college periodicals.

§ § §

On Thursday, September 2, 1897, Muhlenberg College began her thirty-first scholastic year under very favorable circumstances. Long before the address was to be given by the lecturer, the cosy chapel began to fill up. Not only was the student-body well represented, but many friends of Muhlenberg College and ladies were present; and by the time the lecturer came up the middle aisle, escorted by our venerable President, the chapel was crowded. Never before have the prospects for the College been so good. Never before has so large a number of young men knocked at her door for admittance. The Freshman Class is by far the largest yet entered in the College. The number of Sophomores has also been increased by new students.

§ § §

We wish to invite the attention of all who are interested in Muhlenberg's future to a new and needed feature of her life. Arrangements have been made for extending her sphere, diversifying her interests, and placing her in a position to do a greater good to a greater number. She has added a course in Biology to her well-rounded classical curriculum; and ample facility will be afforded those desiring to prepare themselves for a course in Medicine. We hope that this new channel will bear the waves of beneficent influence to a class which she could not heretofore reach. Quite a number of students have already joined the new venture. The chair of this department is filled by Professor Dowell, who comes to us from a professorship at Upsala Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Professor Dowell is a graduate of Augustana College, and has received the degree of Ph.B., in Biology, at Yale College. THE MUHLENBERG extends a very hearty welcome to the new professor and to the new students, and wishes them all a most successful year.

§ § §

Every year improvements are to be noticed at Muhlenberg, and this year is no exception to the rule. We saw with a

good deal of pleasure the changes made in the recitation-room of the late Dr. Garber, now used by Dr. Bauman. The walls have been papered and painted, blackboards have been arranged around the walls, and new furniture has been placed in the room, so that the place has a pleasant and cheerful appearance. A fine new desk takes the place of the old one, and the students have comfortable chairs for their use instead of the former straight, stiff-backed benches.

§ § §

We were greatly impressed with the most marked and solemn words spoken by the President to the students: that they should begin their day's work with prayerful meditation, just as the College had begun with devotional exercises. Let us echo the good man's advice that a day thus begun will lighten your labors, your thoughts will be purer, your actions will be nobler, your life will be sweeter.

§ § §

We are indebted to Mr. John P. Walter for the decorous dress with which he has clothed THE MUHLENBERG for the coming year. He has caught the happy idea of putting Muhlenberg College in the front and on top.

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## The Method and the Spirit of the True Student.

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An address delivered at the opening of Muhlenberg College, September 2, 1897,  
BY REV. G. W. SANDT.

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Mr. President, members of the Faculty, students, Alumni and friends of Muhlenberg College: Before proceeding to deliver the message, prepared amid many other duties for this occasion, permit me to congratulate the College on this auspicious opening of its halls for the thirty-first time in its history. Though not an alumnus of Muhlenberg College, I assure you that my interest in it is by no means second to that in my *Alma Mater*. Muhlenberg stands for the highest and best interests of a people to whom I am bound by the ties of faith and blood. She has done a noble work in her brief past, despite her modest equipment, and I wish her a hearty God-speed in her still brighter future career. May many friends



flock to her support in the Jubilee year of the 150th anniversary of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, of whose great work she has been one of the leading supporters.

To an alumnus who looks back over his college course and sees how defective were his methods of study, this thought often presents itself with considerable force: "If I could take my course over again, how differently would I regulate it." However hard and faithfully he may have studied, there dwells in him the consciousness that much power has gone to waste because of his failure to master some plan or system of study which would reduce the drudgery of student life to a minimum and enable him to distribute his energies wisely and well. Perhaps the last thought that occurs to most students is that methods of study have much to do with the successful acquirement of knowledge; hence they approach their books very much as an undisciplined soldier moves into battle, forgetting that there are rules governing study as there are rules governing fighting. I shall endeavor, therefore, in some practical way to present a few suggestions on the method and the spirit of the true student. I do this not because I am conscious of having attained to a satisfactory degree of wisdom in this respect that would entitle me to speak with authority, but rather because I have passed through my college course as the average student does—more intent upon making a recitation than upon acquiring rational habits of study and have learned a few things, I hope, from my very deficiencies.

Habits of study are the fixed quantity in a man's educational life. They determine what the man is educationally just as habits of character tell what he is morally. They are the plumbline by which he must be tested, the balances in which he must be weighed. In fact, the habit is the man. If amid the world's vast fields of knowledge he wanders aimlessly, without the power or the purpose of bringing order out of its chaos, at least in some limited sphere, it is an evidence that he has not yet learned how to study. He is a student without a definite plan and is very much at sea—toiling, plodding, propelling, it may be, yet reaching no clearly defined port; ever learning, yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth. He has not yet discovered how to start at a given point in order to arrive at a given end.

Now, I believe that the great difference between successful and unsuccessful students lies largely in the manner with which they deal with the drudgery connected with the mastery of a given subject. Drudgery there will be, for there is no royal road to knowledge. We get our education by paying the price for it—hard, earnest, conscientious work. But there are different ways of dealing with this work. Many a student becomes its slave. His whole course is one of drudgery—that and that only. He moves along the pathway to knowledge with the heavy tread of a cart-horse. His steps lack buoyancy. His habits become ruts. There is much wear and friction, and his wagon moves along heavily. He is down in his work to the axle.

Many another student seeks to avoid drudgery. He tries to flee from it when he ought to face it. He attempts to sow seed without breaking ground. He therefore moves along on the surface of things, challenged by difficulties at every step yet mastering none of them. He cultivates what is easy, neglects what is difficult. He is nimble of foot and skips along in his eclectic pathway as if knowledge were a matter of taste, not of attainment.

Here, then, are two extremes that make the student in the one case a good, reliable, routine man in many respects, though of narrow dimensions, and in the other, a superficial, vascillating man who would fain reach the Delectable mountains of learning without climbing the hill Difficulty.

Now, the first thing the successful student will learn is to know what is drudgery and what not; how much of it is necessary in a given subject and how much not. He will discriminate between the labor of the mason who erects the pedestal and the work of the sculptor who chisels the statue that is to rest upon it. But in the acquiring of an education the same student must be both mason and sculptor.

Let us suppose that the study in question is geometry. The masonry or drudgery connected with it is the memorizing of captions, marshalling them into line for use at any time. The sculptor's work is the reasoning process that uses them as a basis and builds up a demonstration. Anyone will see that the latter becomes easy and pleasurable only in so far as the former has been thoroughly mastered.

Or take the study of Greek. Here the mason's work con-



sists in mastering forms and constructions; the sculptor's, in getting at beauties of thought and expression.

In the study of history the mason's work lies in mastering outlines and dates and names; the sculptor's, in getting at the significance of events and their philosophy.

In the preparation of an essay or oration, the drudgery lies in the selection of material; the pleasurable work, in reducing thought and matter to unity in a new and beautiful creation. To distinguish clearly between the two—to tell where drudgery ends and real work begins—is itself a great step in the direction of pleasurable and profitable study.

In so far as a safe general rule for study can be given, I would express it in the language of a very successful student and scholar:

1. "Reduce the amount of absolutely necessary drudgery in a given study to its smallest compass. Get it in a nutshell. Then consider how your nature and mind can best overcome it. Then overcome it at once and absolutely."

One fruitful source of failure lies in deferring the mastery of this drudgery to a time when it has accumulated and become unmanageable. Insist, therefore, on clean work as you go and do not allow your garden to be overrun with a tangle of growths which it is hard, if not impossible, for you to master afterwards. When this has been successfully done, further progress will be easy. The very fact that you have overcome difficulties and cleared the way for a stronger grasp of the subject will act as a spur and an inspiration, and that is a matter of supreme importance. It gives the student an impetus which nothing else can give. Under such momentum the mind advances rapidly and more work will be done in an hour than can otherwise be done in half a day. Then is when the subject begins to clear up. The pioneer work has been done, the rude block has been chiseled, and form and beauty come more and more to view.

The point is now reached when this work should be broadened and pressed beyond the narrow limits of a text-book. This brings me to the second rule, which I quote:

2. "Select some special points you like and get to know more about them than anyone else does, if possible. Get to the bottom of them. Investigate all the way down into them. This will give you knowledge of methods which, later



on, will serve you well for any subject. It will also give you conscious power and the satisfaction of knowing some one thing and of knowing how to get into things."

But in doing this, the student should be sure to cultivate accuracy. Here is where most persons are liable to fail. The patience and labor required to be accurate long enough to form the habit, till it becomes second nature, are very great. The discipline that was worth most to me during my college course was that into which I was schooled by one professor in particular. He would never accept a partially correct answer, but insisted upon an answer carefully framed and accurately stated. Words like "perhaps" or "I guess" or "I think" were never allowed currency; it was either the language of clearly-defined knowledge or a confession of ignorance that he looked for.

But it is important, furthermore, that the habit of accuracy should apply to little as well as great things. Indeed, here is where it must begin if it is to be trustworthy. The greatest scholars and scientists are not the most brilliant men, but the most careful and painstaking investigators who give details the attention that is their due. The theory has long been exploded that great scholars are born geniuses. Your brilliant man ultimately becomes your weak man, for the temptation to carelessness is greater in his case than in that of your patient, plodding man. Look at the long list of giant intellects which Germany, the land of scholars, has produced. What differentiates them from most students in the world to-day if it be not their patient, plodding bent of mind and character that insists on doing clean work all the way through and all the way down? A zealous care for little things, upon which, after all, every great system of education is built up, has been their habit in every undertaking, and he who would attain to successful scholarship must imitate their example.

The student who plunges into a book without reading the preface or the introduction, or without learning something about the author; or the student who skips the corollaries of a geometrical proposition, or the exceptions to a rule of grammar, or the footnotes and works of reference bearing on a given subject, will never attain unto a clear knowledge in anything. One of the greatest English scholars in the country

had a successful way of impressing the importance of accuracy and thoroughness upon the student in his method of conducting the very first recitation. The subject was "Trench on Words" and the lesson he had assigned was the preface. There were few students in the class who did not take for granted that all the Doctor required was to have them read carefully over the preface and that the Doctor, after asking a few general questions, would utilize the rest of the time by lecturing out of the fullness of his own knowledge. But how great was the disappointment when nearly half the class was called upon and seated before one was found who could give the full name of Dr. Trench, or state in clear language the circumstances under which the book was written, or give a few facts concerning authors therein referred to. Nearly the whole class had been caught and realized at once that the learned professor did not propose to do the work for his students. The Socratic method of teaching had not been looked for. But a lesson had been taught in that one recitation which was worth more than all the knowledge contained in that one text-book. The importance of accuracy and thoroughness in details had been emphasized and in the next twenty-four hours nearly the whole class could be seen pulling the reference books from the library shelves in search of further information on words and phrases and names. The moral was plain: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

But apart from the habit of accuracy in the student's make-up, there is another of equally great importance, and that is the habit of gathering, preserving, and arranging choice bits of knowledge on subjects in which you may be specially interested. If there is one thing I have to regret, it is that I did not gather and arrange gems of thought and knowledge, as I chanced to come across them from day to day, more faithfully and steadily than I have done. This is a habit of great scholars and thinkers to an extent not generally known. The best books that have been written are the outgrowth of an extended system of collecting and collating the best thought and information through an extended series of years, and great orators and statesmen have become distinguished by the application of similar methods. Daniel Webster was accredited in his day as being a strictly off-hand orator, and



it was not generally known outside of the circle of his intimate acquaintances that many of the most magnificent periods in his great efforts had been carefully thought out and written down in his literary thesaurus long before. An half an hour devoted every day to work of this kind would repay the student an hundredfold in after life. One of the chief elements of success in any professional calling is to know how to gather, like the bee, honey from a great variety of flowers. What I have thus far said may be summarized thus:

1. Separate the drudgery from the more agreeable work and deal with each separately in so far as it is possible.
2. Reduce the drudgery to the smallest size possible so as not to waste more time and energy than is necessary.
3. Acquire the habit of doing careful and thorough work as you proceed.
4. Let the habit embrace the seemingly unimportant things and extend all the way down to the details of a subject.
5. Acquire the habit also of collecting and collating choice bits of thought and information for future use and reference.

But I dare not close without emphasizing more particularly the spirit that should characterize the student. In this day when our boast is that Christianity and Education go hand in hand, we can not do too much to insist that it shall be even so. Education is character or it is nothing. It is the same God who created both mind and soul, and he who will not endeavor to infuse the same life and spirit into both is putting asunder what God has joined together. That education should never begin which does not end in character. Hence the spirit which the true student aims to cultivate is the conscientious pursuit of knowledge toward a worthy end. The question that will concern him above all others is, What is an education in its best and highest sense? The more he asks this question the more he will discover that it implies the very highest type of character to be worth anything.

What, then, is the spirit which impels the true student in his search after knowledge? Its fundamental tone is humility. That frame of mind is no less necessary in the pursuit after knowledge than it is in the sphere of religion and morals. Scholars, philosophers, and sages of all times unite in saying that the gateway to knowledge is the consciousness of ignorance—a rather trite but ever-to-be-emphasized truth. Over



the portals of learning stand written the words, "*Scio me nescire.*" The meek do not only inherit the earth, but knowledge and wisdom also. That man's education may be said to have begun when, like Newton, he looks out upon the ocean of undiscovered truth and realizes that he is still very much ashore. Not that great scholars are always free from vanity—for history has its full share of such as boast of their attainments—but they must, as a rule, recognize the limitations of the human mind and the marvelous vastness of the unknown and the unknowable. Men may become wise after a fashion in spite of their conceit; but they never become wise because of it. Conceit is one of the greatest obstacles to knowledge, and there is not a puffed-up scholar in existence who might not be vastly wiser if he were not quite so wise in his own conceits.

I shall never forget the lesson on this point that was taught an entire class by the professor I have already alluded to. A bright young man who, as is frequently the case, was more of a reader than a student, rejoiced to know that the time had come when he might turn his back on the irksome freshman studies and have an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the English language and literature under the learned professor of that department. He had become deservedly unpopular among his fellows because of his vanity, even though he ranked only among the average in his class. He now hoped to forge ahead rapidly and to give evidence of the vast range of his reading. The opportunity, as he thought, had come in his first recitation. The professor had asked him a question to which he plainly expected the answer "yes" or "no." That kind of an answer was too brief for the student and he launched out into an ambitious attempt to impress the professor and the class with the versatility of his attainments. At first the professor knit his brow disapprovingly, but finally concluded to allow him to proceed, interjecting at intervals a suspicious "yes," with the rising inflection. After the student had relieved himself, the professor forever blasted his hopes by saying in his usual deliberate manner: "Mightn't you have answered my question by saying, I don't know?" It is needless to add that a lesson of incalculable value had been taught.

But true education implies, besides humility, a fixed and

exalted purpose—a noble end always to be kept in view. This can not be emphasized too much in our day, particularly as we are living in a remarkably utilitarian and materialistic age. 'Tis an age in which men measure values with gold as a standard, or in which only that kind of knowledge is regarded as trustworthy which can be put into the crucible or placed under a microscope and there tested and seen; an age that would rather study the history of the meanest fossil than the records of an important race or the mysterious workings of the human mind. Hence it is that many become one-sided in their education and dwarf their souls in its attainment. There are three distinct views to take of an education, just as there are three distinct views to take of water. The manufacturer looks upon it as industrial power, and even now the great Niagara is being harnessed to set the busy wheels of many industries going. The chemist looks upon it as  $H_2O$ —two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. His pleasure lies in analyzing it and resolving it into its elements. The thirsty traveler looks upon it as a refreshing and sustaining energy, necessary to his very existence. It is something that bears a very intimate relation to his personal well-being, and is, in fact, a necessary part of himself.

The first view represents an education sought for purely material or utilitarian ends; the second, for scientific ends; the third, for its highest and noblest end—the strengthening and quickening of the whole man in order to fit him, not for a trade or for a profession, but for a *calling*. To take a college course because of a certain selfish satisfaction, without any useful ulterior end in view, is unworthy of any student; to pursue it because it affords an easy way of making a living is a delusion and equally unworthy; to take it because of the social prestige it affords, or because it is fashionable, is less worthy still; to seek it for filthy lucre's sake with the hope of attaining unto wealth and influence, is a defilement of the halls of learning wherein it is sought. As the Goths and Vandals overran the territory of the Roman Church and made havoc with her consecrated altars, so do they defile the altars of true learning who pass through college and fail to look upon education as power to be used for the glory of God and the uplifting of man. This, at least, is



its ideal significance, however far short men may come of attaining unto it. Separate education from its ultimate great end and you rob it of its crown of glory.

But it would seem as if the thirst after knowledge were ordained of God to be its own sufficient reward, and as if the lust for gold were not seriously to intrude itself so as to prove an inducement to young men to enter college. We cast our eyes over the learned professions and we find that gold does not adorn the wings of those who would soar aloft through realms of truth. Your college professor, as a rule, lives from hand to mouth, while your politician or saloonkeeper lives in luxury. Your physician, who cares for men's bodies, and your minister, who cares for men's souls, live on one-fifth or one-fourth the salary that is paid the president of the base-ball league. The shrewd speculator or business man watches the tide of opportunity and sails into fortune without effort, while your professional man plods along from year to year amid many labors unappreciated and unrewarded. Knowing the frailty of humankind and the temptation to avarice in every profession, I can almost thank God that it is so. If education is not its own reward; if it is not wealth *par excellence* in itself; if it can not stand on its own bottom, but if it must be made the handmaid of avarice or the stepping-stone to something which is vastly its inferior, it will sooner or later fall out of the race and sink to the level of all other purely groveling pursuits.

It is, however, not an unfavorable sign that professional men generally are too much absorbed in far worthier pursuits to be skillful in amassing wealth. That kind of work is being left more and more to such whose horizon on the north, east, west, and south is bounded by visions of gold. How exalted in comparison is the man who thirsts after knowledge, in whose soul there is a lofty, glowing purpose, who regards an education as power on the one hand and sacred opportunity on the other, and who can smile at the fortune-seeking which so deeply engrosses the attention of men. It is to him the world is looking to-day for its redemption from the tyranny of avarice and materialism and the multitude of evils that follow in their train. It is to such it must look for devotion to the nobler callings of life which have as their crowning object the moral and spiritual well-being of the race.

I know not how to impress this truth more forcibly than by



contrasting two distinct conceptions of an education by two great lights in the Reformation century. On the one hand stands Erasmus, the literary savant of his age, the pontiff of an aristocracy of learning whose highest dream was the advent of a new Augustan age. He was prince of the Renaissance, the keenest of critics and the most scathing of satirists—cold as a marble statue, cautious as the Roman general Fabius, politic and time-serving, on good terms with the mighty. His ideal was a heaven of letters; his reward, gifts of money and effusions of flattery from the worshipers of literary and dialectic skill. To-day we ask, "What has Erasmus bequeathed that is at all in proportion to the ability and the opportunity that were his?" Whatever impetus he may have given to learning, he had in large measure divorced his education from the divine ends it might have been made to serve. He advanced learning, but he had no message for his age.

On the other hand stands Luther, a plain, blunt, rugged mass of scholastic manhood. He shared in the glories of the Renaissance; but he despised its polish and its drapery. While Erasmus was writing Latin, Luther was gathering the discordant elements of rude dialects and creating the matchless German. While Erasmus was evading the burning issues of the age, Luther was pouring the stream of his learning and eloquence into the great Reformation river; he had no time to indulge in mere displays—he did not even answer the satire of Erasmus the second time (when Luther began a thing, he had the fashion of getting through with it before he left it)—Luther had a burning message and delivered it. To-day we look in amazement at the long shelf of massive volumes, the product of his pen. In one sense they may be three or four centuries behind date; but in a larger sense they are in advance of our age. They are the product of a mind set on fire by the truth of God. Whatever of learning passed into his brain reached it by way of the heart. He dug down into the mine of truth as one whose only aim it was to elevate and enrich the world. He insisted that learning must be harnessed to the issues of the age. Those volumes, which show the rich veins of truth in which the miner's son quarried, are a living testimony to the superior value of a knowledge that has entered into real service, and bears the

marks of its devotion on its face. Three and a half centuries have gone and Erasmus is no longer visible above the horizon of great living issues; but Luther still stands there in the full bloom of his increasing glory.

Need I say further what separates them? The motto of the former made good writing the end of all study and may be expressed thus, "*Bene scripsisse, bene studuisse*"; the motto of the latter looked upward toward heaven and then out upon the world, and reads, "*Bene orasse, bene studuisse.*"

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### Captain Hawkins and His Twenty Negroes.

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The more one meditates upon the causes, courses, and meanings of events in everyday life, as well as in the history of man in general, the more vividly is impressed upon him the idea that the affairs of the world constitute one great drama whose stage is the earth, whose actors are men, and whose author is God. This divinely prepared drama has various divisions and subdivisions into acts and scenes for its various actors—races, countries, and individual men. Every division has a somewhat hidden meaning, expressive of the ways of its author God. If these meanings would be expressed in so many words and gestures we could undoubtedly read all its scenes with equal correctness. But of its myriad scenes only a choice few come within the restricted observation of a finite mind.

It is our aim to take a single scene of this drama, namely, American slavery, and to give an interpretation thereof as it appears to us. It is, however, not the aim of this article to give a *history* of slavery, but to give a short view of the *mission* of slavery.

Little did John Hawkins dream, when he landed his twenty negroes in Virginia in 1619, that, under the providence of God, he was instituting a cause, which after centuries of development was to eclipse our western world with horrors and sorrows, until the whole course of the future events of our country was altered and the negro race was lifted from heathendom and superstition to civilization and Christianity.

Like a snowball set in motion centuries ago upon the slope of Time, slavery continued to increase from decade to decade until the revolution, when it was apparently arrested in its



progress by such men as Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. From the revolution it broke loose from its apparent resistance and continued to increase relative to its increasing momentum, until it became one of the great questions of finance, ethics, and politics. In vain did Clay, Webster, and others try to arrest its progress or to change its course.

Through slavery political parties arose and fell. By it certain industries vanished and others arose to take their place. Progress in the inventions and mechanic arts was marred on account of manual slave labor. Fanatic slaveholders gave utterance to views that the African race belongs not to the human family but to that of monkeys. Man's religious ideas were also narrowed. And thus slavery continued to be a subject of absorbing interest, until it culminated in that war in which brother fought against brother for four long and bloody years, resulting in the loss of thousands of lives and millions of property and untold ruin to commerce. For a time the moral eclipse was so great that the poet's words seemed to be realized:

"The star of hope shone brightest in the west,  
The hope of liberty, the last, the best;  
That, too, has set upon her darkened shore,  
And hope and freedom light up earth no more."

Here the materialist and the pessimist would stop and depict in all the shades of darkness the apparently horrible effects of those twenty negroes upon the history of our country. The atheist would spurn the idea that any purpose of a divine being was being effected by such fearful events. But let us look a little deeper into their mysterious effects.

While a small segment of humanity was thus *temporarily* injured, humanity as a whole was *eternally* benefited. The war called into play the creative energies of man for its successful prosecution. Having thus been aroused from their dormant state, these energies now gave birth to military tactics and well-planned military campaigns of which the history of the world had seen no parallel. And after peace had been restored they were directed to the peaceful arts of life, and thus gave birth to progress in the various mechanic arts, manifold greater than was ever exhibited before by any nation in any age. Our recent great progress in the scientific world is partly due to the same cause. The moral and religious ideas, which had temporarily sunk before the war,

now began to transcend their original grandeur. New political views dawned upon man, and the world was being better prepared for future military emergencies; and instead of having broken up and weakened our country, the great focus toward which all the higher social and political ideas of the world are converging, it has united it more firmly by giving it a more central government; and by removing slave labor it has changed the whole trend of the history of our Southern brethren for the better.

But now we are reaching the crowning effect in the history of the evolution of slavery. The negroes were emancipated and placed upon a level with their white brethren, which was followed by other slave-holding countries, until the whole civilized world has laid aside the institution of slavery and recognizes the fundamental equality of all men.

Although those individual negroes who were enslaved were torn from their race and country and suffered long and much, yet the whole race will be infinitely benefited thereby for generations unnumbered. For they were enslaved in a savage and wretched state and were here schooled for over two centuries, until they had been civilized and Christianized and had learned the morals, the arts, and the advanced principles of this *Egypt* of the Occident, when the Almighty through *Abraham Lincoln*, the *Moses* for the *Hamitic Race*, demanded their freedom from the *Pharaoh* of the South, and led them back to colonize Liberia and Sierra Leone.

The wave of civilization having thus received its initial momentum in these colonies, will continue to roll northward, southward, and eastward, until the whole of that once benighted Africa shall have been civilized and converted and united into the kingdom of the Lord. Divine foresight has thus employed human agencies unconsciously to carry out His great purpose,—the redemption of the children of Ham along with all the other nations of the world, that Christ might reign King of kings and Lord of lords.

The acts of earth are thus the thoughts of Him  
Who reigns above o'er all the seraphim.  
He bids man act, and he does act, indeed,  
And change the world to meet his future need.  
He bids him die, and he will cease to be;  
He bids him rise to span eternity.  
And thus through earth, through heaven, through nature reigns  
None other than the Lord who Satan chains.

L. F. GRUBER.



## About the College.

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A thing of the past—vacation.

In season—watermelon parties.

At a recent meeting of the Franklin Literary Association Repass, '98, was elected President; Kunkel, H., '99, Vice-President; Dr. M. H. Richards, Secretary; Dr. G. T. Ettinger, Treasurer; Bilheimer, '98, and Kaufman, '98, Curators.

The newly-elected officers of Euterpean Literary Society are as follows: President, Gruber, '98; Vice-President, Heist, W., '98; Recording Secretary, Flexer, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Erb, 1900; Critics, Bilheimer, '98, and Eckert, '98; Chaplain, Trumbower, '99; Pianist, Erb, 1900.

Steckel, '98, and Buchman, '99, attended the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, at Mt. Gretna, during the summer. Mr. Steckel represented our College in the oratorical contest and received first honorable mention.

Efforts are being made to reorganize the Glee Club. We hope the boys will meet with success.

The Junior Class organized a German Literary Society by electing the following officers: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretary, John Kopp; Treasurer, Peter Trumbower; Director, Wm. Seiberling. The officers of the Senior German Literary Society are: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretary, E. J. Kistler; Treasurer, Bernard Repass.

The Class of 1900 have already recognized their ability and wisdom as Sophomores and accordingly issued a circular of instructions to the Freshmen.

Messrs. Kuntz and Brode, former members of the Class of '96, have returned to College to complete the course.

A number of the students are taking the Biological course which has just been established at our College.

The Freshmen effected a temporary class organization by electing Mr. Gerner president and Mr. Benner secretary.

A number of the students spent their summer vacation in canvassing.

Dr. Richards announced the following questions to be discussed by the Senior and Junior classes: "The curfew laws; their efficiency and expediency", "The church-choir problem", "The application of science to marriage; how far applicable?", "Is the caricature of public officers good citizenship?"

The Senior Class elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, E. J. Keuling; Vice-President, E. T. Laubach; Secretary, W. A. Bilheimer; Treasurer, D. C. Kaufman; Historian, W. E. Steckel; Class Poet, L. F. Gruber.

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## Our Alumni.

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'69.—Among the most popular lecturers at the recent session of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua was Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D., whose lectures on the English Bible were well attended. The Doctor spent the summer at the seashore preparing his last volume for the Lutheran Commentary.

'72.—We were very glad to meet Rev. William A. Beates and his good wife on their recent trip East. He is still located at Lancaster, Ohio, and does not look at all older than when he taught the writer Virgil twenty-two years ago.

'73.—Prof. Francis D. Raub, Superintendent of the Public Schools, Allentown, Pa., is a member of the Educational Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'74.—Marcus C. L. Kline, Esq., Allentown, Pa., is chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Lehigh County, and the Lehigh member of the State Committee.

'79.—Rev. Carl N. Conrad, Rochester, N. Y., is a Ph.D. from Thiel College.

'81.—Rev. Joseph W. Mayne has resigned his charge at Easton, Pa., to take effect November 1.

'82.—Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, delivered his delightful series of lectures on "Outdoor Life" at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua. In addition to his work at the Normal School he is busily engaged in institute work throughout Pennsylvania.



'83.—The name of Charles E. Keck, Esq., White Haven, Pa., has been prominently mentioned in connection with the nomination of District Attorney of his county on the Republican ticket.

'83.—Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, spent part of a much-needed vacation in Allentown. He looked well, and is doing an excellent work in his Western field. He is President of the Lutheran Synod of the Northwest.

'84.—After spending a most delightful honeymoon of three months in the northern provinces of France, Prof. C. E. Wagner and bride arrived in bare time for the opening of Franklin and Marshall College. While away Prof. Wagner contributed in his usual happy style to the *Allentown Item*.

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., has opened a law office in Philadelphia.

'86.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Amos Potteiger, father of Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., of Reading, Pa., who was for many years a trustee of our College.

'88.—Among Dr. Weidner's students in Hebrew, at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, was Rev. George Gebert, of Tamaqua, Pa.

'88.—That Rev. John W. Wenrich, of Stoutsville, Ohio, has not forgotten his *Alma Mater* is proved by the fact that at the opening of the term he brought his brother as a member of the Freshman Class.

'89.—The genial face of Dr. J. Wyllis Hassler, of Philadelphia, smiled upon us at the opening. He lately took unto himself a wife and we wish him all possible happiness.

'89.—Rev. John W. Horine is now fully installed as the successor of Dr. E. T. Horn at 31 Pitt street, Charleston, South Carolina.

'90.—Rev. J. Charles Rausch, pastor of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Allentown, is busy in the erection of a new church edifice which, with its brownstone front, will be an ornament to the northern section of the city.

'90.—Rev. James B. Werner, a popular Episcopalian pastor of Lexington, Mass., spent his vacation in Allentown.

'90.—John J. Yingling is chairman of the Republican City Committee of Allentown.

'91.—Rev. Milton J. Bieber is now the pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Binghampton, N. Y. During the morning services at the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer yesterday, Rev. Milton J. Bieber was regularly installed as pastor of the church. The first part of the services consisted of the regular preliminary exercises of the Lutheran Church, during which a vocal solo was rendered by William Howell Edwards. The official charge was delivered by Rev. F. U. Klingensmith, of Utica, and the charge to the church by Rev. J. E. Whittaker, of Easton, Pa., the superintendent of the Lutheran Home Mission Board of the United States.—*Binghampton Republican*.

'92.—Principal J. R. Merkel is president of the Kutztown Normal Alumni of Lehigh and Northampton counties.

'92.—The name of Rev. Charles G. Spieker, Cleveland, Ohio, is connected with a call to the Scranton position recently vacated by Rev. E. L. Miller.

'93.—Dr. Roderick E. Albright has been appointed assistant to Prof. Dowell in the Biological Department. He is to teach Histology.

'93.—Rev. Alfred Oliver Ebert, of Audenried, and Miss Annie M. Fegley, of New Tripoli, were married yesterday afternoon by Rev. A. J. Long, of Stouchsburg, uncle of the bride, at the bride's home. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Amandes Ebert, of Lynn Township, taught school, was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1893 and from the Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary in 1896, whereupon he was ordained. He succeeded Rev. J. C. Rausch, of this city, as pastor of the Audenried Lutheran charge. His bride is a daughter of Rev. H. S. Fegley, also a Lutheran clergyman, and who is a trustee of Muhlenberg College. They will reside at Audenried. Mrs. Reuben Newhard, Mrs. Ephraim Newhard, Mrs. J. D. Newhard, J. K. Bowen, Miss Sallie Bowen, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Seiberling, and Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Ritter, of this city, attended the wedding.—*The Morning Call*.

'93.—On June 14 Prof. Charles E. Roos was married to Miss Mary Isabelle Holdsworth in Immanuel Lutheran Church, New Orleans, La. We wish them "*Viel Glueck*."



'94.—The Druckenmiller-Lerch nuptials. At noon yesterday Miss Ellen J. Lerch, daughter of Peter J. Lerch, the storekeeper at Kernsville, was married to Rev. George D. Druckenmiller, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Freeburg, Snyder County. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Myron O. Rath at his home, on North Sixth street. The couple were unattended and left immediately for their future home at Freeburg, where an elaborate reception was given them last evening.

Rev. Druckenmiller is a son of Enos Druckenmiller, of Zionsville, and graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1894 and from the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary last June. He has had charge of a church at Freeburg since his graduation, and will be installed pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church there on September 16. Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, of Selinsgrove, will have charge of the installation, and Rev. M. O. Rath, of this city, will deliver the sermon. The bride is a daughter of Peter A. Lerch, of Kernsville, but has been living with her grandmother at 714 Chew street.—*The Morning Call*.

'96.—O. R. B. Leidy has accepted a position in New York City.

'97.—C. J. Everett now is tutor in the Academic Department.

'97.—At 8 o'clock last evening a pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Eberhart, No. 1330 Hamilton street, when their accomplished daughter, Edna C., was united in marriage to Christian C. Miller, of Chicago, formerly of Reading. Rev. S. A. Repass, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, officiated. Miss Daisy Reichard attended the bride and Francis Miller, of Philadelphia, was the groomsman. The ushers were Franklin K. Fretz and Arch. C. Schenck, members of the Class of 1897, Muhlenberg College. Prof. E. Lehman Ruhe and Harrison E. Ruhe rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march.

The parlor was beautifully decorated with flowers, ferns, and palms. Misses Lizzie Snyder and Emma Eberhart, of Catasauqua, were the flower girls.

Immediately after the ceremony the guests partook of lunch on the spacious lawn in the rear of the Eberhart home. The lawn was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and

electric lights. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will leave this morning on a wedding tour to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. They will live at Chicago, where Mr. Miller will enter the Lutheran Theological Seminary and engage in mission work. He is a graduate of the Class of 1897, Muhlenberg College, and was formerly with Leinbach & Bro., at Reading. While attending Muhlenberg he was one of the most popular members of his class, and was a member of nearly all the college societies.—*The Morning Call*.

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## Editor's Table.

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Again relentless Time has brought us upon the threshold of a new college year. Many are the changes that greet our view, recalling to our minds the ever incessant march into futurity. THE MUHLENBERG, truly, shares in these alterations, yet she again extends to her many exchanges the same old fraternal hand of welcome. Her newly elected Exchange Editor, fully aware of the arduous and somewhat delicate task placed upon him, has cheerfully surrendered himself to the performance of his duties, and expresses the hope that his co-laborers will judge his efforts according to the standard of merit, and deem his criticisms neither harsh nor flattering.

Among the many interesting journals that have come to our table, we would especially congratulate the corps of young women through whose efforts the *Sororis* presents a most splendid appearance. A commendable feature is the excellent selection of literary contributions.

The *Western University Courant* contains an excellent production entitled "America and Arbitration."

I noticed she was pretty,  
I thought she smiled at me;  
And after I had passed her,  
I turned my head to see.

A piece of banana peel  
My careless wheel beguiled;  
I cracked a curbstone with my head,  
And then I knew she smiled.—*Ex.*



The *College Days* contains a number of excellent editorials. We note especially the articles on "Encouragement for the Toilers," and "The Discipline of the Class-Room."

Chicago University has claim to the possession of the largest and most powerful telescope of its kind in the world. Its principal lens is  $41\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter and weighs 205 pounds. The inner lens weighs 310 pounds. The focus is 60 feet. It is claimed that this instrument collects 25 per cent. more light than the famous Lick telescope. The lenses alone are valued at \$65,000.—*Ex.*

Russia has one university for every 10,000 inhabitants.—*Ex.*

"I fear you are forgetting me,"

She said in tones polite.

"I am, indeed, for getting you,

That's why I came to-night."—*Ex.*

The University of Paris leads the universities of the world in the number of students. Her attendance during the year '95-'96 was 11,755. Berlin followed with 9,375.—*Ex.*

The States whose possessions in books exceed the million mark are: Massachusetts, \$5,450,000; New York, \$5,260,000; Pennsylvania, \$3,000,000; Illinois, \$1,822,580; District of Columbia, \$1,798,910; Ohio, \$1,587,891; California, \$1,307,659; Connecticut, \$1,102,082.—*Ex.*

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## The World of Letters.

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A poem on the French Revolution, by George Meredith, will soon be given to the public in a volume by itself.

The latest work of Mr. Hammerton, now deceased, is in press and will be ready in October. Two hours before his death, on November 4, 1894, Mr. Hammerton wrote the following words for "The Quest of Happiness": "If I indulge my imagination in dreaming about a country where justice and right would always surely prevail, where the weak would never be oppressed, nor an honest man incur any penalty for his honesty—a country where no animal would ever be ill-treated or killed, otherwise than in mercy—that is truly ideal dreaming, because, however far I travel, I shall not find such

a country in the world, and there is not any record of such a country in the authentic history of mankind."

"Free to Serve," by Miss E. Rayner, will be published shortly. The story describes life in New York in the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. The manners and customs of Dutch New York are vividly contrasted with those of Puritan New England.

Mr. Anthony Hope has just finished his sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," and it is said that several noted critics have declared that he has achieved the difficult feat of surpassing himself, and that it is by far the finest thing he has yet done.

Kipling received \$1500 for "No. 007," the account of the railroad locomotives that appeared in the August *Scribner's*. This is the highest price yet paid for a short story.

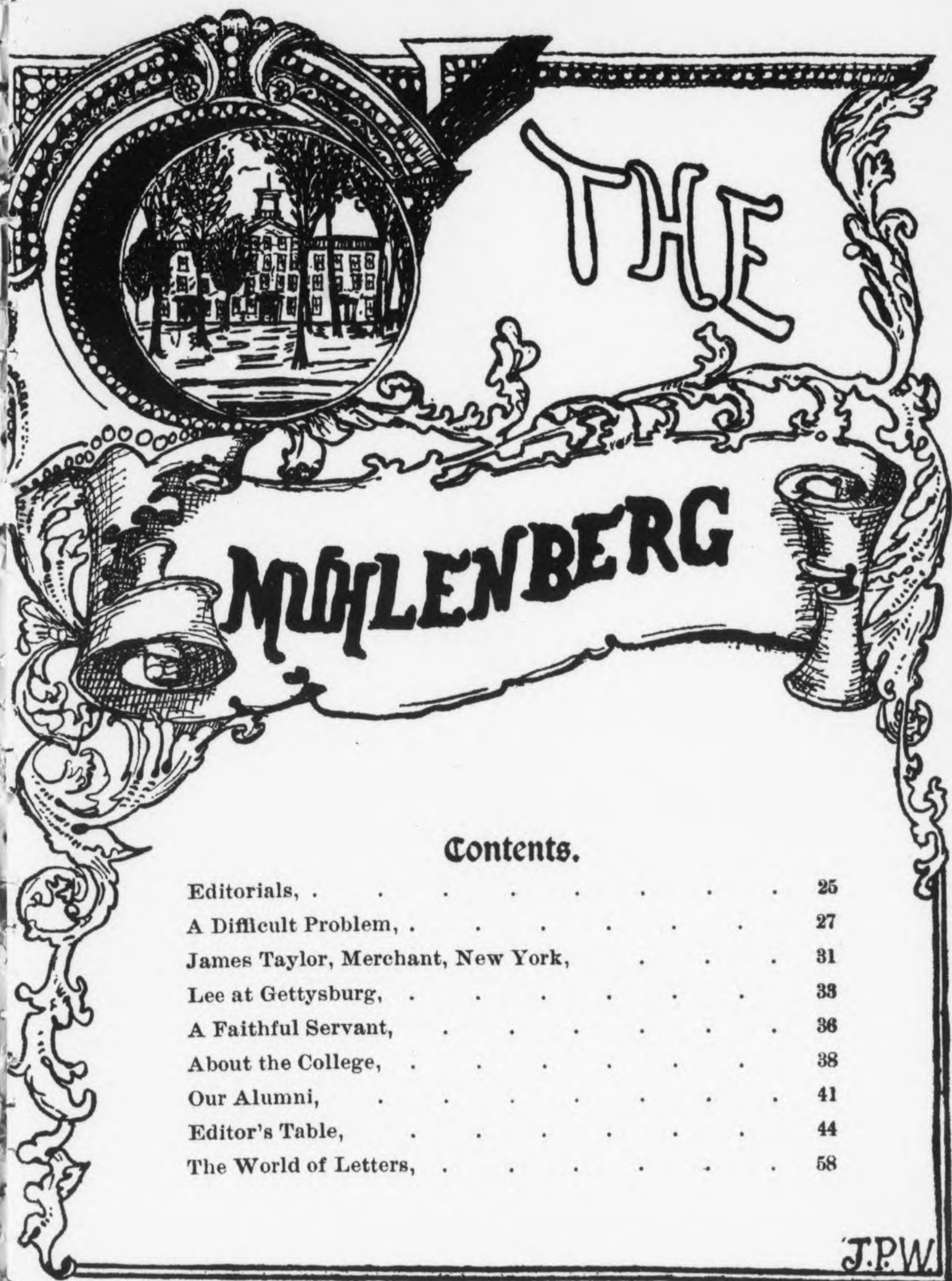
Bliss Carman has become a member of Small, Maynard & Co., a new publishing house lately formed in Boston.

It is said that the special editions of the whole Bible have had a better sale than any of the publications on the Queen's Jubilee.

The credit of starting the first newspaper in the Klondike region belongs to a Chicago woman.

Jules Verne is about to publish a new book, which will undoubtedly be highly interesting to Americans. In a recent letter the French writer said: "There will soon appear the first volume of my story, 'Le Sphinx des Glaces,' which is, perhaps, of a nature to interest Americans, because it is the continuation of the 'Adventures of A Gordon Pym' of their grand poet Edgar A. Poe. In fact, it is not only the continuation of that story, but it brings it to an end. I have dedicated it to my American friends. I have also on the stocks a two-volume tale whose scene will be laid throughout the whole United States. It will not be ready, however, for two years to come. And finally, I have finished some other volumes which belong to the series of 'Voyages Extraordinaires.'"





### Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	25
A Diffcult Problem, . . . . .	27
James Taylor, Merchant, New York, . . . . .	31
Lee at Gettysburg, . . . . .	33
A Faithful Servant, . . . . .	36
About the College, . . . . .	38
Our Alumni, . . . . .	41
Editor's Table, . . . . .	44
The World of Letters, . . . . .	58

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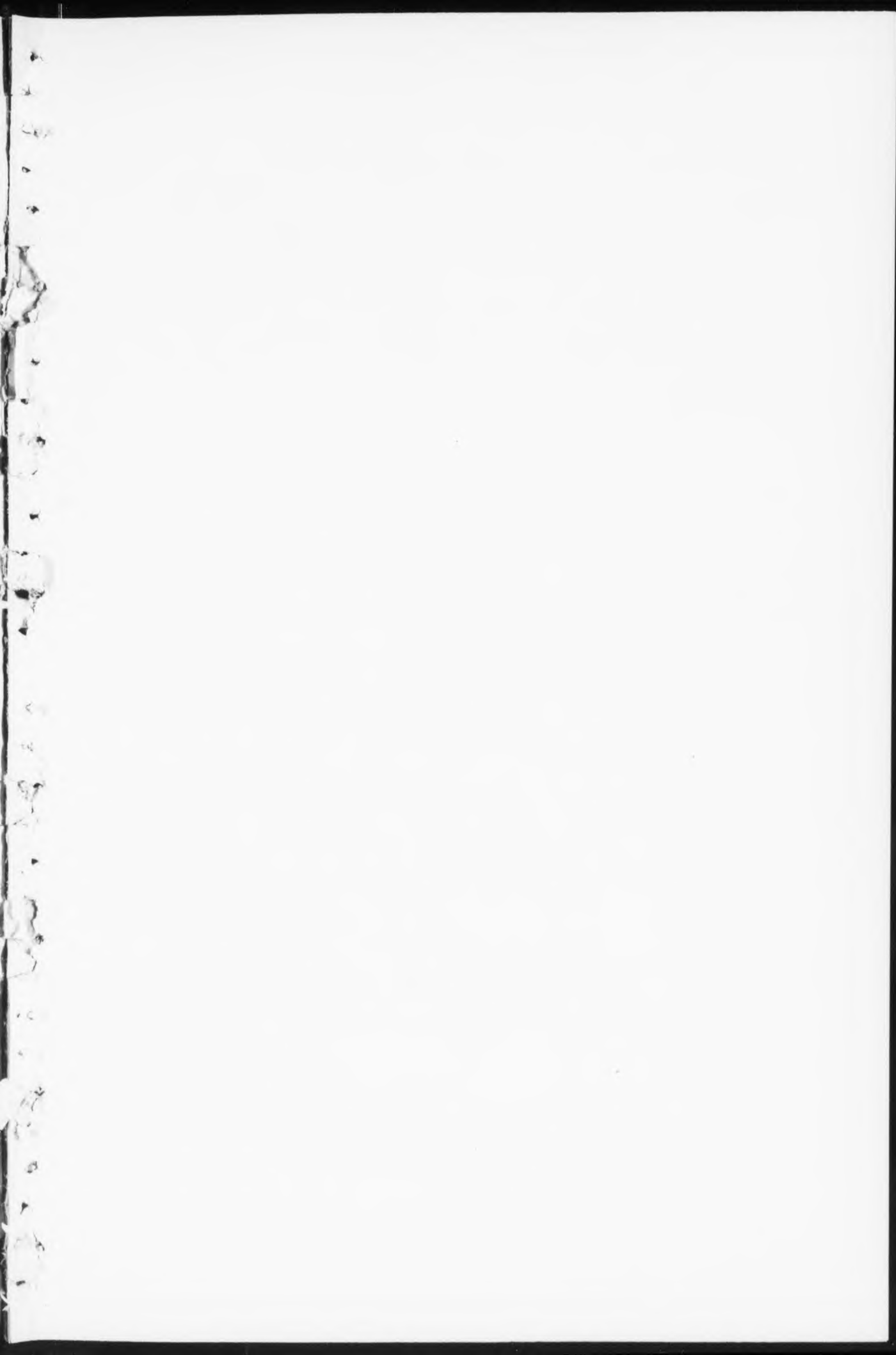
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**FACULTY 1897.**



# THE MUHLENBERG.

"*Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.*"

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 2.

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WILLIAM S. HEIST, '98.

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
EMILE J. KEULING, '98.

ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

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BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

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Fair vacation has come and gone; and the students' next flutter will be Teachers' Institute.

§ § §

Through some mistake the cut of the Faculty was not inserted in the last issue of THE MUHLENBERG. It is always interesting for an alumnus to read something about the Faculty of his *Alma Mater*. He is interested to know if the same professors are still teaching, or if there are any changes. We, therefore, thought it well to present this cut to our readers. Mention has been made in the September issue of Professor Dowell, the new instructor.

The students engaged in teaching in the Sunday-schools resolved to unite themselves for the purpose of discussing the Sunday-school lessons, and to ask Dr. Wackernagel to instruct them in that work. This is a commendable move. It shows that the students are interested in their effort, and wish to get all the information they can. They are to be congratulated, because they have secured a man whose eminent abilities particularly fit him for such a task. Yet he is more than a teacher. He is able to throw into his teaching weight of many years of study, and of experience of life and custom of the Orient, which will be so helpful at this time for the study of the Old Testament.

§ § §

Nothing will put an alumnus in such a reminiscent mood as to read something about a classmate or college-mate of his; memorable scenes will be mentally enacted; quibbles and quarrels about the societies and libraries and classes will be silently rehearsed. Nothing will bring the mist so quickly to the eyes of the veterans of '61, and put them into a reminiscent humor as the old battle songs. So after a lapse of many years, nothing will make you, Alumni, think more about "dear old Muhlenberg" than to recall your college days by looking over the pages of its periodical which, perhaps, you at one time helped to produce. Our Alumni Editor gathers and arranges into little nosegays all the flowers that have been cultivated in this conservatory of learning, and presents them to you with a pleasant greeting. Copies of THE MUHLENBERG have been sent to you hoping that you will send us your subscription for another year. Alumni, we need your subscription; we need your contribution; we need your aid.

§ § §

Probably before our next issue is out and read, the two societies will have corralled all the new students into their respective halls. Ever since College opened, every new student has been earnestly solicited to unite himself with either society. Each society has sent out its most clever whips to whip in all they can get, and the best they can get; and so carefully have they done their work that no one has been overlooked. Each man has been requested to join, and there remains nothing now but to secure him, for better or worse, as a member. Each society will boast that it has



taken in the best timber of the College. Only the future can reveal that. How often are we mistaken in our friends ! How often are we disappointed by those in whom we have placed the greatest confidence ! How often do we see those of whom we expected great things turn out anything but that ; and those of whom we thought so little turn out to be great ! Appearance is often deceiving. It is not always the one who has the latest cut in his clothes that is the gentleman. He may *act* like one, nay, even *pose* for one, but to the keen observer he is not that which he wishes others to believe him to be. And so it is with the new student. His appearance may at first seem a little awkward, he may not know much about base-ball, foot-ball, and other sports, but he *may* know both the Latin and the Greek verb.

It is well that such a spirit of rivalry is manifested by our societies. In business, competition is the life of trade. Why should not this same also apply here ? Such enthusiasm shows that the competition for new members is just as keen here as in business circles the desire is for new customers. But let not competition assume questionable methods in getting new members, by belittling the other society. No business man would think of running down another's goods. It would be the height of folly for him to do so. He would commit commercial suicide. Rather let your statements about your societies be truthful. Present your advantages in an honest, straightforward way ; remember, your character will suffer if you are not truthful.

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### A Difficult Problem.

---

Life's journey is full of difficult problems, and no human being has ever been able to solve them all. The first obstacle in the way of most of our students is "ways and means" by which they may be able to procure a good education, and then they feel as though all were completed. That is all very good and seems quite true so long as that barrier is not removed ; but just as soon as that step is made, and the school work well begun, the anxious student finds, often to his disappointment, that there are numerous other stumbling-blocks confronting him. The long puzzled question in mind is the *reading question*, and I must confess that I have not altogether

solved it yet. Often the reading of a single book was a man's turning-point. Reading the "Lives of the Saints" made a Loyola. Reading the "Life of John Huss" made a Luther. Reading Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good" made a Benjamin Franklin.

I well remember the first book that made an impression upon my mind, and really was my first incentive to read. Previous to that I enjoyed anything but reading.

One day my oldest brother handed a pamphlet to me entitled, "King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard, and assured me that I had never read anything so intensely interesting. Well, that was plausible, for I had never read anything before outside of my school books and my Sunday-school lessons. I, however, took the little volume and made a desperate effort to get interested in the story, and am glad to say that I succeeded. I finished the book in about a week, which I thought was making excellent time, but before I reached the end of that story I happened to get hold of another pamphlet entitled, "The Book Lover's Rosary." I slowly began to peruse its contents, when I came across the following quotation from Ruskin: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with the kings and queens, while this eternal court is open to you with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always, in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault."

This certainly sounded rich—yes, even wonderful—to me, and I began to look over the catalogue with the intention of selecting a few interesting books and start a small library. But now came the tussle. Here I saw under the different headings or departments of literature, history and biography, religion, travel, fiction, etc., and a number of authors. Naturally, when a stranger calls at our home we instinctively inquire of ourselves, Who is he? And then later, What is he? Books are men and women transferred by their thoughts to paper, and, if we are wise, before we admit one to the sanctities of our homes, we will ask, *Who* wrote it, and *what* is it? So I concluded to consult my Pastor and instructors on the subject



and see if they could bridge me over the difficulty. I was cordially received and some valuable information was given me, but right then and there I observed how difficult a problem it is to select the proper kind of reading-matter. I moved along nicely with my new reading course and felt as though I could never be occasioned to halt at a question like that again; but as time wore on and I heard lectures on "Education," "Progress," "The Way to Success," and numerous others along the same line, I almost lost my way again, after hearing such well-meant phrases as the following: "Reading makes a full man, therefore read, *read*, READ;" "A man's education is never completed unless he has read this or that author's works;" or, "Unless a man reads all the popular magazines, journals, and papers of the day, he is not abreast with the times." Thus they kept on urging you to read, yes, actually to devour everything you could procure, and the next day you notice in one of their articles in some journal: "Not how many, but how good the books you read," or "Not what you read, but what you remember," or, "Ever reading and never meditating is like ever eating and never assimilating." How, then, shall a poor mortal proceed under such difficulties? It has been well said that "The end of a journey is determined in advance by the direction in which we travel," but it is also equally true that we should have some knowledge of that direction.

This is sufficient to show us that we can not read everything that comes along with high-sounding recommendations, however eager we are; just as our well-known Dr. M. H. R—— wisely remarked, while some members of the class were trying to demonstrate some of the original questions in Solid Geometry, "Even if you are able to demonstrate the numerous originals given in this book, you will find thousands on hand yet that you didn't demonstrate."

Likewise with the *reading question*. Even if you do read the greater part of all you have around you, you simply need to glance over the list of new books just published as advertised in all our journals and magazines and special catalogues, and you will find that there are mountains of books and papers on hand yet, and that your short period of life will not enable you to drink at every sweet fountain.

During my Freshman year I was not able to do a vast

amount of reading, neither was I acquainted with the libraries of the institution; so I took out different books which were highly recommended to me by some Seniors, and, as Seniors know about everything (?), I had no reason to question their authority on the book question, and, of course, marched to my room feeling proud with my first three books taken from a college library. It happened that one of Mrs. Holmes's books was among the few, and new to me at that, and, to be honest about the matter, I was very much interested in the contents of the book and read it with a relish. No sooner had the book been returned to the library, and the next number of *THE MUHLENBERG* appeared, when I noticed a painful article (to me at that time) on the choice of books by the members of the Freshman Class. The tenor of the article was as follows: "The books that a young man selects and reads when he first comes to College are an index to that young man's home training and environments." Well, with all due respect for the production itself and even the composer, how could I believe all that when I did not make the selection, when I knew that the books were handed to me by experienced hands? It made me reflect and weigh the question carefully, and I was quite cautious afterwards in selecting books, and often forced myself to read a book that was anything but interesting to me and from which I derived no possible benefit. There was another error.

You have talents, taste, ability, and power peculiar to yourself; and it is only when you become conscious of your true desires that you are able to satisfy those various powers.

Quantity, quality, time, and circumstances largely determine the reading question, and in this wise we find that systematic work, in selection as well as in reading, will accomplish the greatest good. I found it to be a good gauge to follow the directions of the instructors along that line, and by the time the regular reference books are properly consulted, together with the current literature, there is but little time left for extra reading amusement. The greatest care should be exercised in the selection of reading-matter, knowing that pernicious literature is enervating, and that many books are only froth. There is an abundance of excellent literature for your liking, and such as will nourish you. Don't read simply as a dissipation, *i. e.*, "to kill time." Read to grow and grow to read.

H. A. KUNKLE.



**“James Taylor, Merchant, New York.”**

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There are those whose faces we see almost every day, whom we greet on the highway, but who, nevertheless, wear an impenetrable cloak of secrecy, which even the most curious can not uncover. We are acquainted with the outer or visible being, while we know nothing of the inner or truly personal man.

As Jean Valjean was to the lowly of Paris, so was the unapproachable visitant who disturbed the tranquility of Roburne one Sunday in fitful March.

Roburne was a small village noted for nothing in particular, save the quiet and peace which pervaded every street and home on the Sabbath. Far distant, as it was, from any metropolitan city, it knew nothing of the thoughtless bustle and hurry found in great centers of commerce. A day dawned; it had its tasks and toils, and each one performed his duty for the allotted day. A Sabbath dawned; each went to the duty of the sanctuary. And yet, when some unusual occurrence befell the villagers, such as the swooning of Hester Dawson last Easter service, the more inquisitive wiseacres found ample evidence whereon to build a tower from which to float their ominous forebodings.

Years ago on the same site where the people now worshiped, there had stood the simple frame chapel of the pioneers. But one of a later generation arose in a congregational meeting and advocated the erection of a new church edifice. The project was rife even to fruitage, and presently the new church arose from the mound of hewn stone and bricks. And yet, with all the thoughtful furnishing, there remained an imperfection in the structure. Back of the pulpit there appeared no highly-tinted window bearing the skill and art of some deft hand; nothing but a huge frame mounted with plain white glass. The trustees declaimed against any further expenditure; the people yearned for something more ornate.

One Sabbath in March, however, the congregation was thrilled with the sight that met its eyes. Back of the pulpit, in place of the homely, unsightly, sheeny window panes, there appeared a setting of glass, perfect and pure, shedding its



tinted rays in glorious harmony. In the center was the likeness of the Christ bearing a lamb in his bosom, while beneath appeared the words:

"These are they which have come through great tribulation.

"In memory of Sarah Elizabeth Taylor."

The congregation bowed while the prayer ascended and found an echo in the hearts of all. A hymn was sung and then every one seemed to wait on the minister for an explanation, since there was no such party as "Sarah Elizabeth Taylor" communing with the Roburne congregation. The pastor cleared his throat and then began, hesitatingly: "We have been blessed by the hand of a stranger moved by the spirit of God. I know the donor only by name; I thank him in prayer. No other word of introduction has greeted us than this letter which I hold in my hand:

'JAMES TAYLOR, MERCHANT.

'NEW YORK, February 28, 18—.

'REVEREND SIR: Sometime since my wife and I had occasion to rest over the Sabbath in your beautiful village, and had the pleasure of attending services in the new church-home. We observed a certain defect, if so it may be termed, in the structure. The setting for the gem was complete—the gem was lacking. We left Roburne Monday morning and since then, until three weeks later, Mrs. Taylor's health began to fail and it soon became evident that the end was near. She fell asleep November 12, 18—. To her whose faith has been a light to me in my loneliness, I would present this memorial to the church of Roburne.

'Yours respectfully,

'JAMES TAYLOR.'"

The congregation knew all. Some eyes were dim. The men gazed stolidly into vacancy or fumbled the hymnbooks with their clumsy, callous fingers. Even the boys in the far-off corner desisted from their giggling and squirming. The very spirit of the departed woman seemed to fill the minds of all.

In the first pew sat an aged man,—no, not aged, simply old. His face, though unwrinkled, still bore the marks of sorrow and longing. Grief lay heavy on his heart; no joy beamed from his face. This worshiper had asked for a front sitting, not by reason of pride, since his clothes, once black, now were rusty in color. He appeared to be listening to the minister; his eyes were fixed on the illumined features of the Saviour

before him. In rapt silence he gazed, taking note of nothing, remaining erect in prayer and voiceless in hymn-singing. These breaches might have been overlooked had it not been for one small occurrence which sealed his social fate in the community. Deacon Layman passed him the offerings-plate and he returned it—without contributing. This was scandalous—impious in the extreme. As the congregation arose to sing the *Te Deum*, the clouds on this chill March day scudded across the sky and left a rift through which the sun shone forth and the face of the Master seemed fairly to beam upon the stranger still seated and gazing. “O, Lord! In Thee have I trusted,” pealed forth a sweet girlish voice from the organ-loft; and the hoary head dropped low as if in assent and reconsecration. The white hair now touched the back of the preceding pew. The last confession had been made by proxy. The stranger had ceased from wandering and had found a home. And from out of the pocket of the worshiper, bowed in devoutest attitude, dropped a cluster of letters all addressed to

JAMES TAYLOR, MERCHANT, NEW YORK.

WEST ECKEL.

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### Lee at Gettysburg.

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General Lee was the idol of the South. The Southern people firmly believed him to be invincible; and when any reverses overtook the Army of Northern Virginia, nobody in the South ever thought of laying blame at the door of Robert Lee. His name was, and even at present is, a synonym for perfection in that section of the country for which he fought. His eulogies at present are legion, and by them no military leader that ever lived is deemed worthy of being compared with him.

That General Lee was a perfect gentleman nobody, I think, will have the hardihood to deny. That he was a good soldier we also must admit. But that he was a genius of such extraordinary brilliancy that the world's history knows not his equal, is an assertion that may well be disputed. A man's greatness is generally best determined by what he does under trying circumstances. He may succeed in everything that he

undertakes during his entire life and yet be but a commonplace man. To him no great trial has come. Another man of like abilities may be a lamentable failure. He has had severer trials, and greater difficulties lay in his path.

We can best gauge the greatness of General Lee by studying him as he was at Gettysburg. With a man of Lee's disposition, a great defeat must be the inevitable result of such great victories as Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. This is one of the best examples of the truth of the old adage which says, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." In the campaign against McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and Hooker, so disastrous to the Federal cause, Lee had learned to despise the Federal armies as well as their leaders. All his plans for the great invasion of the North were made under the false hypothesis that the armies of his enemies were worthy only of contempt. This was a grave error on the part of a leader of armies. No soldier, in making his plans, can afford to despise his enemies, however insignificant they may appear to be. That he did not consider the army under Hooker worthy of any consideration, is proved by the careless way in which he marched, so different from his usual orderly methods.

There were two causes that led to the invasion of the North. The first of these, and the greater, was the impatience of the great mass of Southern people. They, not knowing the abundant resources of the North, electrified by the continued successes of the Army of Northern Virginia, were clamorous for an invasion. They did not dream of failure. Senator Toombs, of Georgia, declared that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of the Bunker Hill monument. President Davis was anxious for peace, but wished to dictate the terms when the principal cities of the North had surrendered to his conquering armies. The second cause was the necessity for securing supplies for the famishing Southern soldiers. Lee, as a soldier, should have understood the difference between offensive and defensive warfare, but, carried away by his own enthusiasm, he did not attempt to resist the clamors of the people, but advanced to Gettysburg from which so many thousands of his veteran soldiers never again returned.

Lee, during his march northward, did not seem to think that Hooker, who still commanded the Army of the Potomac,



would cross that river. He seems to have thought that the spirit of the Federals was so completely crushed that they would naturally want to have a broad river between themselves and their dangerous foes. Great, therefore, was his astonishment when he was informed, on the 28th of June, that Hooker was at Frederick and not south of the Potomac as he had supposed. That this is true is proved by the fact that orders were immediately given by the Confederate commander for a simultaneous change in the disposition of all the various parts of his army.

This ignorance on the part of Lee, as to the movements of his enemy, is a grave argument against his sagacity as a military leader.

Many excuses are being made for this serious blunder, which deranged all the plans of the rebels, by Southern historians, and they generally unite in laying the blame upon General J. E. B. Stuart, the commander of the Southern cavalry. Cavalry are the eyes of an army in hostile territory, and Stuart had taken away these eyes by going on a wild-goose chase around the Union lines. But as Lee not only knew of this plan of Stuart, but approved of it, we cannot but rest some of the blame with Lee himself. Not only did this absence of the cavalry leave Lee ignorant of the movements of Hooker, but it deprived him of the aid of this valuable arm during the greater part of the Battle of Gettysburg; for Stuart reached the main army late in the afternoon of the second day, with his troops unfit for battle owing to the wear and tear of a long and bootless march.

After Lee had been informed of the whereabouts of Hooker, both armies were rapidly concentrated at Gettysburg, and on the First of July the great conflict began. It is owing to General Reynolds, that intrepid son of Pennsylvania, who was killed on that fatal first day of July, that the Union army secured so advantageous a position for the battle. The first day's fight, however, resulted to the advantage of the South. The second day's battle, on the contrary, was decidedly in favor of the North. Then came the decisive third day, made memorable by Pickett's awful charge. General Lee has been censured more for this day's doings than for anything else that he did during the entire war. We shall not stop to discuss the merits of the question. Suffice it to say that the

greater part of Lee's officers were sternly opposed to the continuation of the battle. So much was Longstreet opposed to the charge made by Pickett, that, when that officer came to him as his superior for the command to advance, Longstreet turned away without uttering a single word. But Pickett, sanguine of success, exclaimed, "I shall go forward, sir," and at once made preparations for the final move on the chess-board at Gettysburg.

Had General Meade taken prompt advantage of Pickett's defeat, Lee's army would have been in almost as bad a plight as was the Grand Army of Napoleon in its famous retreat from Moscow.

Gettysburg stands an immovable stumbling-block in the passage of Lee's name to fame. Never should he have attempted, with the limited resources at his command, to carry on an offensive warfare against the vast power and the inexhaustible resources of the North. Even at the risk of being retired to private life should he have resisted the clamorous appeals of the Southern people for a Northern invasion. At Gettysburg, thousands of the fearless veterans of the South went down never to rise again, and with them in their unmarked graves were buried the last hopes of the Great Rebellion.

General Lee is dead and gone, and we would not wish to detract one iota from the fame that has been so spontaneously attached to his name. We see in him the noblest type of the Southern gentleman of *ante-bellum* days, but as a soldier we cannot rank him with the Napoleons and Wellingtons, whose names we find scattered here and there on the pages of the history of the human race. '99.

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### A Faithful Servant.

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In many respects the organ of touch, as embodied in the hand, is the most wonderful of the senses. The organs of the other senses are passive; the organ of touch alone is active. The eye, the ear, and the nostrils stand simply open; light, sound, and fragrance enter, and we are compelled to see, to hear, and to smell; but the hand selects what it shall touch, and touches what it pleases.



It puts away from it the things which it hates, and beckons towards it the things which it desires; unlike the eye, which must often gaze transfixed at horrible sights from which it cannot turn; and the ear, which cannot escape from the torture of discordant sounds; and the nostril, which cannot protect itself from hateful odors.

Moreover, the hand cares not only for its own wants, but, when the other organs of the senses are rendered useless, it takes their duties upon it. The hand of the blind man goes with him as an eye through the streets, and safely threads for him all the devious ways; it looks for him at the faces of his friends, and tells him whose kindly features are gazing on him; it peruses books for him, and quickens the long hours by its silent readings.

It ministers as willingly to the deaf; and when the tongue is dumb and the ear is stopped, its fingers speak eloquently to the eye, and enable the hand to discharge the unwonted office of a listener.

The organs of all the other senses also, even in their greatest perfection, are indebted to the hand for the enhancement and exaltation of their powers. It constructs for the eye a copy of itself, and thus gives it a telescope with which to range the stars; and by another copy on a slightly different plan, furnishes it with a microscope and introduces it into a new world of wonders.

It constructs for the ear the instruments by which it is educated and sounds them in its hearing till its powers are trained to the full. It plucks for the nostril the flower which it longs to smell, and distills for it the fragrance which it covets. As for the tongue, if it had not the hand to serve it, it might abdicate its throne as the Lord of Taste. In short, the organ of touch is the minister of its sister senses, and is the handmaid of them all.

If the hand thus generously serves the body, not less amply does it give expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and affection, the will and power, of man.

What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam engine is but a larger hand, made to extend its powers by the little hand of man! An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with. All our huge cannons and



other weapons of war, with which we so effectually slay our brethren, are only Cain's hand made bigger, and stronger, and bloodier.

What, moreover, is a ship, a railway, a lighthouse, or a palace? What, indeed, is a whole city, a whole continent of cities, all the cities of the globe, nay, the very globe itself, in so far as man changed it, but the work of that giant hand with which the human race, acting as one mighty man, has executed its will?

When we come to think of all that the human hand has done, from the day when Eve put forth her erring hand to pluck the fruit of the forbidden tree to that dark hour when the pierced hands of the Saviour of the world were nailed to the predicted tree of shame, and of all that human hands have done of good and evil since, will we not lift our hands and gaze upon them with wonder and awe? What an instrument for good it is! What an instrument for evil!

We unwisely restrict the term handworker to the more laborious callings; but it belongs to all honest, earnest men and women, and is a title which each should covet. For, there is a tool which they may learn to handle; for all there is the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." L., '98.

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## About the College.

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### SOCIETIES.

#### *Sophronian Literary Society.*

D. C. Kaufman, '98, Pres.

R. W. Lentz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Euterpean Literary Society.*

L. F. H. Gruber, '98, Pres.

A. G. Flexer, 1900, Sec.

#### *Franklin Literary Association.*

Bernard Repass, '98, Pres.

Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., Sec.

#### *Press Association.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

A. A. Kunkle, '99, Sec.

#### *Missionary Society.*

W. S. Heist, '98, Pres.

H. L. Straub, 1900, Sec.

#### *Augsburg Society.*

Prof. W. Wackernagel, Lecturer.

Dr. Wackernagel and Gruber, '98, delivered addresses at the anniversary exercises of St. Peter's Lutheran Sunday-school of this city.

Kunkle, H. A., '99, spoke before the Luther League of the Lutheran congregation at Freemansburg, of which Rev. Sandt is pastor.

Special services were held in the chapel on Monday morning, September 27, in commemoration of the death of Prof. Davis Garber, Ph.D., which took place on the 27th of September, 1896.

Workmen are engaged in fitting up a room in the basement of the building for the use of the Biological Department.

The meetings of the Augsburg Society were resumed on Friday evening, October 1, when Dr. Wackernagel spoke on the "Schwenckfelder Denomination."

The Glee Club, which was one of our most successful organizations last year, has been reorganized under the leadership of Geo. F. Erdman, '98.

The Freshmen have organized and elected the following officers: President, Moyer; Vice-President, Reagle; Secretary, Benner; Treasurer, Schmoyer; Historian, Rubrecht; Monitor, Hamm.

The following class yell is heard in childish shrieks about the College:

" We want fun,  
We want fun,  
Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg,  
1901."

The Great Allentown Fair, towards which the students always look with pleasure, was very well attended by the College family in general.

Professor, in Chemistry: "Gentlemen, now watch the effects of this acid on this piece of copper." (Holding it up,) "Now you see it." (Dropping it into the acid,) "Now you don't see it."

Fritch, N.: "Fakir!"

The membership of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity was increased by the following members: Fetherolf, F. A., '99; Ashbach, Woerth, and Rothenberger, 1901, and Geiger, Prep.

A number of the students accompanied the excursion to the Lutheran Orphans' Home and Seminary at Germantown.

Messrs. Hehl, Kistler, Eckert, and Fegley, '98, Kunkle, H., and Kunkle, A., '99, found the trip up the Hudson a very enjoyable affair.

The Sophomores are busily engaged in collecting specimens for their leaf herbariums.

Sophronia has elected the following officers: President, Kaufman, '98; Vice-President, Raker, '99; Recording Secretary, Lentz, 1900; Treasurer, Straub, 1900; Chaplain, Fritch, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Deisher, 1900; Critics, Kunkle, H. A., and Kunkle, A. A., '99.

A misplaced eyebrow is seen about College. Rumor has it that it belongs to D. C. Kaufman.

Fetherolf, D. E., passing young lady on Hamilton street: "May I have the pleasure of asking your company?"

She: "No, sir."

Fetherolf: "Then I'll not ask you."

The First Ward Mission Sunday-school, of which Dr. Garber was superintendent for twenty-three years, and now conducted by a number of students, held its twenty-ninth anniversary on Sunday, October 10.

Gruhler, to Professor: "Doctor, are they going up the Hudson on a canal boat?"

Professor: "Gruhler, will you please keep quiet; we have something else, and have nothing to do with mules now."

The fourth edition of Dr. Wackernagel's "Life of Dr. Martin Luther" is now in print. In reviewing this book *The Lutheran* says: "Dr. Wackernagel is unexcelled as a writer. He has the gift of presenting the largest possible amount of information in the smallest possible amount of space, and withal of throwing the charm of life and literary form about his work."

Dr. Wackernagel, Dr. Repass, and Rev. Steinhäuser assisted in the corner-stone laying of St. Luke's Lutheran Church in this city.



Rev. Dr. Seip assisted in the dedication of an addition to the church of which his son, Rev. Frank Seip, is pastor, at Lebanon.

The corner-stone of St. Stephen's Lutheran Chapel was laid on Sunday afternoon, October 3. Dr. Wackernagel had charge of the exercises, assisted by Dr. Repass, Rev. Steinhæuser, and other Lutheran pastors of the city.

The building of this chapel is the outcome of the mission Sunday-school organized by Rev. Dr. Wackernagel and a number of students who composed the College Missionary Society in 1889.

On Tuesday, October 5, Dr. Seip attended a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, at Reading, Pa.

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## Our Alumni.

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'74.—After an absence of many years Dr. Monroe T. Kuntz, Mulberry, Indiana, is visiting his old home in Allentown. He has established an extensive practice in his western home.

'74.—William A. Lichtenwallner, Esq., Harold, Dakota, is "on East," the guest of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Butz.

'78.—The programme of the Lehigh County Medical Society, recently published, contains the name of Dr. H. H. Herbst, of Allentown, who is to present a paper on "Anthrometry."

'78.—Rev. James D. Woodring, Reading, Pa., has been elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'81.—From the Allentown *Morning Call* of a recent date we clip the following sad news:

"Dr. T. M. Angstadt, of Mahone Bay, Lunenburg county, Nova Scotia, formerly of Lobachsville, and who graduated from Muhlenberg College, this city, in 1881, has committed suicide. After Mr. Angstadt graduated from Muhlenberg he attended the theological seminary, and after a three years' course was ordained as a Lutheran minister. He was assigned to the pastorate of the Lutheran church at Mahone Bay.

There he remained four years, after which he returned to Philadelphia and entered Jefferson Medical College, from which he graduated. He also took courses in several hospitals. Two years ago he returned to Mahone Bay and had a large practice among the poorer families of that vicinity.

"The incidents which led to the suicide are peculiarly affecting. Among his patients was a young man named Enoch Eisenhower, who for three years had been ill with a painful disease, the doctors at the Victoria Hospital being unable to do anything for him. In June the intense agony endured by young Eisenhower became almost unbearable, even to one who fought pain bravely. He begged Dr. Angstadt to perform an operation, preferring to take chances rather than live in constant suffering. Finally the doctor consented, and about three months ago performed the operation. For a time the patient was better, but the disease returned and caused increased agony, and although Dr. Angstadt did everything in his power to relieve the pain, he was hourly haunted with the face and cries of the sufferer, until the thought that he could neither share nor cure the suffering caused him to take his own life by taking poison, and his lifeless body was found shortly afterwards in the barn of Rev. J. Maurer. The jury's verdict was that 'deceased came to his death by poison administered by his own hand.' The knowledge that he could do nothing for Eisenhower caused this warm-hearted, over-sensitive man to take his own life, leaving his property to the father of the young man in trust for the sufferer, in the following words:

"'My last will and testament. I will all that I have to Cyrus Eisenhower, North West. To all merciful men and women: I pray that you may do all that you can to help bear the burdens of Enoch Eisenhower. I will all that I have to his father, Cyrus Eisenhower, and I pray that everybody may help work that he gets it. I have done much good work, but I am unfit to do anything except give him what I have. T. M. Angstadt, M. D.'

"Tom Angstadt, as he was familiarly known by his college associates at Muhlenberg, had a hard struggle to gain an education. He was a son of Daniel R. and Polly Angstadt and was born in Rockland township, Berks county, April 15, 1856. He early desired to secure a good education, but was dis-

couraged by his family and pastor. So he went to work in an ore mine, sleeping at night on a slab in the engine-room. Finally he earned enough money. After attending Oley Academy he entered Muhlenberg College, and while here he worked in order to earn money to pay his way. During his course he received part of the German prize given to the Sophomore Class. He was a member of the Euterpean Literary Society.

"In view of his return to Mahone Bay as a physician, Dr. Angstadt wrote to Rev. Maurer: 'I feel that I have failed in doing the Lord's work as a clergyman; now I want to help the suffering and the needy as a doctor.' Out of his slender income he was saving sufficient to educate a lad to take his place in the ministry. He recently purchased a farm on which his poor patients could pay their bills by working for him.

"Deceased left a letter that was to be sent to his brother and sisters in Berks, in which, speaking of his \$2000 estate, he said: 'Under the circumstances, I find it right to leave everything to Cyrus Eisenhauer.' He also left a large quantity of medicine for the suffering with directions how to use it. Under Nova Scotia law, however, Dr. Angstadt's will does not stand, as there are not two witnesses to the document. Rieser & Schaffer, a Reading law firm, have had the matter placed in their hands by deceased's brother and sisters.

"Dr. Angstadt is the second member of the Class of 1881 to die, the other departed one being William F. Kistler, of Fort Quitman, Texas."

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., has been appointed the State's agent in collecting the sums due Pennsylvania on the unpatented lands of Chester county.

'86.—Samuel J. Kistler, Esq., of Saegersville, is to perform the same service for Lehigh county, and Ira E. Seidel, of '90, is to attend to the collections of Carbon county.

'87.—The new chapel of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa., was dedicated September 26 by Rev. F. M. Seip, the pastor of the church, assisted by his father, Dr. Theodore L. Seip, President of Muhlenberg College.—*The Lutheran*.



'90.—The *Binghampton* (N. Y.) *Chronicle* of October 2 contains an article of more than eight columns descriptive of the English Lutheran Church of which Rev. M. J. Bieber is the popular pastor. It also contains a portrait of the pastor and a picture of the church building. We clip the following from the extensive article mentioned above:

"The present pastor has served the congregation four months. He received a unanimous call on the 14th of May, 1897, which he after due consideration accepted, becoming pastor on the 1st of June. He was tendered a cordial public reception by the congregation on Thursday evening, June 15. On the first Sunday in September he was formally installed pastor of the church in the presence of a large congregation, amidst appropriate decorations and with impressive services. The Rev. F. U. Klingensmith, of Utica, the official representative of the New York Ministerium, in an able and eloquent sermon based on 1 Timothy 6:20, delivered the official charge and performed the act of installation. The Rev. J. E. Whittaker, Superintendent of English Home Missions of the General Council, delivered an interesting and impressive charge to the congregation on Acts 10:33. At the evening service the Rev. Whittaker occupied the pulpit and the Rev. Klingensmith conducted the altar service. On September 19 the pastor preached his formal introductory sermon on the text, 'Walk in Love,' Ephesians 5:2. During Rev. Bieber's short pastorate the congregation has ceased to be a mission, and has liquidated \$500 of the church debt. The church services are well attended, and the members and societies show comendable zeal and activity.

"Rev. Milton J. Bieber was born in Kutztown, Pa., graduated at the Kutztown State Normal School in 1886 as valedictorian of his class, engaged in teaching, entered Muhlenberg College in 1888, and graduated with first honors in 1891. He entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, from which he graduated in 1894, being one of the six speakers at commencement. Out of several calls extended to him he accepted the one to Trinity Lutheran Church, Mt. Joy, Pa., and was installed June 3, 1894. During his three years' pastorate there he was instrumental, with a congregation of eighty-six members, in having an \$11,000 church erected and practically paid for, at the same time adding thirty-five

members to the congregation. He resigned his parish on June 21 to accept the call to his present field of labor."

'91.—Dr. W. H. Cooper, of Oakmont, Pa., recently paid a flying visit to his parents in Allentown.

'92.—Clarence Beck, Esq., of Easton, Pa., and Rev. Frederick Doerr, of Wilmington, Del., revived their recollections of student days by visiting Allentown during Fair Week.

'94.—Rev. George C. Loos, who graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1894, and who was ordained into the ministry last June, was last evening installed as pastor of Bethlehem Evangelical Lutheran Church, northwest corner of Thirteenth and Diamond streets, Philadelphia. The Committee of Installation, appointed by the Synod, was composed of the Rev. Dr. William Ashmead Schaeffer, Superintendent of Missions; the Rev. Prof. Jacob Fry and the Rev. Prof. H. E. Jacobs, D.D., both of the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy. Dr. Schaeffer performed the office of installation. The address to the congregation was delivered by Dr. Jacobs and the address to the pastor by Dr. Fry. The newly installed pastor pronounced the benediction. The church was organized in February of the present year by Dr. Schaeffer, has sixty communicant members, and the expectation of twenty more at the next communion. It is entirely self-sustaining.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'96.—S. A. Bridges Stopp is pursuing post-graduate studies at Princeton University.

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## Editor's Table.

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In discussing Germany's savings banks, the *Chicago Record* gives the following interesting facts: "From the cradle the children are taught economy. In some of the schools the children are instructed to gather, during their play hours and on their way to and from their homes, all such apparently valueless objects as old bottles, tin cans, refuse metals, etc., which are sold to the junk shops and the proceeds deposited to the credit of the child in the nearest savings bank. This spirit of economy has caused the number of depositors in the savings banks of the empire to exceed the number of households. \* \*

"In Berlin there are seventy-nine branch offices with 483,000 depositors out of a population of 1,800,000, and the total deposits are a little more than \$40,000,000. Dresden with one-fifth the population of Berlin has one-half as many depositors, the amount deposited exceeding \$22,000,000. Aix-la-Chapelle, with a population of 11,489, has over 106,000 depositors, with credits of more than \$20,000,000. Altona, a city of 149,000 people, has 130,000 depositors, with nearly \$20,000,000 to their credit."

Dulcissima virgo amo te,  
 Cors omne meum est tibi;  
 Tuus spiritus est optima,  
 Virgo, fides, carissima.—*Ex.*

The following were some of the rules of Harvard College during the middle of the seventeenth century:

1. No Freshman shall speak to a Senior, with his hat on, or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own room if a Senior be there.
2. Any Freshman shall be obliged to go on any errand for any Senior except in study hours.
3. No Freshman when going on an errand shall tell for whom or for what he is going unless he is asked.—*Ex.*

ACT I.—Little dreaming they soon would meet,  
 She smiled upon him in the street  
 From her cozy window seat.  
 Maid one.

ACT II.—At the top of the music's beat,  
 Moved in time their hearts and feet;  
 Later they found a cool retreat.  
 Maid won.

ACT III.—Pealed the organ loud and sweet—  
 Bride and groom and their elite,  
 All their happiness complete.  
 Made one.—*Ex.*

The *Mirror* contains the following points and rules as to the use of "Quotations:"

- a. The *value* of an apt quotation shows the writer's (1) *taste*, (2) *accuracy*, and (3) *reinforces his thought* by the power of a great name whose form of expression is supposed to be well-nigh faultless.



b. The *essentials* of an apt quotation are (1) *accuracy*, (2) *proper length*, (3) *not too familiar*, (4) *on level with writer's thought*, (5) *duly appreciative of the author*, (6) *in due proportion*.

c. Quotation is a *growth*.

Oxford University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Science on Nansen, the explorer.—*Ex.*

"They say she is a poem,  
Quite likely that may be;  
I find unto my sorrow  
She is a-verse to me."—*Ex.*

According to the latest reports of United States Commissioner of Education Harris, there are in this country 481 colleges and universities, employing 8,459 instructors, and enrolling 63,402 undergraduates and 5,273 graduate students.—*Ex.*

"I'm nearly dead with rheumatiz !  
Can't you prescribe a cure for me?"  
The housewife smiled, and, nodding, said,  
"Yes; get a little boneset tea."

"Your remedies are always good,  
So this I'll try; good-day," quoth he;  
And stopping at a furniture store,  
He ordered a little bone settee.—*Ex.*

Who works for glory, misses oft the goal;  
Who works for money, coins his very soul:  
Work for work's sake, then, and it may be  
That these things shall be added unto thee.—*Ex.*

Upon the new gateway at the entrance to the Cornell campus will be placed this inscription: "To enter, that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful; to depart, that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and to mankind."—*Ex.*

If there's anything worries a woman,  
It's something she ought not to know;  
But, you bet, she'll find it out anyhow,  
If she gets the least kind of a show.  
Now, we'll wager ten cents to a farthing,  
This poem she's already read—  
We knew she'd get it somehow,  
If she had stood on her head.—*Ex.*

## The World of Letters.

---

"The Red Terror," by Felix Grass, will be published this autumn.

A new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling will be published in the spring of next year.

"Roden's Corner" is the title of the next novel to be written by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman.

"The Federal Judge," by Mr. Charles K. Lush, will be published shortly by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new story, "A Phantom Army," will be published this autumn by the Messrs. Appleton.

"At the Cross Roads," by Miss Montresor, is the title of a novel to be published shortly by the Messrs. Appleton.

"Flint: His Faults, his Friendships, and his Fortunes," by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Little, Brown & Company.

"A Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by Mrs. James T. Fields, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, who has recently returned to Chicago after a long stay in Italy, has written a story entitled, "The Greatest of These," which will appear in the November *Atlantic*.

The Lowell Lectures, which Prince Serge Wolkonsky delivered in 1896, on Pictures of Russian History and Russian Literature, have now been published in book form by Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Company. The prince pays a high tribute of respect to Peter the Great, and quotes a Russian historian, who says:

"Peter the Great is the last and greatest hero. Only Christianity and proximity to our own times have saved us (and this only to a certain extent) from a religious worshiping of this demigod and from recitals about the exploits of this Hercules. He is a hero in the antique sense; he is in

modern times the only specimen of this gigantic nature of which we see so many in the misty distances of ages at the foundation and formation of human societies."

Benjamin Swift's new novel, "The Tormentor," to be published this autumn by the Messrs. Scribner, is now ready for the press. His first novel, "Nancy Noon," published about a year ago, is now in its fifth edition.

"Ballads of Lost Haven," by Mr. Bliss Carman, has just been published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe & Company. The following poem, "A Son of the Sea," which occupies the first page of the book, in a sense epitomizes the whole collection:

"I was born for deep-sea faring;  
I was bred to put to sea;  
Stories of my father's daring  
Filled me at my mother's knee.

"I was sired among the surges;  
I was cubbed beside the foam;  
All my heart is in its verges,  
And the sea wind is my home.

"All my boyhood, from far vernal  
Bourns of being, came to me  
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal  
Memories of the plunging sea."

Hawthorne's "First Diary," with an account of its discovery and loss, by Mr. Samuel T. Pickard, will be published shortly. In his preface Mr. Pickard gives this interesting account of the "Diary:"

"A diary kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne during his residence at Raymond, Maine, came to light in Virginia during the late civil war, and fell into the hands of a colored man named William Symmes, who by a curious chance was a companion of Hawthorne in his fishing and gunning sports on the shores of Lake Sebago. Symmes said he had the book from a Maine soldier whom he found in a hospital. Because of his boyish friendship for Hawthorne, he so prized the diary that he could not be induced to part with it. After holding it several years, he sent extracts from it to a Maine newspaper."



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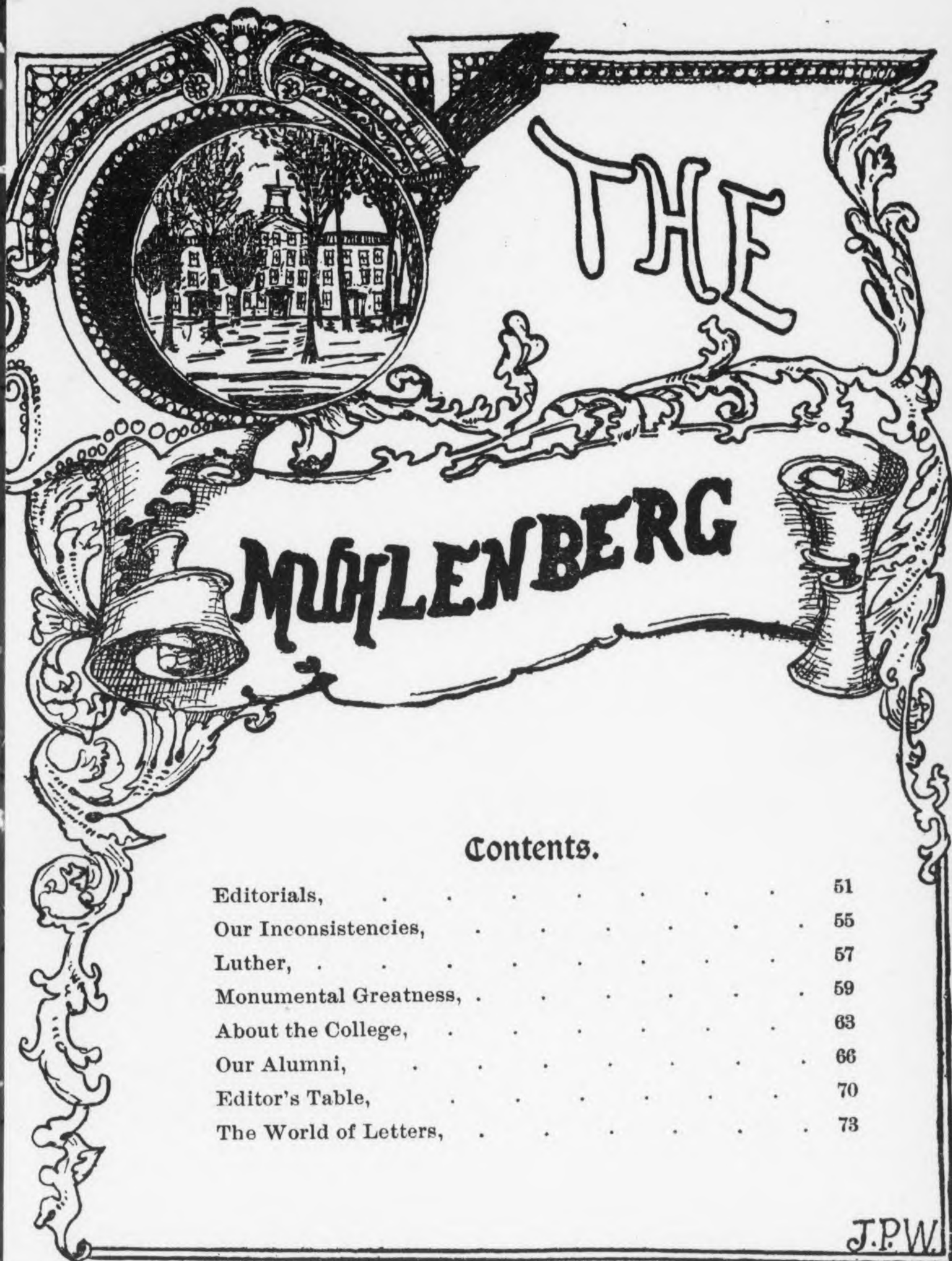
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# THE MÜHLENBERG

## Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	51
Our Inconsistencies, . . . . .	55
Luther, . . . . .	57
Monumental Greatness, . . . . .	59
About the College, . . . . .	63
Our Alumni, . . . . .	66
Editor's Table, . . . . .	70
The World of Letters, . . . . .	73

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"*Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.*"

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Vol. XV. ALLENTOWN, PA., NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 3.

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WILLIAM S. HEIST, '98.

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
EMILE J. KEULING, '98.

ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:  
JOHN K. SULLENBERGER, '98.  
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JOHN G. HARTLEY, '99.  
JAMES BERG, '99.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
WILLIAM A. BILHEIMER, '98. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.


This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 **TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

**FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.**

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

If any subscriber has not received THE MUHLENBERG, or if he has made a change in his residence, let him please notify the business managers at once.

§ § §

Peace and quietness pervade the atmosphere, lately charged with an intensity of society difference, and a gentle air of calmness again wafts gently over this island of learning.

§ § §

The bulletin-board which has recently been hung up in the hall, seems to have been put there expressly for the smart fellow to daub his fingers over the notices and announcements.

As this is the season of chestnuts, we thought it not amiss to bring one forth for the benefit of THE MUHLENBERG staff. Although several times produced in these columns, it has yet never been roasted. The staff ought to have its own room to edit THE MUHLENBERG. It would be of much benefit for this body to meet in such a room, in order to converse about the welfare and the improvement of the periodical. Better attention could be given to it, better articles could be prepared, as the members of the staff could meet together and exchange views, and better all-round work could be done on it. Besides, we ought to have a permanent place for the back numbers of our college journal. Then they could be kept on file better than now ; for at present they are carried from one room to another, and in this way a good many are lost which can not be replaced. Our exchanges could be also kept on file there, and one could easily refer to them whenever necessary. Will not the College authorities arrange for a room for the staff of its magazine ? We know that all the rooms in the College are taken, yet perhaps with a little ingenuity it may be so arranged that the staff will get its own room.

§ § §

We are very glad to hear that the Glee Club has reorganized and will very soon render some of their sweet medleys. A Lutheran college with no glee club to discourse good music is a curious anomaly. There is so much music in our beautiful morning services that ought to urge every student to cultivate a greater desire for song, and induce him to put the Glee Club on a good footing. We think of our immortal Luther, who has bequeathed to posterity a hymnology second to none. We think of our church's Fatherland, a land of music and song, when she could not boast of a bond of union, yet cemented together by a common hymn. "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*" became, as Heine said, the Marseillaise of the Reformation. We think of this battle-cry, this pæan of victory, sung by the stalwart soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus on the Protestant battlefields of that gentle Lion of the North. We think of that grand chorus of God's chosen people, making the welkin ring with their hallelujahs and hosannas. We think of those everlasting hymns, in which David the sweet singer of Israel poured out his soul to his

Maker. Surely, with such a goodly heritage to fall back on, and such examples to emulate, we ought to be only too happy to cultivate more of a taste for music and song by sustaining a glee club. Let us give them our sympathy and help and money; do not pass by on the other side when aid is asked for its maintenance. Besides, it is an honor to a college to be represented by a good glee club, and that we have the talent to make such a club a success was demonstrated last year. Well do we remember, at the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, when it took the judges quite a time to name the winner, how the boys entertained so large an audience and kept it in good humor by their singing. Probably few know more than the writer the value our College got through the fine singing of our Glee Club.

## § § §

Within a fortnight our National Thanksgiving will take place on the day set apart by our President, and the Governors of our respective States, for this worthy end. After all the political turmoil just ended, during which our whole country was divided into parties, the one striving with the other for political supremacy, it is a beautiful custom which can unite all in one spirit upon one subject: to give thanks unto God for His mercies. There is none so humble that has not some blessing, some benefit, for which he should be thankful to a beneficent Creator. Gentle reader, how are you going to observe that day? Are you going to be numbered with that mighty host that will throng the "gridiron," the theater, and places of amusement? Or will you be among the few that remember the blessings bestowed upon them, and frequent the church? Remember, it is a day of thanksgiving! In thinking over the causes for gratitude on that day, do not forget to give prominence to the fact that you live in such an enlightened age, an age recognized for its independence of thought and religion. Thank God that you do not live in the Dark Ages, with its gross superstition fettering and imprisoning all intellectual aspirations. Have you thought of thanking Him that you were born in this country, born of Christian parents, are receiving a liberal education in a Christian institution, instead of having been born a Hottentot in darkest Africa? Or that you live in com-



fortable circumstances surrounded with luxuries, and enjoying the sunshine and the green fields instead of wasting out a wretched existence in the slums of some large city? Do not overlook the value of good health and of a sound body. But above all, thank Him for calling you to that great privilege of extending His kingdom by being a colaborer with Him. Surely, the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have an immense deal for which to thank Him. Let us thank Him that He has permitted, in His wise providence, a college to be established in this large center of Lutheran population for the educating of our young men for the Mother Church of the Reformation. May He who hitherto so helped and blessed this institution give us larger facilities and more commodious surroundings. In thanking God for these blessings and mercies received, let us not forget to give thanks to those around us for the kindness extended to us. It is a common saying that this is an unthankful world, and sometimes I think this saying is only too true. Many a little deed of kindness shown to some one, or a little courtesy extended to another, or a little favor done to a friend, is passed by unnoticed. Instead of a "thank you" for these amenities, they are frequently looked upon as one's rights, that had to be so. Let us not forget to say "thank you" for little favors; it may seem as if it were not worth while to give thanks for little things, yet such little acts of politeness are the things that make life pleasant. Many a man's influence can be attributed to just such little favors. Let us cultivate the habit of saying "thank you" for little favors received, and it will make us happier and nobler and better. It will make those around us feel as if the world, after all, was not such an unthankful place to live in. So when Thanksgiving Day comes let us give thanks unto Him for the blessing showered upon this country. No country in the world is more blessed than is this land of ours. The spirit of peace is upon us, while in other countries the spirit of strife reigns. While we have plenty, other countries are in want; while we have prosperity and health, other countries have sickness and pestilence. While it is true that we have lately had seasons of reverses, can we lay them to God? Was it not man's own doing? Has our Heavenly Father not blessed us with large crops, both of cereals and fruits? No, no, let us not put the blame of the hard times on

God, but rather acknowledge them as our own. Thank Him for His mercies and blessings, not only on Thanksgiving Day, but every day, not only in thought, but in word and deed. Let us actually give thanks on Thanksgiving Day!

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### Our Inconsistencies.

---

I have never been so fully convinced of the inconsistency of man's actions as sometime ago, when this subject was brought to bear upon me. Try to reconcile and set them before me in a self-consistent light, and you will do what I have never been able to do or believe possible to be done; for they are such contraries and strange contradictions in themselves, that to me it seems almost impossible they could proceed from the same person; but we see so much of them around us we are forced to believe it to be so.

Much sooner would I believe a man to be virtuous in all other respects, than to believe him perfectly consistent. Study the lives of all our greatest men as far back as history takes you, and I doubt whether you can show twenty who were consistent in all things; men who formed their lives to one certain fixed point, and never deviated from it.

Examine yourselves within, and you shall find your habit is to follow the inclinations of your own prejudices and desires; and whatever way they guide you, whether right or left, whether right or wrong, whether forward or backward, you will be wafted along by the breath of your appetites and fickleness just as the winged seed of a thistle is borne hither and thither by a breeze or gentle zephyr.

We do one thing to-day, another to-morrow, and then return to the former again—nothing but instability and inconsistency! We are not masters over ourselves. We are slaves and servants to occasions and our own conceits; for we will nothing freely, nothing constantly, but waver between many opinions and conditions.

To-day you see a soldier standing at his post of duty with all his comrades either dead or dying, but he does not waver; and to-morrow he may cower at the word danger. To-day he may charge with the greatest confidence into the ranks of the enemy, "into the very jaws of hell," as a certain one has it,



and to-morrow he moans and worries over the loss of a few dollars. He may think it the greatest glory to die in battle, but shrinks from death on a bed of sickness with the greatest horror. If a man were truly brave he would be so on all occasions. There is not one valor for the field and one for the home; not one for affliction, another for contentment. A man must be brave under all circumstances, however dangerous or embarrassing, however pleasing or enticing.

Once more let us look into our breasts and see if our souls bear the same attitude towards the actions of our neighbors as our own. We shall find that we continually condemn the very things in others which, when done by ourselves, we approve.

We wish everybody to submit to us, but are never willing to offer the same submission to others. We wish to pose as honorable men, and try to clothe our actions in the garb of virtue, but our actions are far different. We reserve the right of inference to ourselves and think what we infer is always true; but the inferences of others, though equally plausible, are always wrong. We accuse another of rashness and the very next moment fall into the same error; but then it is we that did it, and so changes black to white, for it is not possible that we could err in our judgment.

Our own inconsistencies when seen in others are magnified, as it were, and their vicious, offensive, or obstinate phases appear to our eyes as monstrous, while these same faults in us go unnoticed, or are justified by all manner of arguments. All this is because of our prejudices, stubbornness, fickleness, and pride; and none of us are free of these evils, besides many others which might be mentioned, but are beyond the limit of this paper.

Without ideas, occasions, or determination we are passive and unable to act. We are like a ship in the doldrums, with its sails set but hanging loosely from the yards, unable to move forward or backward. A wind, though contrary, is hailed by the sailor; he at once arranges the sails, puts his hand to the helm, and steers the ship into the very face of the wind. No difference what course the wind may take, it can be used to good advantage by a sailor.

We should have that perfect haven, True Virtue, in view; for no wind serves him who has no destined port. We must



listen to reason and no longer follow our passions whithersoever they may lead. We must harness our sails to the winds of occasions, prejudices, and irresolution, and, whether they be favorable or contrary, make them serve us, make them carry us nearer and nearer to that much-coveted goal, Perfect Consistency or Virtue. If we will do this we shall have used them for a good purpose. W., '98.

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### Luther.

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A little more than four hundred years ago there was born in Germany a child who was destined to become the greatest reformer the world had yet seen. The little town of Eisleben gave birth to a man whose work as a reformer has changed the map of Europe. Although born in obscurity, yet by perseverance and courage he rose to the highest pinnacle of fame and honor, such as few men have even reached.

Space will not allow a full account of his life, yet it will be well to note at least a few of the principal incidents therein. His early days were spent in school at Mansfield, where he studied the lessons assigned to him with diligence and zeal. We know he loved to study, and that he soon made great progress in the common branches, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and in the first principles of Latin grammar. At the early age of fourteen young Martin left his home to attend the high school at Magdeburg. Here he was compelled to support himself by singing from house to house, a custom which at that time was prevalent among students. A kind-hearted woman, Ursula Cotta, pitying him, undertook his support, so that he was able, when eighteen years of age, to enter upon a course of study at the University of Erfurt. He became a good classical scholar, his fondness for Plato and Virgil being very great. Here, after four years of hard labor and study, he graduated as Master of Arts in the year 1505. On July 17, 1505, Luther entered the Augustinian convent at Erfurt. It was here that he found the old Latin Bible, and studied the writings of St. Augustine. He became acquainted with the learned Dr. Staupitz, the superior of the Augustinian order, who at once became his best friend. Two years later, in 1507, he was ordained a priest in the Church of

Rome, to which office he devoted himself with sincerity and earnestness. He still continued to study with his usual zeal, so that he became the best scholar in the convent. He was subsequently called to a professorship in the University of Wittenburg. Then he began to lecture on the Holy Scriptures, and tried to reform the abuses which had crept into the Church. During all this time Luther made many friends and had a warm place in the hearts of the students, and more especially of the common people.

The next important event in his life was his journey to Rome in 1511, which became the turning-point of his career. Luther, as a devout Catholic, believed Rome actually to be a little heaven on earth; but alas! how sadly mistaken he was. The nearer he came to Rome the further did the clergy seem to be away from the realization of a godly life. At last Luther climbs the golden stairway, when the words, "The just shall live by faith," ring in his ears. He rises and resolves, there and then, no longer to seek pardon by outward ceremonials, but to accept it as a gift from God. Luther returned to Wittenburg and continued his labors in the university.

At this time Leo X was in the papal chair. He was a man of great literary ability and taste, but one thing he lacked. Covetous and ambitious, he determined to finish St. Peter's Church, not "to the greater glory of God," but for the express purpose of handing down his own name to posterity. He, therefore, proclaimed a sale of indulgences, and what followed on that ever-memorable October 31, 1517, is too well known to need repetition.

Thus, under these circumstances, was begun the great Reformation. It was merely begun, not ended. Luther must yet appear before Emperor and Diet. His bold stand for the Truth at Worms, where he uttered those undying words, "Unless I shall be refuted and convinced by testimony of the Holy Scriptures or by public, clear, and evident arguments and reasons, I cannot and will not retract anything, since I believe neither the Pope nor the councils alone, both of them having evidently often erred and contradicted themselves, and since it is neither safe nor advisable to do anything against the conscience. Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen!" will command the admiration of



the world for all time to come, and place Luther at the head of the list of heroes as the greatest benefactor of all ages.

Luther was a man who lived in and with the Bible as but few men have ever done. It was his constant companion. As a translator in his own tongue he stands preëminent. He put such force and clearness into his words that his translation of the Bible stands without a rival in the German language, which alone would make his name immortal. As a writer and hymnologist he holds a prominent place. His "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*," the famous war-song of the Reformation, taken from the forty-sixth Psalm, and composed in 1529, is sung the world over by all Protestant churches. We must omit saying anything about the impetus the Reformation gave to learning, or anything further concerning Luther as a writer.

Among the great men whose names will shine through the dust and din of centuries yet to come, whose fame will echo and reëcho through the future ages, Martin Luther will occupy a leading place.

After a long life of faithful service in the cause of his Master he was called away peacefully on February 18, 1546. Although dead he still lives in the minds and hearts of a grateful people. In him was God's Word fulfilled: "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his body shall flow rivers of living water." When the great day of the Lord, the day of the resurrection shall come, then shall the prophecy of Daniel be clearly realized and accomplished in Martin Luther: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

BENDER, '99.

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### Monumental Greatness.

---

With the agitation going on for soldiers' monuments, the erection of mausoleums to the dead and to men of noteworthy deeds, we may consider the question, Are all men who receive such testimonials deserving of them? When we speak of monumental greatness, we do not refer to the size of a marble or granite shaft which may be erected to some person or other. We do not refer to the deeds of valor performed on



battlefields as worthy of being inscribed on some giant obelisk. Nor do we call it monumental greatness when one man's fame eclipses all the deeds and sayings of his contemporaries for the time being.

Greatness consists not in the rise to power over fellow-men; nay, it is more: true greatness shows a consideration for mankind, it considers the duty toward one's neighbor. It is not always the egoistic, "I deserve it (an office, or other honor) because of my services; I can do it better than you; I am more knowing in that department or line of work," else the robber or the embezzler who has gotten away with a \$100,000 might say he was great, because he better than another knew how to get away with so much plunder. And yet we have men who make more of desperado or outlaw than of the man who sits in the glow of his humble cottage hearth and teaches his children the virtue of obedience at home and in the State, who rears them with due regard to the customs of civilized men. More truly great men have lived and died, unknown and unhonored by the plaudits of the multitude, than secured monuments of everlasting fame. Many have become famous, though we would better say infamous, only through their connection with the murder of some wise and just person or ruler.

The primary meaning of the word monument was anything that was intended to preserve the recollection of anything, though as now commonly accepted it refers only to the monument of stone. If stones were only set up with their names on them, we would not need to say anything, for it were better for the community and for the departed if all remembrance of them were lost in oblivion.

Are the inscriptions on monuments or records of their deeds fit for example, for instruction, and for encouragement of youth? Men who engaged in the destruction of life and property in war times, as the leaders in action against their fellow-creatures, are regarded as heroes, are almost canonized, are honored with magnificent monuments, while those who molded the policy of the nation, reconstructed and reunited the broken fragments, who sought for the unification of mankind in Christian brotherhood, are forgotten in a few short years, and their dust lies moldering in the grave without any remembrance or recognition of their services.

Let us take, for instance, General Logan, to whose memory a monument was recently unveiled in Chicago, and James G. Blaine. In life Mr. Blaine was first in the eyes of many people because of his fitness for the office of President, and Mr. Logan second; now the order is reversed, General Logan is honored as already mentioned, Mr. Blaine is forgotten. And yet who did more for this country, General Logan by his fighting or Mr. Blaine by his statesmanship? The much-reviled Stephen Girard did much for the city of Philadelphia in his unassuming way, but his virtues were only discovered last summer. Many a young man has cause to bless the memory of his benefactor, for the advantages of Girard College. In it Stephen Girard has a far more lasting testimonial of his greatness than can be spoken by the most eloquent orator or inscribed on the marble column.

Washington, after the lapse of a hundred years, was honored by a monument in Philadelphia. But you may say he has not been forgotten. Ah, no! As long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave the memory of Washington fadeth not. His truthfulness, his piety, and fortitude in gloomy times will be recounted and be set forth as an example worthy of emulation.

But here another idea presents itself: men whom we have cause to respect and honor should be remembered in a suitable way. The names of such prominent and noble men as Washington, Lafayette, and Penn should not adorn tavern signs, where their honored names are degraded to the drawing of custom for the innkeeper. Legislation should be enacted whereby such inappropriate ways of honoring the worthy dead would be disallowed.

Then again, what rights have such men to a monument or record of their greatness? What makes them great? Have they done aught for mankind? Has Luther merited the distinction and honor which the title of the Lutheran Church gives him, to which also the numerous church edifices of the Evangelical Lutheran faith, with spires pointing heavenward, attest? Yea, he deserves it. He, fearless in the might of God's Word, has brought about religious freedom. He withstood all the world, upheld the truth in Christ, opened to the eyes of all the Bible with its comforting lessons and its noble examples of filial reverence and piety. Nay, also political



freedom had its birth and the right of private thought. Why should we honor Lincoln? Because he was a President of the United States? No! But because he took that decided stand that all men should enjoy the privileges of freedom, be they white or black, and thus forever settled the question of slavery, and for his strong enforcement of the constitution which he had sworn to uphold. While the erection of monuments with its attendant ceremonies may for the time being arouse the minds of those present to the recollection of the virtues of the one thus honored, the money spent thus seems hopelessly squandered. Nor does the size of the monument give the greater prominence, but monuments will crumble to dust with the ravages of time. The erection of a statue of Penn in Philadelphia supplements the honor already shown him in the naming of the State, Pennsylvania. Washington State, and Washington, the capital of the United States, give more substantiality to Washington's fame than costly monuments. Alexandria, though imperishable evidence of Alexander the Great's power and sway, does not attest to his greatness; for he was possessed with overmastering desire for conquest. He did not bring to the conquered nations his rule in mildness, but with drunken fury aspired to the godly attribute, omnipotence. Socrates, despised, reviled, and misjudged in his day, is to-day regarded of great value in philosophy, while his accusers and judges are unknown. Moses, the deliverer of Israel, remains without any exterior signs of his existence, yet history is profuse in setting forth all his benefits to the Israelites, while the king of Egypt is almost forgotten.

Though shrouded in gloom, the truly great man, I mean in greatness of heart, of mind, soul, or whatever you may call it, though his deeds be not engraved on marble, will finally come to light; and if not seen by mortal men the Book of Life will glow at the Judgment Day and he will receive a far worthier testimonial of his greatness than gold could buy or stone outwear. The greatness of man is, therefore, monumental when his private and public virtues are such as are worthy of emulation, when the world is better because he has lived, and when self-interest is forgotten in the performance of duty.

W. A. BILHEIMER, '98.



## About the College.

### SOCIETIES.

#### *Sophronian Literary Society.*

D. C. Kaufman, '98, Pres.

R. W. Lentz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Euterpean Literary Society.*

John T. Eckert, '98, Pres.

Elmer E. Creitz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Franklin Literary Association.*

Bernard Repass, '98, Pres.

Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., Sec.

#### *Press Association.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

A. A. Kunkle, '99, Sec.

#### *Missionary Society.*

W. S. Heist, '98, Pres.

H. L. Straub, 1900, Sec.

#### *Augsburg Society.*

Prof. W. Wackernagel, D.D., Lecturer.

Past—Teachers' Institute.

In season—foot-ball and theater.

Coming—Thanksgiving.

The regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held in the College chapel on Tuesday evening, October 26. Under regular exercises the following papers were read: "Lights and Shadows on the Frontier in the West," by Kressley, '98; "News from the Field," by Berg, '99. Dr. Wackernagel also delivered an address on "Lutheran Mission-fields." The society decided to have the annual concert in the near future.

The Junior German Literary Society elected the following officers: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretary, E. J. Heilman; Treasurer, F. N. Fritch; Director, E. Raker.

The following are Euterpea's latest officers: President, Eckert, '98; Vice-President, Henry, '99; Secretary, Creitz, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Woerth, 1901; Critics, Sullenberger, '98, and Beck, '98; Chaplain, Schofer, 1901; Pianist, Aschbach, 1901.

Dr. T. L. Seip, Dr. M. H. Richards, Dr. S. A. Repass, and Rev. J. Steinhäuser attended the meeting of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America which was held at Erie, Pa.

Dr. Richards responded to the address of welcome at the meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society held at Lancaster, Pa., on October 22.

Dr. Seip attended the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, at Reading, Pa.

Dr. Richards addressed the Sunday-school convention of the Norristown Conference, held at Quakertown, Pa., on "General Council Sunday-school Lesson Helps and How to Use Them."

Drs. Seip, Repass, Richards, and Bauman assisted in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

At the last meeting of the Allentown Conference, held at Lehigh Church, Dr. Richards gave a talk on "Congregational Powers and Synodical Obligations."

Dr. G. T. Ettinger delivered a lecture on "Life's Lottery" at the semi-annual convention of the Central Luther League of the Allentown Conference, held in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., on Thursday, October 28.

Prof. Dowell was called to the home of his parents in Illinois on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Heilman, '99, delivered the address at the opening of the mission boxes in South Allentown.

Walter, '98, and Kopp, '99, made addresses at the meeting of the Luther League in East Allentown.

Hehl, '98, and Lenker, '98, delivered addresses at the entertainment given by the Sewing Circle of St. Stephen's Sunday-school for the benefit of the new chapel.

Berg, '99, spoke at the entertainment given by the Luther League of St. Peter's Lutheran Church.

H. A. Kunkle addressed the Luther League in South Allentown.

The following delegates represented the College Missionary Society at the Central Luther League, which was held in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, on October 28: Heist, Kressley, Kaufman, Lenker, and Kunkle, H. Alternates, Raker, Berg, Kopp, Straub, and Fegley.

Rev. Lenker, D.D., author of "Lutherans in all Lands," was a visitor at College and delivered a very interesting as well as instructive address before the students in the College chapel.

J. K. Sullenberger, '98, delivered the address at the Reformation festival in the Lutheran Church at Aineyville.

Hartley, '99, visited his parents at Philadelphia.

Raker, Henry, Geiger, and Gery accompanied the Cata-sauqua foot-ball team to Shamokin, where they participated in a game of foot-ball.

Willis Beck, '99, spent feveral days with his parents at Stone Church.

Henry, '99, Trumbower, '99, and Koch, 1900, attended the Nazareth Fair.

Chas. Beck, '98, attended the wedding of his former chum, W. H. Fehr, '97, on October 5, at Nazareth, Pa.

The Junior foot-ball team, which has so far held the championship of the College class teams, has reorganized with Raker as captain, and Seiberling, manager. They expect to challenge the victors of the Freshman-Sophomore game.

Berg and Rex showed their patriotism as well as their loyalty to the G. O. P. by going home to Schuylkill county to cast their votes.

Repass, '98, and Buchman, '99, represented Muhlenberg College at the Lafayette-Lehigh foot-ball game at Easton, on Saturday, October 30.

Gruber, '98, and Heilman, '99, delivered addresses at the dedication of an organ of the Sunday-school at Cedarville.

Prof. J. R. Merkel, principal of the Academic Department, attended the meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society at Lancaster, Pa., on Friday, October 22.

Kopp, '99, delivered a German address on the Reformation at the Reformation festival of the Mountainville Union Sun-



day-school, on Sunday evening, October 31. Bilheimer, '98, spoke on a similar occasion in St. Joseph's Lutheran Church, East Allentown, on Sunday evening, November 7.

Quite a number of the students took advantage of the cheap excursion to Gettysburg on Saturday, October 23.

Woerth, 1901, Geiger and Sykes, Prep., attended the University of Pennsylvania-Lafayette foot-ball game at Philadelphia.

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## Our Alumni.

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'70.—Rev. William K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., was elected English Secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America, at the late meeting held in Erie, Pa.

'71.—Rev. Hiram Peters, of Toledo, Ohio, addressed the General Council on "The Vine that Runneth Over." He has also contributed an article on "Luther as a Scholar" to the October number of the *Lutheran Church Review*.

'73.—From *The Lutheran* we learn that Dr. Buckley's New York *Christian Advocate* gives an editorial to Prof. Gerberding's "wise and discriminating article" on "The Defects and Faults of the American Pulpit," in the *Chicago Seminary Record*.

'73.—*The Lutheran* of October 7 contains a full account of "Another Beautiful Philadelphia Church Dedicated," of which Rev. Charles T. Hirzel is pastor. The whole structure costs over \$45,000, including a \$3000 organ, and from the description referred to above must be a most complete church edifice. The congregation numbers 375 members and the Sunday-school enrolled about 600 members. We congratulate the pastor and his people upon their beautiful new house of worship.

'73.—In addition to Rev. G. H. Gerberding, D.D., Rev. Dr. John Nicum, President of Wagner College, Rochester, N. Y., also addressed the General Council on the subject of "Education in the Church."

'78.—Dr. H. H. Herbst and Dr. G. T. Ettinger, '80, were elected two of the five delegates to represent Lehigh county at the State convention of School Directors to be held in Harrisburg, Pa., in February, 1898.

'78.—Rev. D. Henry Reiter, Richland Centre, Pa., has been reëlected President of the Norristown Conference.

'79.—On September 26 Concordia Lutheran Congregation, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. Carl N. Conrad, Ph.D., pastor, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its existence. The church was prettily decorated and both services were attended to overflowing. Pastor Conrad's work has been preëminently successful.

'79.—Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Greenville, Pa., Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph.D., pastor, after undergoing extensive repairs during the summer, was reopened September 19. The church was frescoed and newly carpeted, the pews and organ were repaired, and the exterior greatly improved. With all the modern conveniences of steam heat and electric lights, this church is a credit to the community in which it is located.

'80.—Our old friend, Rev. James F. Beates, of Seattle, continues his vigorous and interesting "Echoes from Puget Sound," in *The Lutheran*.

'80.—On October 3 Rev. S. B. Stupp was installed pastor of the Lutheran Parish of Mercer county, Pa.

'80.—Rev. John H. Umbenhen, Pottsville, Pa., has been reëlected President of the Pottsville Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'82.—In October the Luther League held a convention at Stone Church, Pa., Rev. J. W. Lazarus, pastor. Among the Muhlenberg "boys" on the programme we noticed the names of Revs. Lazarus, Heintz, Yehl, Erdman, and Raker.

'82.—Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of the West Chester Normal School, recently delivered one of his very instructive and pleasing lectures before the students of the Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.

'83.—*The Lutheran* of October 7 contains an article on "How to Conduct a Missionary Society," by Rev. R. Morris Smith, of Baden, Pa.

'83.—A very enthusiastic convention of the Luther League of the Allentown Conference recently was held in St. Peter's Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. Wm. F. Schoener, pastor.

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., has been reëlected Secretary of the great and only Allentown Fair Association, known as the Lehigh County Agricultural Society. He well deserved his reëlection as he is most competent and an enthusiastic officer.

'86.—J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., of Allentown, lent his oratory to the Republican cause in the recent Pennsylvania campaign.

'87.—On October 3 the Sunday-school of Christ Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. John W. Richards, pastor, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. Addresses were made by the pastor and the superintendent, Dr. R. K. Buerhle. The reports show an enrollment of 466.

'87.—*The Lutheran* of October 7 contains an interesting account of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa., Rev. Frank M. Seip, pastor. The Sunday-school was started in 1885 and 1890 a congregation of 80 members was organized. In seven months of Rev. Seip's pastorate it became self-sustaining. Its membership numbers 292, with a Sunday-school of 348 teachers and pupils. In the seven years of the present pastor's work a \$5000 parsonage has been purchased and a large addition has been added to the original building. On the day of its dedication nearly \$1200 were subscribed. We congratulate Rev. Seip on his very successful labors in this congregation.

'88.—From the *Allentown Item* of October 27 we clip the following: Dr. Henry F. Schantz, of Reading, and Dr. M. Margaret Hassler, of this city, were married this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the parsonage of St. John's Lutheran Church by Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass. It was a very quiet affair. Dr. and Mrs. Schantz left on the 3.33 Lehigh Valley train for New York, whence they go to Old Point Comfort, Va., and Nashville, Tenn., upon a two weeks' honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will go to housekeeping at 402 North Fifth street, Reading, where both will hang out their shingles and practice their professions. Mrs. Schantz will, however, also continue her practice in Allentown. The groom and bride are both



well known and popular. Dr. Schantz is a son of Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, of Myerstown, and a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of '88, and of Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, class of '91. The doctor has practiced at Altoona and Reading. The bride is from a family of doctors and is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hassler. She is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women of the class of '86 and of the Cleveland Homœopathic College and Hospital, class of '92. She has been very successful in her practice in Allentown, and success will doubtless follow in her new field.

'90.—Rev. I. B. Kurtz was installed as pastor of Emmanuel Lutheran Church at Pottstown yesterday morning, in the presence of a large congregation. The installation services were in charge of Rev. D. H. Reiter, of Richland Centre, President of the Norristown Conference, who was assisted by Rev. J. W. Early, of Reading, and Rev. L. J. Bickel, of Pottstown. The charge to the new pastor was made by Rev. Reiter, and speeches in English and German were made by Revs. Bickel and Early, respectively. Rev. Kurtz, who succeeds the late Rev. D. K. Kepner, was assistant pastor at Emmanuel Lutheran Church, and afterwards became pastor of the historic Augustus Lutheran Church at Trappe. His new charge is one of the largest in the Pennsylvania Ministerium, the church having about 1500 communicants.—*Allentown Item*.

'92.—Principal J. R. Merkel attended the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society, held in Lancaster, Pa.

'92.—Rev. Charles G. Spieker, formerly of Cleveland, O., yesterday became pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, the largest of that denomination in Scranton, which has been without a pastor since the resignation of Rev. Edwin Lunn Miller last March. Rev. Mr. Spieker is a son of Rev. Dr. George F. Spieker, professor of Church History and the Old Testament at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. He resided here during his father's pastorate of St. Michael's Lutheran Church. Rev. Spieker is a Muhlenberg graduate, class of '92.—*Allentown Item*.

'92.—Rev. H. B. Richards, of Philadelphia, has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'93.—On October 21 Rev. Joshua H. Miller, of New Castle, Pa., was married to Miss Anna Wallace Levering, of New York City. The bride studied *Materia Medica* in one of the best training schools in New York City, and for the past three years has practiced in that city. The couple left for a bridal tour through the South, and our best wishes accompany them.

'93.—We were glad to hear from one of the legal boys of '93. William Rick, after graduation, studied law in Reading, graduated from the Yale Law School with the degree of LL.B., and is now practicing at 532 Court street, Reading, Pa., where he will be glad to see any Muhlenberg men that may come to that city.

'93.—Rev. George A. Kercher has been installed pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Redeemer on Queen street, Falls of Schuylkill, Philadelphia. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, '70, President of the Philadelphia Conference, performed the ceremony.

'94.—On October 3 Rev. George C. Loos was installed as pastor of Bethlehem Lutheran Church, Philadelphia. He has also been elected Statistical Secretary of the Philadelphia Central Luther League.

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## Editor's Table.

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We quote from *The Mercury* the following interesting article on the study of Latin and Greek in the Prussian Gymnasium: "Through its entire history the Gymnasium has laid the chief stress on the study of the Latin and Greek languages. But gradually these languages have had to yield to the demand for culture in other subjects, especially in the natural and physical sciences. But they still receive a thoroughness of treatment not known in America, so that a gymnasial graduate is expected to speak the Latin language fluently, and to write Greek with grammatical accuracy. In the study of these languages much time is used in translating into the mother tongue, and in translating from the mother tongue into Latin and Greek. As a result of severe discipline and of years of study of these languages, a German university student is prepared to understand lengthy quotations from Latin and Greek authors, which may occur in text-books, or



may be employed by the professors. Hence one never hears a university student ask a professor to translate quotations which he makes from these languages.

"The whole scheme of gymnasial instruction as revised in 1891 extends through nine years. The total hours per week for the whole extent of the course given to each study is as follows: Religion, 19; Deutsch, 26; Lateinisch, 62; Griechisch, 36; Französisch, 19; Geschichte und Geographie, 26; Rechnen und Mathematik, 34; Naturbeschreibung, 8; Physik, Chemie, and Mineralogie, 10; Schreiben, 4; Zeichnen, 8.

"It will doubtless be a revelation to some to learn that German Gymnasial students have from twenty-five to thirty hours of recitations per week. Teachers are very exacting in their demands, and tolerate mistakes very impatiently. The aim of the instruction is to make careful and exact scholars. That it does not come short in its purpose is shown by the fact that Germany leads the world in higher education."

"Think you not," said the Soph to the maiden fair,

"My mustache is becoming?"

The maiden answered, as his eye she met,

"It may be coming, but it isn't here yet!"—*Ex.*

"A man with an aim is steadily advancing. A man with simply an idea never becomes master of himself or anything else."—*Ex.*

'Twas ever thus:

The rain it falls upon the just

And on the unjust fellows;

But more upon the just, because

The unjust have the justs' umbrellas.—*Ex.*

Hard study is not injurious, unless it is in the line of how to avoid as much work as possible. Too much study along this line is extremely hurtful.—*Ex.*

Four hundred million dollars is expended annually in the United States for education.—*Ex.*

An explanation of the capacity of the United States to assimilate the large and heterogeneous foreign immigration of the last year was offered at the recent session of the National Educational Association at Milwaukee. For every dollar required for their respective armies the principal nations of Europe expend for public schools the following amounts



respectively: Russia, 1½ cents; England, 17 cents; France, 18 cents; Italy, 24 cents; Prussia, 25 cents; Austria, 46 cents. The corresponding figure for the United States is \$3.50.—*Ex.*

Summer hath folded her wings with care  
And fled with the last September glare,  
And God, with His almighty hand,  
Hath touched each leaf o'er all the land:  
And lo! in dazzling rainbow flare,  
Of richest color, deep and rare,  
The hillsides blossom forth and stand.—*Ex.*

President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University has summed up in the following manner the objects of a college education:

1. Concentration, or the ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently on one subject.
2. Distribution, or power to arrange and classify known facts.
3. Retention, or power to hold facts.
4. Expression, or power to test what you know.
5. Power of judgment, or making sharp discrimination between that which is false, that which is temporal, and that which is essential.—*Ex.*

I love to flirt with college boys  
Because they are so nice;  
And when they kiss me once, I know  
They're going to kiss me twice.—*Ex.*

In Germany one man in 513 goes to college; in the United States, one in 2000; in England, one in 5000.—*Ex.*

Man is a lover by instinct, a husband through reason, a bachelor from calculation.—*Ex.*

The choicest flowers of rhetoric often grow in the most sterile soil of the heart.—*Ex.*

Not by shuffling from the battle,  
Not by hanging in the rear,  
Not by shirking urgent duty,  
Shall we bring the vict'ry near.  
Brethren, each must do his duty,  
Each must struggle with the wrong,  
Each must bear the cross and burden,  
Only thus shall we be strong.  
There are evils we must strangle,  
There are enemies to fight,  
Cruel foes most fierce and active,  
Keeping back the good and right.—*Ex.*

## The World of Letters.

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A story for boys, entitled "The Adventures of Napoleon Smith," by Mr. S. R. Crockett, is almost ready. It has been said that it will turn out to be one of his most entertaining and popular books.

The series of reminiscences which Dean Farrar has been contributing during the past year to the *Temple Magazine* will be published in book form under the title, "Men I have Known," by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Company.

"The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," by Mrs. Catherwoods, which is concluded in the October *Century* is now published by the Century Company in book form. In describing the circumstances that led her to write on this subject, she says: "At the risk of raising a smile, I will confess that I felt—so strongly that it was like an instant's experience of a blow—that Jeanne d'Arc herself had laid upon me the task of writing her story. I was on the train going to my summer home. The feeling, without any premonition, swept through me that I would be obliged to make a careful study of her life and times, and of the present geographical aspect of France, and that I would have to give unstinted labor to the undertaking."

"The Invisible Man," by Mr. H. G. Wells, has just been published by Mr. Edward Arnold. The following extract from the author's own explanation may enable the reader to understand the somewhat dubious title: "The leading idea, which has already been used by Mr. Gilbert in one of the Bab Ballads, is that a man is able to make his living tissues invisible. But this invisibility, being not a magic quality, but the result, as I have shown, of certain applications of the science of optics, does not extend to his clothing, to any matter that may descend upon him, or to his food before it is assimilated. The story consists in the realistic treatment of this leading idea, the experimenter being represented as an extremely egotistical and irritable person."

"When Love Laughs" is the title of a new book published by Messrs. E. R. Herrick & Company. It is written by Tom Hall, the author of "When Hearts are Trumps," which was published about two years ago and has passed through several editions.

"Burn's Clarinda : Brief Papers, Concerning the Poet's Renowned Correspondent," collected and edited by John D. Ross, LL.D., a well-known Burns scholar and enthusiast, will be published by Messrs. E. R. Herrick & Company. The following are letters which passed between Clarinda and the poet on the subject of the original picture drawn for Burns by the celebrated silhouettist Miers :

"THURSDAY NOON, February 7, 1788.

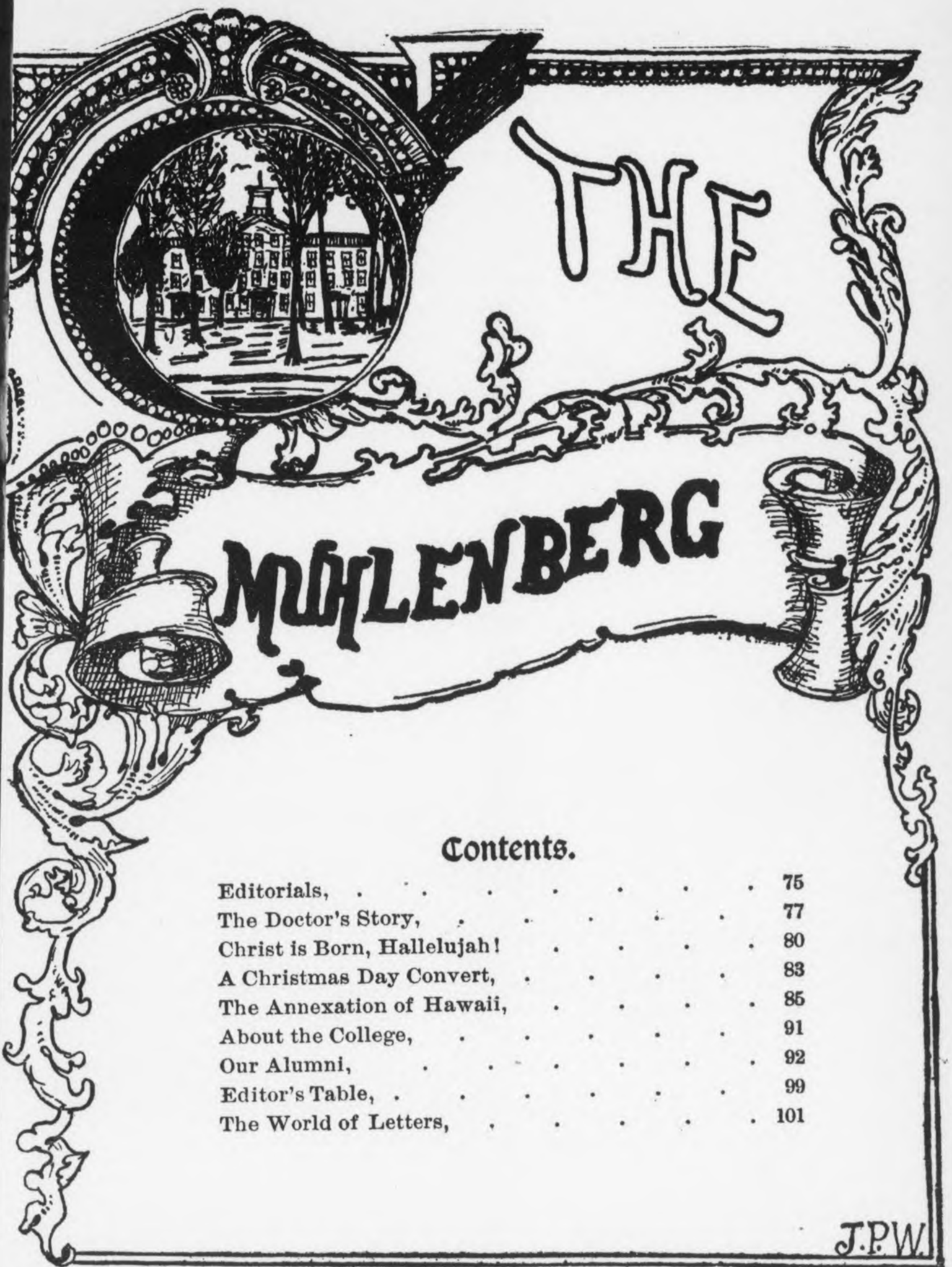
"I shall go to-morrow forenoon to Miers alone. What size do you want it about? O Sylvander, if you wish my peace, let friendship be the word between us. I tremble at more."

"THURSDAY NIGHT, February 7, 1788.

"I thank you for going to Miers. Urge him, for necessity calls, to have it done by the middle of next week. Wednesday the latest day. I want it for a breast-pin to wear next my heart. I propose to keep sacred set times to wander in the woods and wilds for meditation on you. Then, and only then, your lovely image shall be produced to the day, with a reverence akin to devotion."

A number of sketches and essays by Charles Dickens, now published in America for the first time, have been secured through the efforts of Mr. Frederick G. Kitton, the well-known Dickens authority, who obtained them from what Dickens himself designates "The Old Lamp Market." The following is taken from the initial article and will give the reader a foretaste of the forthcoming sketches of Dickens: "In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P. G. A. P. C. B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge."





# THE MÜHLENBERG

## Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	75
The Doctor's Story, . . . . .	77
Christ is Born, Hallelujah! . . . . .	80
A Christmas Day Convert, . . . . .	83
The Annexation of Hawaii, . . . . .	85
About the College, . . . . .	91
Our Alumni, . . . . .	92
Editor's Table, . . . . .	99
The World of Letters, . . . . .	101

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**Dentist,**

721 Walnut St., Allentown, Pa.

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Vol. XV. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER, 1897. No. 4.

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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

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Chains are being dropped from bicycles; but the chains in the cycle of Time are never dropped, but keep on revolving. Link 1897 will soon have passed the turning-point and 1898 will begin to revolve.

§ § §

This reminds us that the time for new resolutions is at hand—the time for turning a new leaf, as it is picturesquely put. Be careful, though, that you have not turned the last leaf in the volume of Time, on which *finis* stares you in the face! There may be no other leaves to turn!



How many will on joyful Christmas Day give thanks to God and ask the fulfillment to himself of His promise through the angels—

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-  
WILL TOWARD MEN!”

One can not but ask as Christmas comes and goes, whether any real progress has been made in that direction. Blood has been shed, and is being shed, as the year closes. Our unhappy friends in Greece have been arrayed against that vile monster whom Gladstone called “the unspeakable Turk.” May he be expunged from the map of Europe before another Christmas comes around! A hard and cold-blooded diplomat would tell us that the Turk must stay. He would tell us that he can not be ousted from his seat among the civilized nations of Europe because he holds the balance of power between the Northern Bear on the one hand, and the “grab-all” policy of the British Lion on the other hand. Just because of the selfish interests of some of these Christian countries, our poor brethren in the faith are persecuted and cruelly butchered. We are our brothers’ keepers. How about him? Are we taking care of him? Have we done all we could to help him? Perhaps when that Great Day dawns some of us will have to give an account of our keeping. What has been our attitude toward making “peace on earth” for our neighbor, the Queen of the Antilles? Or for the Armenians, who suffer untold torture and horrible death because they confess Christ with the mouth? When Christmas morning comes and you are snugly nestled in your favorite pew, after the preacher has proclaimed Christ the Saviour of mankind, after the choir has sung that sweet anthem—

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-  
WILL TOWARD MEN!”

and the last notes are softly floating away out upon the peaceful air, and the angels in heaven are taking up the refrain, and the redeemed are catching it up, and it is echoed and reëchoed by the saints and the saved—what are you going to do to further the “peace on earth?”

### The Doctor's Story.

BY GRANGER, '94.

---

"Yes, I've been fairly successful in my profession," said the Doctor.

His remark was in answer to a question of mine. I call to see him occasionally, not only to have him look after my physical well-being, but also to indulge in a friendly chat if his time allows. On this particular occasion I found him at leisure and in a reminiscent mood.

"I attribute my success in curing people," he said, in answer to my next question, "very largely to my sympathy for them. I thus enlist their confidence. Medicine and nature do the rest. Sympathy goes a great way in the medical profession—further than a great many physicians or patients imagine. Sick people almost always respond to signs of commiseration on the part of their attending physicians.

"In my own case the Talent of Sympathy, as I call it, had to be cultivated. I wasn't always of a compassionate nature—rather the reverse. At the medical school I could stand seeing the most harrowing sights and the greatest possible human agony without flinching a muscle or having the least fellow-feeling for the sufferer. I have seen many death scenes, under the surgeon's knife, in the sick-room, on the street, as well as in battle, and, in course of time, I came to think rather lightly of the value of a human life.

"But I've changed, and it all came about through what I remember as the tragedy of my life. It happened this way," and the Doctor settled himself more comfortably in his easy chair. "During the gunning season I used to go on a hunting trip of several days up through the mountains around Kane, Pa. One season I went alone, using as my headquarters what the hunters thereabouts called the 'Lodge,' an old log cabin deep in the woods. On the second night, after I had been in bed and sound asleep about four hours, I judge, I was awakened by a noise in the shanty adjoining the 'Lodge,' in which shanty I kept my game. I arose and crept to the door to reconnoitre. In the dim light of the semi-darkness I saw what I thought was a bear trying to break into the shanty, and, thinking I could serve the double end of saving my game and bagging bruin, I took my gun from its corner, took delib-



erate aim at the marauder, and fired. With a moan the thief sank to the ground, and going out to see if I had finished him I discovered to my horror that it was not a bear, but a *man*! For a moment I stood as if petrified. I could think only too clearly, God knows, but move I couldn't.

"I tell you, Granger, I never realized until that moment what it meant to be a murderer. In my own eyes I was nothing less. I had seen the man breaking into the shanty, probably only to get a night's lodging, although I remember wondering why he didn't come to the 'Lodge.' I had taken deliberate aim and fired with the full intention of killing him, and, O God! my aim had been only too sure. I was a murderer. I had taken human life deliberately and with forethought. I was guilty of human blood, even though the victim might be only a tramp. I had cut off, possibly, a whole generation, a whole family, a whole race of men. I felt as though the victim's ghost were already haunting me. That thought brought back my power of locomotion, and rushing from the spot, I plunged into the depths of the woods, through the bushes, over brake and briar, over stocks and stones, on, on, on, to escape the thought which tortured me, and the vision of that human being slaughtered by my hand. I felt as though I must go rushing on in that mad style forever to escape the ghost whose hollow voice I fancied I could hear shrieking in my ear. Oh, it was awful, Granger, and I shall never forget the agony of it all.

"I knew I must inevitably be caught, and so I was. After a few days people came to search for me at the 'Lodge,' found my empty gun, found the murdered man, found my belongings, found my tracks, and ultimately found me hiding in the woods, half starved and half naked. Then came the trip back to town, the muttered threats of lynching, the inquest, the imprisonment, the seemingly endless waiting for the trial. In those weary months of confinement it is a wonder I didn't go mad—stark mad. I had not only ruined my own life, but had disgraced my family, and had nearly driven my poor wife frantic with grief.

"The trial was just as I expected. I knew there could be but one result. The circumstantial evidence was all against me. I acknowledged the truth and justice of the whole proceeding. I stood it all, though I don't know how, until the



judge pronounced the sentence of death by hanging. Then, half crazed by my physical and mental suffering, and realizing anew that I was a murderer and must die a murderer's death, I gave a shriek of mortal terror, leaped to my feet, and—awoke!

"I had been dreaming. I was in the 'Lodge.' I could see the stars peeping through the hole in the log wall which, for want of a better name, we called a window. Trembling in every limb and with the cold sweat standing out on my face in great globules I staggered to the door. It was just beginning to show signs of dawn in the east, making light enough to enable me to distinguish the shanty. It was all right. The door was shut and locked, and no ghastly corpse lay in front of it. I was, then, not a murderer. My hopes were not blasted, my family not disgraced. I stepped out into the cool morning air feeling as if I were coming from a dungeon. I drew in a long breath, and then, prompted by an impulse of gratitude, I dropped on my knees and expressed some of the sincerest thanks and noblest resolutions my heart ever knew.

"My old pastor used to say that we sometimes live more in an hour than at other times we do in years, and I certainly had lived a long time in that horrible dream. I felt years older than when I lay down. I didn't do any more hunting, I can tell you, but, making things secure, so that they would not be disturbed till a team could come for them, I shouldered my murderous-enough looking gun and trudged back to Kane with a new idea taking possession of me concerning the value of human life. I felt that, so far from being in a kind of work to ignore it, I was in just the right profession to appreciate the worth and sacredness of life; and to this day I never see the spark of life flicker out without thinking of the tragedy of my life.

"That unreal reality has done more to make me sympathetic and bring me into actual contact with the people to whom I minister medically than any other circumstance or combination of circumstances, and, incidentally, it has aided materially to build up my practice. If every student who comes from our medical schools could have the value of human life impressed upon him as vividly as I had, and without any more serious consequences, it would be a good thing for humanity."

### Christ is Born, Hallelujah!

---

The advent season will soon close. We have listened to the sermons preached by our pastors during the past weeks, but with what indifference! The Lutheran Church is a church of festivals. 'Tis true the Romish Church was corrupt, but still there were, under the heap of superstition, certain things that were not corrupt in themselves, and such things the Lutheran Church, in spite of all the slanders of her enemies, has retained. One of these institutions is the church year, and one season, or part of the church year, is the Advent season.

Different nations had their different gods. To the Jewish nation alone could we look for the true God, but even Israel was looking eagerly forward for the Messiah. Israel had been conquered and was anxious for her freedom, and believed that when the Messiah would come he would release them from the bonds of Rome, but they forgot that the real bonds that held them fast were not those of Rome but of hell, and hence they did not realize the fact that he would come, not to release them from Cæsar, but from Beelzebub.

The Messiah came, but from his birth to his death was persecuted because they were so greatly the servants of Satan that they were not cognizant of the true fetters. Nor dare we say that they were excusable for this ignorance, for the prophesies concerning Christ, which were known by nearly all the Jews, clearly prophesied that the Saviour would come to release them from the bonds of sin and not of any king; and John the Baptist, with all the fire and enthusiasm possible for a mortal being to possess, preached repentance. So much did they persecute Him and revile the one sent by God to them, that Christ, a short time before His death, was forced, with tears running down his cheeks, to exclaim, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Never, before the birth of Christ, was the brotherhood of man taught in its fullness. Not only did Jerusalem need a Saviour, but the Gentiles as well. Christ came not only to set free the Jews, but *all* His people.



“The everlasting Son  
Incarnate deigns to be;  
Himself a servant's form put on,  
To set His people free.”

Who are “His people?” “Go ye therefore and teach *all* nations,” was the command of Christ. We are His people, and let us thank God for it.

But what does the birth of Christ mean for us, His people? It means a Friend. This is nothing new. You have often heard that and you say, I believe it. I hope you do, but there are few—yes, very few—that really do. If He is your friend you must believe everything He did, does, and will do is for your good. You who are sick or suffering, you who are in sorrow or tribulation and know that Christ wills all that, do you really believe that Christ is your friend? Do you really trust Him, not only in prosperity but in adversity as well? If you can say, when the sky is dense with the clouds of sorrow and for weeks and months not a ray of light can be seen, “I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . . Not my will but Thine be done,” then can you truly say, “I believe that Jesus is my friend,” and not till then. This, and only this, is the faith that justifies.

Solomon said, “A man that hath a friend must show himself friendly.” How can we show ourselves friendly? In no better way than by trusting that friend. The wise man added, “And there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” Ah, what a friend is Christ! A friend that was and is God, ruler of men, who by His will could have caused another flood and destroyed the whole earth, showed His friendship by coming to this earth and bowing Himself before the men that owed their very existence to Him, and by those men suffered Himself to be reviled, spitted on, and crucified—all for you, for me. Yes, truly, there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and you can and should show yourself friendly to such a one by trusting him, by faith.

If you believe Christ to be your friend you will be so glad that you will wish others to know this friend, and you will do your utmost to have them know Him. You will remember that it was through missionaries that you to-day live with the knowledge that there is a friend who is constantly interceding for you at the throne of God, who has died for you. What a



blessing! My readers, if you have not felt the earnest desire to have this Christ proclaimed to the whole world, it is because you don't recognize in Christ a friend and you are not a Christian. I did not write this short article in order to beg you to become missionaries, or to aid missions, but to tell you that you have a *Friend*; and if you believe this there is no need to urge you to aid those who are carrying the good news to all parts of the globe—that Jesus Christ is born. You cannot help giving your thoughts and aid to such messengers.

My Christian readers, truly to you the birth of Christ is a blessing. Truly have you received a Friend. When all seem to forsake you, when you are down-cast and sorrowful, then with what a feeling of consolation, and even joy, do you go to this Friend and confess all and ask Him for His sympathy, and you are always sure to receive it. Christ has never forsaken you, but perhaps you have often forsaken Him. Other friends in time of need may forsake us, but Christ never! The multitude that a short time previous had sung, "Hosanna; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," afterwards yelled, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" But though they had forsaken Him, He never forsook them; for He suffered Himself, for their sakes also, to die an ignominious death, and even on the cross prayed, "Father, forgive them." You who forsake Christ and trust others as better friends are but throwing away a true friend for a false one. Cardinal Wolsey, who had served his king in preference to his God, was forsaken and beheaded by that king, and in bitter tears of repentance exclaimed, "O Cromwell, Cromwell, had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in mine old age have left me naked to mine enemies!" Ah, you who put your trust in other persons or things rather than in Christ, may expect to repent later on.

Do you ask why we should be happy on Christmas! Think of the blessings Christ has bestowed upon you. Think of the friend you have gained; who, though the whole earth would forsake you, will always remain with you. Think of the times he consoled you. Think of the heaven awaiting you because of the birth of Christ which we shall celebrate on Christmas Day.

Christ is born, Hallelujah! In a few days we shall be happy. Why? Because we shall receive presents? There

are those whom poverty and starvation stare in the face; who have no one to give them presents and yet will be happy. The present has been given. It is a jewel, the luster whereof enlighteneth the whole earth and is given to all—Jew or Gentile—who will receive it.

Christ is born, Hallelujah! The church bells will ring out these words in nearly all parts of the earth, and yet there will be some who will not believe it even though they think they do. Christ, a Friend, a Saviour, was born for you, for me.

Christ is born, Hallelujah! Let us with the angels and archangels, and all the hosts of heaven, in one grand, harmonic chorus sing praise to God who spared His only begotten Son and who, for His sake, forgave our sins and prepared for us a home in which there are many mansions.

“ Daughter of Zion, rise  
And greet thy lowly King,  
And do not wickedly despise  
The mercies He will bring.”

H., '98.

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### A Christmas Day Convert.

---

It was Christmas Day—one of those calm, warm Christmas Days which are not uncommon in our locality. The fields were bare, not yet covered with nature's white blanket; and had it not been for the leafless trees one might have supposed there would be no winter. In one direction the road led into a village, and from the other it was seen to emerge from a dark wood. A wagon approached from the wood, carrying along with it a cloud of dust (for the weather had been dry) which completely obstructed the view beyond.

When at length the dust had settled, an old Jew was seen slowly plodding his way toward the village. His oilcloth pack was strapped over his shoulders and he carried an old broomstick for a cane. He walked with that peculiar step and swing of the body which is characteristic of his race. The weight of his pack seemed to bear him to the earth, and yet I am told that a Jew who has been a peddler from childhood up experiences no inconvenience from the pressure. If we could have looked into that pack we would have found jewelry and other articles both useful and ornamental which the Jew was selling to the country folk round about. When he saw the



village he quickened his step, wishing to pass through it and go to some old customers who lived about a mile on the other side. The village, which could hardly be called such, consisted of a church and graveyard, a store, a hotel, and three residences. The Jew stepped from the dusty country road on to the village path, over a plank which prevented the cinder of the village path from rolling out into the country road. When he had taken a few steps the bell in the old church tower began to ring and the sound startled him, and yet he knew not why. He questioned himself what Church day this might be, for the store was closed, and the shades drawn in the hotel windows. In the store window he saw a small ever-green tree stuck full of tufts of cotton, and then the fact dawned upon him that it must be Christmas Day.

There are times in a Jew's life when he questions his orthodox faith and thinks perhaps he is wrong not to acknowledge Christ as the Son of God. Such thoughts had been awakened in the old Jew's mind by the ringing of the church bell, and questions and answers presented themselves so quickly that he was confused as he passed out of the village. He seated himself by the wayside and held his head in his hands. The struggle was severe. "I am old, my days are near an end, and if I do not believe in Christ, will I perish?" He answered himself: "No, I have lived an upright life and my God will not forsake me." He remained seated there a long while reassuring himself, but his mind was so disturbed that his own arguments did not satisfy him.

He gathered up his hat and cane, resolved to dispel these annoying thoughts and proceed with his business. He saw a little frame house on the hillside, and as he knew the occupants he thought he would try to sell them a few trinkets. Slowly the old Jew climbed the hill and reached the gate. He lifted the iron hoop which kept the gate from swinging open, and entered the yard, carefully shutting the gate after him. The door of the house stood open and he entered.

The bedroom of many country folks is on the first floor next to the kitchen. In this bedroom a struggle was also going on—a struggle of health and disease. A child lay seriously ill with that dreaded disease, diphtheria. The mother and the doctor were watching anxiously at the bedside of the young child. The doctor, seeing that the disease was about to be



the conqueror, in his humane spirit sent the mother on an errand so as to relieve her of the heart-rending sight of the death-struggle. When the mother had taken a few steps the child opened its eyes, and said, "Mamma." The mother turned and asked what it wanted. With brightened countenance the child replied, "Remember Jesus," and fell asleep.

In the next room, with uncovered head and eyes uplifted to God, knelt a man, not a Jew but a Christian, and on that Christmas Day one more of God's chosen people had won back divine favor.

WILL A. HAUSMAN, JR.

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### The Annexation of Hawaii.

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The foreign policy of the United States within the past few years has been radically changed. This is owing to the influence which certain "jingo" statesmen have wielded at Washington. A strange feeling of restlessness has seized the nation. It yearns for vast expanse of territory. The extensive boundaries that encompass it chafe its growing spirit. It would reach out, northward, southward, eastward, and westward, and seize the territory adjacent to it, either by purchase or by the strong arm of might.

The fever for annexation has smitten those high in authority; and this serious ailment broods ill for the prosperity and continued welfare of our country. The sentiments of the statesmen at Washington, in this instance, are not those of the conservative masses of our citizens. They are satisfied with the present extent of the country. Our Republic, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, furnishes a stage sufficiently large upon which to enact our rôle in the world's drama. Gladstone well says, "The United States have a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man; and the distinction between continuous empire and empire severed and dispersed over sea is vital." Being so freely supplied with everything we need, why should we vainly cry for more when the possession of it will not increase our material happiness? Our country is capable of supplying our every want. The distant ends of our domain are bound together by bands of steel; the captive messenger of the sky carries our thoughts to its remotest corners with lightning rapidity; so that we may compare our country to a

large family, governed by one head, each member at peace with the others and all working for one common end—the advancement of the nation. We are a unit in ourselves and need no distant islands to complete that bond of union.

Those who think our territory should be enlarged have turned their eyes upon the lands adjacent to it, and also upon several islands far distant from its shores, and have allowed them to rest with special favor upon Hawaii. Should the naval “Key of the Pacific,” the commercial “Cross-roads of the Pacific,” be annexed to the United States? This question is one upon which our wisest statesmen and best-informed citizens are at variance.

The following arguments in favor and also against the annexation of Hawaii have been raised by the discussion. First, the points against it: The argument that the island will furnish needed room for our rapidly increasing population is worthless. Our land is more than large enough for any demands that can be made upon it. The population of the world since the creation could be buried in it; along side of these could be placed the millions which now inhabit it, and yet leave space for the unborn legions that will take their places.

The inhabitants of the island would not prove a desirable addition to our citizenship. A few thousand Americans and Englishmen, a rapidly decreasing minority of natives, an immense number of Japanese and Chinese coolies, and a few other nationalities, form the population. With the exception of the Americans, Englishmen, and the native officials, the majority of the people are illiterate and of a low order of intelligence. Leprosy and other diseases, peculiar to races ignorant of sanitary laws, are prevalent among them. Could these people be entrusted with the sacred rights and duties of citizenship? Would they regard and preserve the purity of the ballot? Relative to this objection the note of warning sounded by the *Philadelphia Times*, showing the unfavorable character of the population, will be read with interest: “It might be well for the Federal Government to ask itself at this time, Has this country not already more diverse and opposed races under its flag than it can deal with successfully? Why should it seek to receive into citizenship at one swoop 80,000 people who are tainted with an awful and irradicable



disease, whose customs are alien to those of this Republic, who are idle if not vicious, immoral if not criminal, and at the same moment keep guard at the ports of the Atlantic coast so that no single objectionable immigrant shall set foot on these shores?

"Are these Europeans who are thus debarred refused admission to this country solely because they would cheapen the price of labor in a market which is already overflowing? Not at all. Those are reasons and important ones, but there is a greater principle in the background. It is that they have come in numbers too vast to be assimilated in our republican life, and that their increasing presence is a menace to the State.

"Then why should these people of the Hawaiian Islands be brought into the Union? Their social life is as antagonistic to ours as that of that flood of immigration we are now stopping on our Eastern coast. They have a country, it is true, that is rich with possibilities, but it is far distant, exposed to attack in case of war—undefensible, requiring great outlay for administration purposes—and out of touch everywhere with the genius of the American people."

Also bear in mind the steps leading to the establishment of the Republic. The native dynasty was overthrown by a conspiracy formed among the leading Americans on the islands, assisted by the marines from the United States warship in the harbor. A provincial government was organized with a constitution modeled after ours. At present the American party is unable to hold its ground, and as the easiest way out of the difficulty is clamoring for annexation.

One of the strongest forces antagonistic to this scheme is that represented by the adherents of the dethroned queen, who are endeavoring to regain their lost rights. Thus far they have succeeded in greatly weakening the Republic, and hope eventually to win, unless prevented by the interference of others.

The *Philadelphia Record*, in a recent editorial on "Hawaii and its Champions," says: "The causes of this eager haste in regard to Hawaii are not far to seek. It is greatly feared that unless this business shall be hurried up the little oligarchy of adventurers who have seized the Republic of Hawaii will not be able to maintain their power. President



Dole has confessed that he does not know at what moment the concern may topple about his ears by reason of its inherent rottenness. In such case, the American people are told, England, Germany, Russia, and Japan are ready to gobble up Hawaii, and thus dish them of the coveted gem of the Pacific. It is true that neither of these powers has manifested any wish to acquire the islands; on the contrary, they have always acquiesced in the policy of non-intervention proclaimed by this Government until the mouth of speculative greed began to water for Hawaiian sugar plantations. But a bad policy can be bolstered only by a bad plea. Another cause for precipitation is the fear that on a nearer approach public opinion may revolt against so violent a departure from the sober and conservative policy of the American people."

It would force upon us the necessity of largely increasing the navy in order to protect our interests in that quarter of the globe. To fortify the island seaports and establish coaling stations, from the nature of the land, could be accomplished only at a very heavy expense. The erection of modern dry-docks at our principal seaports would be an imperative necessity. This would represent a vast outlay of money which the people do not seem willing to spend for this purpose. Without this expenditure it would be difficult to keep the possession of the islands.

The island is far distant and in time of war would be a source of weakness to the United States. The fact that the flag of a nation flies over a large number of foreign dependencies does not signify that they are a source of strength. "Does anyone think that the great colonial possessions of England are the source or the mainstay of her power? If so, he is vastly in error. They are a source of outlay, of trouble and concern. There is no colony under the English flag to-day that may not without let or hindrance, or even remonstrance, hoist a national flag and declare itself free and independent. The colonies are loyal, it is true, but they are loyal because the mother country is a protectress in fact, that her policy is fixed by years of precedent, and by reason of it the colonial people know what to depend upon. The people of Hawaii can have no such assurance of steadfast support; they must always feel that they will be but nominally, not actually, Americans."

A step of this kind would change our relations with the nations of Europe. Our present policy of isolation would be abandoned and an important part taken in the settlement of international questions. This might not result immediately, but eventually we would be drawn into the entanglements of foreign alliances, with all their attendant responsibilities. This involves such a radical change that it finds us unprepared. It would require a large navy, well fortified seaports, and a trained corps of diplomats, thoroughly versed in statecraft—men who have made it a life study, not those who, leaving their law practices or the pursuits of literature for four years, play the part of statesmen in the rôle of ambassador or minister plenipotentiary.

It is feared that Hawaii will be admitted as a State; and the addition of two Senators is not wanted. The treaty does not provide for this, but leaves the form of government to be fixed by Congress. Senator Morgan, the most ardent annexationist, contends that it should be brought into the Union as a State, while his fellow "jingo" propose to degrade the Republic to a territorial condition until it shall have become qualified for statehood. It has been said by the *Record* that probably the population of the islands are as fit for admission into the Union now as they would be twenty years hence; and neither the adventurers in Honolulu who have made the treaty of annexation nor their jingo allies in this country have any notion of waiting so long. Nearly all concerned desire to realize the political and material fruits of Hawaiian speculation as speedily as possible; but they rightly judge that its immediate admission into the Union as a State, with its forbidding population, would change the present public indifference to the scheme into the deepest hostility. Hence they propose to temporize with public opinion by first annexing it as a territory, and then admitting it as a State with little delay.

Many other objections have been brought forward, some of which are very trivial and others of weight which cannot be considered here.

The reasons in favor of annexation have been presented with equal earnestness by the friends of the movement. "It will prevent the establishment of a hostile stronghold in a position commanding the Pacific coast, and definitely and



finally secure to the United States the strategical control of the North Pacific, thereby protecting its Pacific coast and commerce from attack. The width of the North Pacific is so great that no naval vessel can carry coal enough to cross it from any foreign naval station to the Pacific coast of the United States, operate there, and return without recoaling.

The greatest need of a modern naval power, next to war-vessels, is that of coaling stations. Without these scattered judiciously over the globe the most powerful fleet is badly crippled. Situated in the center of the Pacific, in close trade relations with both continents, Hawaii furnishes the ideal coaling station. Pearl Harbor, if supplied with modern fortifications, would offer a safe retreat to our war ships in time of peace as well as war. Its possession would be of incalculable strategic importance. As an advanced fortification for our Pacific States, from foreign enemies, its value is immeasurable. In time of peace as the middle station of the ocean cable, that is to be laid shortly extending from Japan to the United States, it would be an important factor in placing us first in the commercial supremacy of the Pacific.

It is claimed if we do not annex it some other nation will, and this would be a standing menace to our safety. This island has been looked upon as rightly belonging to the United States for so many years that we might as well take it formally into the Union.

"The conditions are such that the United States must act now to preserve the results of its past policy and to prevent the dominancy in Hawaii of a foreign people." The native race has decreased so rapidly that now they form but a small part of the population. "It is no longer a question of whether Hawaii shall be controlled by the native Hawaiians or by some foreign people; but the question is, 'What foreign people shall control Hawaii.'" The party in power on the island is friendly to the United States and is anxious to see it annexed; but it may happen that administrations will follow that will be adverse to this and will use their influence in favor of some other nation.

It will largely increase the commerce and secure the shipping business of the islands to the United States. Our trade with the islands, at present, is very large, but after the annexation barriers, in the shape of tariffs, will be removed



and exports sent to this country in increasing numbers, while our tariff laws would cut down foreign exchange with the island and secure it solely for the American manufacturer.

"It will remove Hawaii from international politics, and tend to promote peace in the Pacific by eliminating an otherwise certain source of international friction."

These are some of the chief arguments raised by the discussion. The temptation to accept this and other islands when voluntarily offered us is very great, but we should always recall those warning words of Washington, given us in his Farewell Address, "to avoid all entangling alliances with foreign powers." We have followed this advice thus far and prospered beyond our wildest expectation. Why should we risk all in an untried experiment, and seek to emulate the policy of the land-grabbing monarchies of Europe?

This will be one of the first important questions to be acted upon by the Congress now in session. The sentiment of that body seems strongly in favor of it. Its friends are prepared to rush the measure through, even though more urgent questions demand attention. If they succeed, the present and ultimate results of the act will be followed with the closest interest. If the annexation would be of advantage to the United States and also to the Hawaiian Islands, it should be carried out, but if not, all measures on our part seeking to accomplish it should immediately cease. R., '98.

## About the College.

### SOCIETIES.

#### *Euterpean Literary Society.*

John T. Eckert, '98, Pres.

Elmer E. Creitz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Sophronian Literary Society.*

Wesley E. Wenner, '98, Pres.

Frank Kuntz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Franklin Literary Association.*

Bernard Repass, '98, Pres.

Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., Sec.

#### *Missionary Society.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

George K. Rubrecht, 1901, Sec.

#### *Press Association.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

A. A. Kunkle, '99, Sec.

#### *Augsburg Society.*

Prof. W. Wackernagel, D.D., Lecturer.

Past—Something good, Thanksgiving.

Coming—Something better, Christmas.

The concert held in Y. M. C. A. Hall by the College Missionary Society was a grand success, both financially and otherwise. The Society decided to furnish the pulpit for St. Stephen's Chapel.

Drs. Bauman, Ettinger, and Dowell represented Muhlenberg at the convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, held at Vassar College on November 26 and 27.

Rev. O. F. Ettwein, of Pittston, has presented a fine specimen of petrified wood, six feet long, one foot wide, and one inch thick, to the museum.

W. E. Steckel, '98, represented Muhlenberg at a business meeting of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union held at Philadelphia, December 4.

Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., addressed the United Young People's Society of the Union Church at Aineyville.

Wenner, '98, and Berg, '99, addressed the Luther League at East Allentown, Wednesday, December 1.

Dr. Bauman addressed the Teachers' Local Institute, held at Fountain Hill, November 20, on the subject of "Reading."

The annual foot-ball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place on Wednesday, November 20. The game resulted in a victory for the Sophs, with a score of 14 to 10.

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## Our Alumni.

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'71.—John H. Garber, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of '71, and a brother of the late Prof. Davis Garber, arrived from Salinas City, Cal., and will remain here several weeks with friends and relatives.

'78.—A reception and banquet were extended Prof. O. G. Schaadt, of Philadelphia, by former pupils at the Bingham House last evening, and the assembly was a notable one in

that it signalized the twentieth anniversary of Prof. Schaadt's connection with the cause of education and his thirteenth year of residence in Philadelphia.

Prof. Schaadt is the Principal of the English and Classical Institute at 1224 Chestnut street. He was formerly of the Germantown and Eastburn academies and the Temple College. He is a son of Moses Schaadt, of this city, and an alumnus of Muhlenberg College.

Lewis A. Smith presided at the banquet, and among the twenty-five persons in attendance were Chas. H. Le Maistre, Thomas Fenstermacher, Dr. D. H. Bergy, of the University of Pennsylvania; Geo. A. Lawrence, Jesse Esbin, F. B. Willis, F. J. Crilly, Thomas Dalzell, Geo. A. Watson, Paul de Woll, Prof. N. D. Larned, of the University of Pennsylvania; F. F. Christine, Evan D. Ferris, Geo. Bishop, Frederick J. Shoyer, H. A. Haefner, Lewis A. Smith, Geo. A. Watson, Alden J. Kaufman, Robert S. Cook, Geo. W. Martin, and Joseph S. Tull.

From 8 until 9 o'clock Prof. Schaadt was the recipient of many congratulations. The banquet was served at 9. Brief addresses were made by nearly every one present, and Prof. Schaadt made a happy response.—*Allentown Item*.

'81.—Rev. Joseph W. Mayne, having resigned his charge at Easton, Pa., now lives on Eleventh street, Allentown, Pa.

'84.—Rev. Prof. C. E. Wagner, of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., is now occupying a fine new residence on West James street.

'85.—The engagement of Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Bethlehem, Pa., and Mrs. Minnie Sturmfelter, of Lancaster, is announced.

'85.—We wish to congratulate Dr. Howard S. Seip, of Allentown, upon the addition of a little girl to the family circle.

'86.—A quiet wedding was solemnized in the Church of the Redeemer, at Buffalo, the Rev. E. P. Bossart performing the ceremony. The bride was Mrs. Sadie DeBang, of Boston, and the bridegroom Rev. Edwin F. Keever, also of Boston, where he is pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. The only attendants were the ushers. They were Julius Hengerer, Roland Ansteth, Arthur McEwen, and Herbert McEwen. The bride was given in marriage by her cousin, William Hengerer. She wore her traveling costume, a pretty gown of stone-gray cloth, with hat



to match. A wedding breakfast was served to the family after the ceremony, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hengerer, on West Ferry street, Buffalo. Covers were laid for thirty-two. The decorations were white chrysanthemums. Among the relatives present were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Duerr and Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Duerr, of Chicago, and Miss Florence Keever, of Reading. Mrs. Hengerer gave an informal reception at her home from 3 to 4 o'clock in honor of the bride and groom. Later the two left on their wedding journey. After December 1 they will be at home in Boston. Rev. Keever is a son of Elijah F. Keever, of Reading, and was educated at Muhlenberg College, graduating in '86 with second honor. He won the oratorical prize in his Junior year. Rev. Keever, during his college course here was Superintendent of the Infant Department of the First Ward Mission Sunday-school. Graduated from Mt. Airy Seminary, he was ordained in '89 and went to Seattle, Wash., where he took charge of a mission. He went thence to Boston, where he is now comfortably located.

'87.—Rev. Frank M. Seip, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, has resigned his charge because of ill health. His health has been failing him for some time, and for several Sundays he was unable to fill his pulpit on account of illness.

Last Sunday his father, Rev. Dr. Seip, of Muhlenberg College, filled his pulpit, and after the morning services the church council was requested to tarry for a time, as he had a matter of importance to communicate to them.

Dr. Seip informed the members that owing to the ill health of his son it became necessary for him to relinquish his work for at least a year, and the pastor reluctantly presented his resignation. Rev. Seip's physician has directed him to spend a year in South Carolina, where the climate is more agreeable, and as soon as he can do so he will take his family and leave for the South. It is believed that a year's residence there will fully restore his health.

A successor to Rev. Seip will not be elected for some time. The church council has decided to get supplies for the pulpit until arrangements can be made.

The Lebanon *News*, in speaking of the resignation, says: "Rev. F. M. Seip is an ideal pastor and preacher, and consequently his congregation is very much attached to him.

Indeed, he is held in high esteem by all persons who have learned to know him because of his noble traits of character and his exemplary Christian life. Both he and his wife have very much endeared themselves to the people, and their leaving under such sad circumstances is all the more painful. All, however, hope that Rev. Seip may be fully restored to health and be enabled again after a year or two to come back and continue his labors in the church with renewed vigor and energy."

The *Report* says: "The members of the congregation are sorry to part with their pastor, since the kindest feeling existed between them, and the work accomplished for the congregation's interest was very noticeable."

'89.—Dr. J. Wyllis Hassler, of Philadelphia, attended the last meeting of the Lehigh Valley Homœopathic Medical Society and spoke on "Surgery."

'90.—Dr. A. J. Bittner, of Allentown, is a member of the same body.

'92.—From the *Scranton Times* we get the following: "Monday night the Ladies' Aid Society of the Trinity Lutheran Church tendered their new pastor, Rev. C. G. Spieker, a reception in St. Luke's parish rooms. Refreshments were served. The accompanist of the evening was Mr. Protheoe, and the following programme was given: Selection by the choir; recitation, Llewelyn Lewis; banjo solo, Miss Schubert; address, Rev. A. L. Ramer; solo, Miss Eliza Garagan; piano duet, Misses Marie Stock and Mamie Blickens; address, Rev. W. C. Lauer; solo, Mr. Davis; recitations, Harry Konechy; banjo duet, Daniel Warman and Stanley Swartz; solo, Mr. Croft; address, Rev. Mr. Randolph; piano solo, Miss Schubert; address, Rev. Mr. Lisse; recitation, Miss Anna Konechy; selection, choir; remarks by the new pastor."

'92.—Rev. E. H. Trafford, of Kimberton, Chester county, has received a call to become pastor of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. The call is a unanimous and urgent one. Rev. Trafford has it under serious consideration.

'93.—Rev. P. George Sieger, of Lancaster, Pa., was one of the ushers at the wedding of Rev. Frank H. Moyer, for many



years a student at Muhlenberg. For this reason we give the following account of the event: "Rev. Franklin H. Moyer, of Siegfried's, and Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Jerome Vondersmith, of Lancaster, were married this morning at 10 o'clock in St. Paul's Reformed Church at Lancaster by Rev. J. W. Meminger. Rev. P. A. DeLong, of this city, was the best man and Miss Anna Bair and Miss Mary Vondersmith, sister of the bride, were bridesmaids. The ushers were I. A. DeLong, of Catasauqua, and Robert Kern, of Neff's, students at the Reformed Church Theological Seminary, and Rev. P. George Sieger, of Lancaster. After the ceremony a reception was held, and later Rev. and Mrs. Moyer left on a wedding tour to Philadelphia and Norristown, where they will visit the former's classmates. The groom is a son of Engel Moyer, of Scherersville, and graduated from Franklin and Marshall College in 1891 and from the Seminary in 1894. Besides his charge at Siegfried's he is pastor of the Bethany Reformed Church of West Bethlehem. The bride is a popular young lady of Lancaster and is a niece of John Rupp, Esq., with whom she spent the past three months. She has hosts of friends in this city. The young couple's many friends wish them unbounded success in their new estate.

'94.—On Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock St. Paul's Lutheran Church was the scene of a brilliant wedding, the contracting parties of which were Rev. Harry C. Kline, of Hamburg, and Miss Gertrude L. Leh, daughter of Mrs. Alice Leh, of No. 31 South Eighth street this city. The chancel, under the deft hands of the florist, had been changed into a bower of palms, ferns, and chrysanthemums. As the bride is a well-known musician and music teacher, it was perfectly proper that music should be one of the dominant features of the wedding. Prof. Waldemar Grossman, the organist of the church, gave a recital half an hour previous to the time fixed for the ceremony. The Oratorio Society, of which Miss Leh was the accompanist ever since its organization, four years ago, occupied the right-hand gallery, and as the bridal procession marched up the main aisle, Prof. Marks swung his baton and the tender strains of "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" were rendered in an exceptionally fine manner. Miss Annie Leh, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor and was dressed in a yellow *mousseline de soie* over white silk and carried a bouquet of white chrys-



anthemums. The bridesmaid was Miss Katherine Kline, of Philadelphia, a sister of the groom. She wore a pink *mousseline de soi* over pink silk. She carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums. The dress of the bride was of white India silk, trimmed with Liberty chiffon and Duchess lace. Her flowing net veil was fastened to her hair with orange blossoms. She carried a white, gilt-edged prayer-book. The best man was George A. Latimer, Jr., of Philadelphia. The ushers were Rev. J. W. H. Heintz, a classmate of the groom, both in Muhlenberg College and at Mt. Airy Seminary, and now pastor of the Lutheran Church at East Stroudsburg; Rev. Wm. U. Kistler, of Athol, also a classmate of the groom; William Braucher, of Philadelphia, and William T. Leh, of this city, the latter a brother of the bride.

As the Oratorio Society gave its musical greeting, the bridal party, with the ushers leading, followed by the bridesmaid and the best man, the maid of honor, and the bride and groom, proceeded up the aisle and ranged themselves in front of the altar railing, where Rev. Dr. J. A. Singmaster tied the fateful knot, Prof. Grossman in the meanwhile softly playing the "Spring Song," by Mendelssohn. As the party retraced its steps the organ pealed forth "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn. A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother, which was largely attended. The parlor of the residence was beautifully decorated with palms and ferns.

After receiving the congratulations of their friends refreshments were served, after which Rev. and Mrs. Kline left on the 9.30 East Penn train on a short wedding trip, after which they will take possession of their elegantly furnished home on South Third street, Hamburg.

The presents were numerous and elegant. The Oratorio Society presented the bride with an exquisite Haviland china dinner set, and the choir of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, of which Mrs. Kline was a member for many years, presented her with a silver tea set. The presents of the bride to her attendants were gold, pearl-studded brooches, and that of the groom to his best man and ushers were silver pencil-holders.

Mrs. Kline was prominent in musical and church circles in this city. As a music teacher she was highly successful and had a large number of pupils. As the accompanist of the Oratorio Society she filled a difficult rôle with the highest

credit, both to herself and the society, which parts with her with the deepest regret. She will be greatly missed in the church with which she was connected since childhood, where as a member of the choir and a teacher in the Sunday-school she was ever the faithful and conscientious worker.

The groom, Rev. Mr. Kline, is a native of Philadelphia. He graduated with third honors at Muhlenberg College, class of '94, and from Mt. Airy Seminary last June. At the last place he was chosen second speaker in a class of twenty-seven. He is an able and eloquent preacher, and besides his charge at Hamburg he also has congregations at Shoemakersville, Windsor Castle, and Perry township. In their new career their hosts of friends wish them every happiness and prosperity.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'94.—From the *Allentown Item* we take the following: The news reached Allentown to-day of the sudden death of Martin Luther Trexler at the German Hospital in Philadelphia last Sunday night of consumption. Mr. Trexler was well known in Allentown. He attended Muhlenberg College for four years, entering as a Freshman in 1890 and graduating in 1894. Among his classmates were these from Allentown: Ira T. Erdman, Malcolm W. Gross, Max S. Erdman, Allen V. Heyl, W. H. S. Miller, David A. Miller, and Samuel P. Miller. Mr. Trexler was a son of Rev. D. D. and Anna A. (Geiss) Trexler, of Bernville. He was born at Bernville July 3, 1874, and received a preparatory education at the home schools before entering college. He was a bright student and stood well in his class. When he graduated from college he entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy to study for the ministry. He would have graduated this year, but he became ill, and was obliged to spend the summer at home. He was a most exemplary young man and leaves many friends. His death was entirely unexpected. The remains were taken to Bernville for burial. Deceased is survived by both parents and two brothers, Samuel G., who was graduated from Muhlenberg College in '96 and is studying for the Lutheran ministry at Mt. Airy, and Charles.

The funeral of Martin Luther Trexler was held from the residence of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. D. Trexler, of Bernville, and was very largely attended. Rev. J. J. Cressman conducted the services. Rev. A. Johnson Long, of



Stouchsburg, read the Scripture lesson; Rev. Z. H. Gable, of Reading, offered prayer; Rev. G. F. Spieker, D.D., preached a German sermon, and Rev. S. Fry, D.D., preached an English sermon. The following delivered addresses: Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D.D., of Myerstown; Rev. M. C. Horine, D.D., of Reading; Rev. C. J. Cooper, of Allentown, representing Muhlenberg College. Rev. L. D. Stambaugh, of Rehrersburg, offered prayer. Benediction by Rev. T. C. Leinbach, of Womelsdorf, pastor of the Reformed congregation of Bernville. The following classmates of deceased of Muhlenberg College and of the Lutheran Theological Seminary acted as bearers: Rev. Frederick Doerr, of Wilmington, Del.; Rev. H. C. Kline, Hamburg; Rev. J. W. H. Heintz, of East Stroudsburg; Rev. W. U. Kistler, of Athol. The Sunday-school, of which deceased was assistant superintendent and Bible Class teacher, conducted the singing. The floral offerings were very handsome and consisted of the following: Natural flowers, Sunday-school; bouquet of chrysanthemums, Benjamin Franklin Miller, Lebanon; sickle of roses, H. F. Rentschler, M.D., Reading; wax cross, family.

'95.—We are under many obligations to Fred. C. Krapf, of the Mt. Airy Seminary, for monthly notes about the alumni. If the other graduates showed similar interest the entire number of THE MUHLENBERG would have to be devoted to the Alumni Notes.

'95.—Joseph H. Stopp spent Thanksgiving Day at home.

'96.—So did Messrs. Schindel, Cooper, Slough, Spang, and Bridges Stopp. The last mentioned is taking a post-graduate course at Princeton University.

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## Editor's Table.

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The statement that an article is open to criticism is very unsatisfactory. We prefer, for the sake of justice, the points of criticism themselves. An academic student in college, who devotes his time to no subject exclusively, cannot be compared to one pursuing a specific line of work, and his aim in writing for a college journal must not, therefore, be supposed to be the presentation of facts from scientific investiga-



tion and critical development. As such he assumes not the air of an authority, nor aspires to the pretense that his coequals should regard him as such. Such a student in his perusal of historical facts will be impressed with the characters with whom he meets in a way different from every other of his coworkers, and will use his own "foot-rule" in making his measurements.

A college journal fails of its mark when it fain would hide itself in the garb of authority, and from its retreat point at something so vaguely that no one can be sure of its significance.

It is folly for the *Ursinus Bulletin* to make comparison between one who would simply define his impressions of an historical personage as acquired through a general study of historical facts and one who sifts facts of history and presents them, in the acknowledged light of an author, in an impartial manner.

The systematic editing of *The College Folio* merits the attention of some of our exchanges that are thus deficient. "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," it seems to suggest.

The *Sibyl* contains a very candid discussion on "The Higher Education of Women;" besides, "Originality" and "The Lost Self" deserve commendation.

We quote the following from *The Irving Sketch Book*: "There are a few striking facts about the small American college. One striking fact is that sixty per cent. of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own States.

"It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the small colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones.

"Because a college happens to be unknown two hundred miles from its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute.

"The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching, and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges."

## The World of Letters.

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"The Invisible Man," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and "An African Millionaire," by Mr. Grant Allen, have both run into a second edition. These books are published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

"In Kedar's Tents," by Mr. Merriman, is the title of one of the most popular novels of the day. It has already reached its fourteenth edition.

"Hugh Wynne," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, has already reached its twenty-fifth edition.

The "Beth Book," by Madame Sarah Grand, is the title of a novel that has just been published.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, the author of the "Honorable Peter Stirling," contributes an article to the current *Atlantic* on what elements go to constitute historical fiction, with especial application to the American historical novel. He defines the historical novel as follows:

"The great historical novel in the past, and, as the writer believes, in the future, is not and will not be great because of its use of historical events and characters, but because of its use of an historical atmosphere, such as Scott created in his "Ivanhoe" and Thackeray in his "Esmond." In other words, in each case the atmosphere of the book is correct, falsify or pervert history as it may, and therefore, as already said, each satisfies the imagination of the reader. For a like reason "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Deerslayer" have done the same. The reader breathes Puritanism throughout the first. It is not merely the descriptions of Massachusetts life that give the book this wonderful quality. Dimmesdale's conscience and the intellectual cruelty of his tormentor are truer historically than what in the book purports to be actually reconstructed from documentary sources. "The Deerslayer" is a description of an isolated outpost struggle between white and red, a series of adventures that Cooper might have placed at almost any date, and in almost any spot in this country. Yet the world over it has been accepted as the classic of the wonderful two hundred and fifty years' struggle between two races for the possession of a continent."

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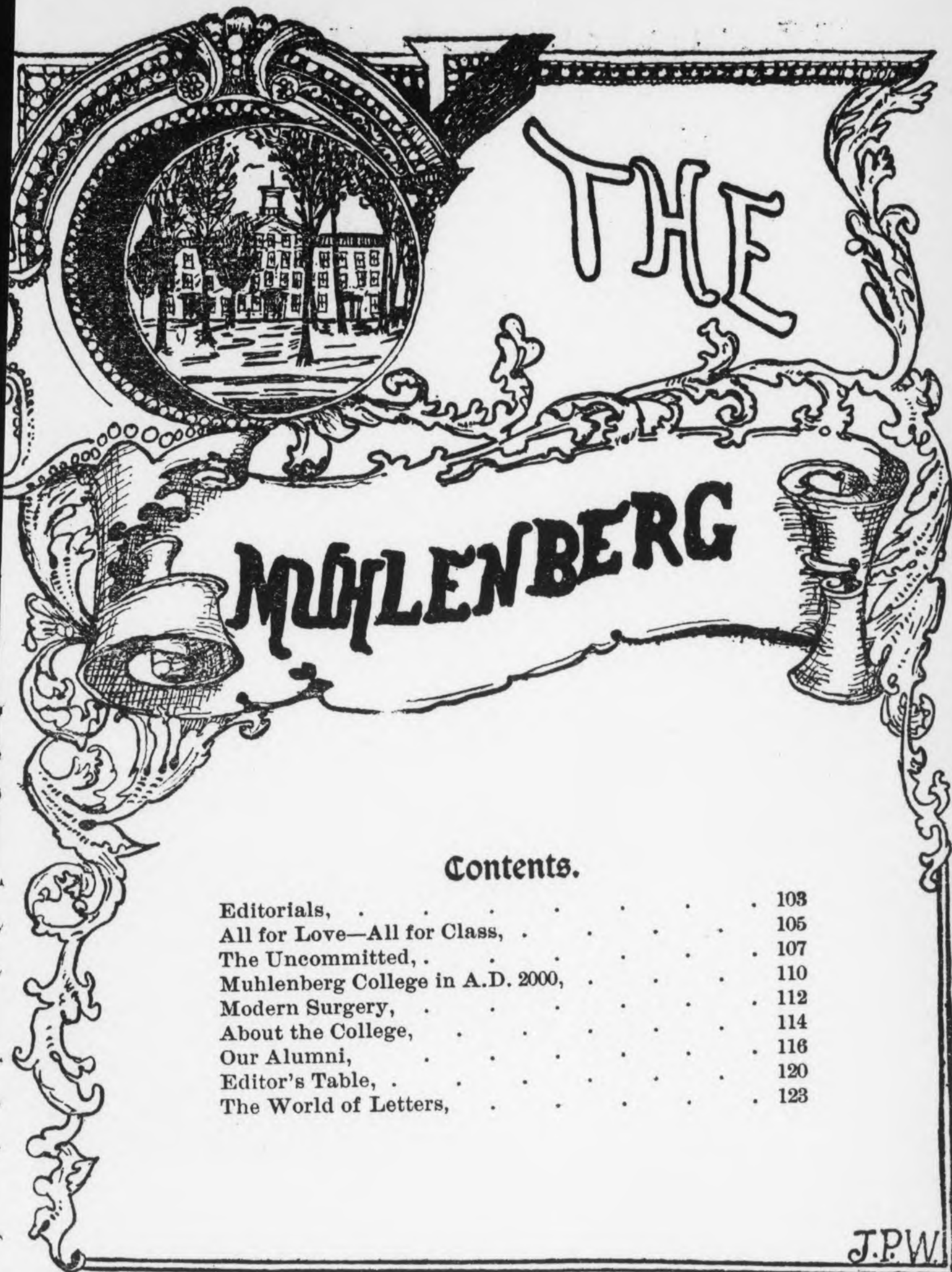
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# THE MÜHLENBERG

## Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	103
All for Love—All for Class, . . . . .	105
The Uncommitted, . . . . .	107
Muhlenberg College in A.D. 2000, . . . . .	110
Modern Surgery, . . . . .	112
About the College, . . . . .	114
Our Alumni, . . . . .	116
Editor's Table, . . . . .	120
The World of Letters, . . . . .	123

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

"*Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.*"

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1898.

No. 5.

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ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

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BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 **TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

**FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.**

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

We all have our faults, and so have all our friends. These faults need attention, and they are pretty sure to receive it. But the trouble is that the attention generally comes from the wrong direction. We ought to pay attention to our faults and our friends ought to pay attention to their faults. The matter is not helped by our attention to the faults of our friends, nor does their attending to our faults find favor with us. If every one would attend to his faults, how much sweeter life should be! How many unhappy hours could be averted! How many acts of our friends do we criticise about



the motives of which we know little or nothing! Let us, then, make this one resolution, and actually keep it, for the year 1898—never to make any censorious criticism about the acts of our friends, but rather severely to criticise our own doings.

§ § §

When Napoleon III declared war against William I, a certain comic cut represented Bismark as just being awakened in his sleep, during the early morning hours, by Moltke requesting the plans for invading France. The Man of Blood and Iron answered, without getting out of his bed, that they could be found in the sixth drawer in his cabinet. This suggestive scene pictures a fact with which many men become cognizant only too late,—the fact that the victories of life are won, not on the battlefield, the scene of action, but in the obscure and silent period of preparation. France was conquered long before a single soldier of German blood invaded that beautiful but blameworthy country—conquered by the wonderful silent preparation which was going on ever since the little Corsican usurper brutally insulted Prussia's handsome and stately Louisa! Battles are won in times of peace in armor plants, gun factories, drilling schools, and at the commander's councils. The student who thinks that he can neglect his earlier years in college, and then when he enters his Senior year recoup, by spontaneous spurts, what he neglected, deceives himself. If he imagines that he can squander his opportunities and still prepare himself for the critical moments in his mature years by hard work and vigorous special preparation, he finds himself woefully mistaken when the time comes; but specific preparation is impossible to him who has neglected general opportunities. Knowledge can only be acquired on short notice by him who has trained all his faculties by constant and persistent effort so that his mind is already a thesaurus of learning. It is said of Reed, that great American statesman, that he learned French in six months after he had passed the half-century mark in his career. It would have been impossible for him to have acquired a foreign language if he had not prepared his mind so that it became an easy task for him to take up something specific. One, however, who has not developed his faculties

by constant study or deep reading, could scarcely concentrate his powers of mind for such a feat. It is this constant silent preparation that enables one, when the critical time arrives, to win for himself the rewards that justly belong to him. The Reformation was not won at the Diet of Worms, but in the silent preparation of that lone monk in the solitariness of his cloister—then the decisive battle for Protestantism was won.

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### All for Love—All for Class.

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Carl Smythe was a Freshman! That meant a great deal for Carl. Not only did it mean all the fun and frolic of one's first year at college, but, since the college he attended was many miles from his home, it meant that he could play football to his heart's content "without bothering the people." Understand well that Carl was a foot-ball enthusiast, and that his parents might be termed anti-foot-ball enthusiasts. He had played foot-ball in his "prep" years, but under constant protest and threat from what he termed "the ruling end of the firm." Now he was free—free to play the noble game, to study it, to dream of it! Before a week of school had passed he had electrified the entire school by appearing upon the field in a wonderful combination of a suit, and by executing some wonderful plays.

Oh, the joy of that first "Varsity" practice! The joy of getting ahead of other men, of dropping an ambitious half in his tracks! Best of all was the joy of lying bruised and stiff on the couch in his room, and hearing from the hall the eager discussions of the "plucky little Freshman end." It was a great "season" for our young friend. He worked away on a "scrub" with a dash and vim that immediately won for him a place on the "Varsity;" but that he declined. He thought it better to have the pleasure all the time on "scrub" than to take a place on the first team. For that was something that his father had forbidden, and his mother had begged him not to do it. So "Shorty," as he was known to all the school, stayed at end on the "scrub," and bothered the "Varsity" so that the coaches were in despair. Out of it all, however, came an irresistible team which won for the college the



league championship, and everybody was wild. To "Shorty" was given much of the credit of the good work, and at the close of the season he was dined and wined profusely.

Then he did a funny thing. But first you must know that our hero was in love. Duties separated him from the object of his affections, and "big sisters" forbade billets-doux. Carl raved at first; but "to spite Fate," as he said, he set to work to make time fly as quickly as possible. January was the time when to his imaginative mind "the sisters would no longer keep Cinderella in the shade," so he started home at the holidays in great glee. He must have "spited Fate," for she thwarted his plans again by a letter from Ina herself, which said, "My sisters have found that your parents are opposed to our friendship. Unless you procure their consent I dare not write to you." Carl swore vengeance on the sisters, and resolutely faced the task of getting that permission. He got it, but see at what sacrifice. An extract from his letter to Ina about this time reads: "I have made writing a sure thing, but I had to give up a good thing. Governor was easy, but mother was worse than a dose of cod-liver oil. She told me after I'd been plaguing her for several days, that she'd do anything if I'd give up foot-ball. I clinched the bargain, so now you may expect long letters from——" Here the manuscript is torn, so we leave the reader to imagine the rest. "I gave up *all for love*," said Carl to his chum. During the rest of the year whenever the boys spoke of foot-ball, he would steal away and start a letter to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carl Smythe was a Sophomore, and the president of his class! The class was small; the Freshman class was twice as large. One day a challenge to a game of foot-ball from "those insolent babes" was read in class meeting. On the spot it was accepted, and it was resolved "to annihilate them utterly;" but then came the question of getting a team to back the acceptance of the challenge. Here Fate played our hero another mean trick by fixing things so that there could be no team unless he played. The challenge was accepted; it would be a disgrace to back down. So at last he said, "Well, fellows, I promised mother not to play, but I'll do it this time for the class."



It was the greatest game ever seen on the grounds. Silence fell over the cheering crowds as the oval sailed toward the Freshman ranks. "Down!" Darling, the Freshies' quarter, had hardly caught the ball before "Shorty" was upon him. Then up and down the field the battle waged for two long halves, "Shorty" in every scrimmage. Oh, what a howling, yelling, cheering, half-crazed set of Sophs there was after the game! "The babes never scored," cried Carl, borne on the shoulders of the crowd. After the excitement abated Carl wrote to Ina and to his mother and told them what he had done.

Next day two letters came. His mother's made him feel very "chumpy:" she had trusted him; it hurt her to see that trust betrayed. Ina wrote, "I feel I cannot respect or honor any man who breaks his word. There is no virtue in doing right when there is no temptation. You will please consider our correspondence at an end. You have given up '*all for class*' this time." Carl grabbed his cap and took a long solitary walk. When he came back he took all his foot-ball pictures, books, and relics and destroyed them. The morning dawn found a drawn, haggard face peering out of the window of Carl's room.

FEG.

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### The Uncommitted.

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All of us, before having entered upon our college course and become acquainted with college ways and customs, had already met people with many different types of character. Some we admired, others we despised. Engaged in the work of the literary societies and the management of class affairs—nay, in all our relations to our fellow schoolmates and classmates—we find the same types, distinctively developed and from day to day more vividly brought to light and to our attention. We are told that we shall meet with the same traits of character in the people with whom we shall hereafter come in contact. We then begin to realize that the college is not a little world in itself, whose members should have special privileges in the surrounding community, as some would have us believe, but only a great school, preparatory to life, with many opportunities whose improvement means much, whose neglect means a cause for regret in after life.

Indecision and indifference are traits, closely allied, which have hardly escaped the notice of careful observers. Any person who wavers and hesitates unduly cannot possibly command and retain the respect of his comrades. It is the strong character, the man with decision and will-power, he who has convictions and lives up to them, that is honored in the reputable community of to-day. A student with similar traits is the one who is recognized as a young man of quality by friend and foe.

Those who do not care to lord it over others nor are ambitious to be bosses and rulers in a political sense, all such, I believe, desire at least the respect of their associates, if nothing more. They are those who do not desire rewards in any shape on the ground of past favors and services. They admire a man who is true to his convictions and has the courage to champion them. They look with pity upon anyone seemingly capable of nobler things, who becomes a dupe to others and bows to their bidding like a slave before his master.

We have met persons who were one thing yesterday, are another to-day, and to-morrow will be still something else. They seem to have no more stability than a snowflake tossed hither and thither by every whiff of air, and are, as some one has neatly said, "as changeable as the wind." We do not place any confidence in such characters, neither do we highly regard those who in everything believe and think and say as we do, those who have always at hand a "yes" to anything and everything we may say. Nor will others honor and esteem us for the same reason. It was a mark of chivalry of old that a knight must have a worthy foe. Thus there are still some to-day who desire a worthy opponent—against others they will not contend. It requires no effort to say "yes," but it takes courage and moral valor to say "no" when goaded and pressed by arguments, verbal and otherwise. Many are thus led to do directly contrary to what their better judgment and reason would dictate.

The whole trouble with us all seems to lie in our indifference as to many matters and questions. We have no clear views, no decided opinions, no fixed purposes. We have a non-committal attitude towards many customs, practices, and principles, which seem now of very little importance.

We commonly regard those who wear the convict's stripes,



or who should, as the "dangerous classes." But we are reminded in a short editorial in a recent issue of a prominent church weekly that "there is not a sufficient number of these to imperil society, were it not for that much larger class who are indifferent to moral evil because they have never been convicted of anything good or bad. Their non-interference counts them on the side of evil-doers in any effort of society to suppress evil; and lacking the moral convictions which give resistance against evil, from their ranks wrong-doers are naturally recruited."

If an undecided position is thus dangerous in after life, may it not be dangerous already in youth? Since "the child is father to the man," if young men are afraid to express, or rather indifferent about expressing, themselves on minor issues, will they be likely to take a very decided stand later on on the great moral issues of society? If, in the language of our Professor of English, we will find ourselves and classmates pretty much the same in manners, habits, and dispositions twenty years from now, would it not be well now to commit ourselves and take decided stands on many questions heretofore unthought of? We will not, surely, rely on others for a lifetime to make up our minds for us! It is far better to have convictions on any subject than to wander aimlessly about without any decisive ideas.

Again, it is one thing to have convictions and another thing to express them. It is not our duty to force our views upon others, but we might as well be indifferent as to let the time pass by when it is our duty to state our opinions. It is a good policy to let people know where we stand on any subject, then they will better know how to approach us. Silence at times is best, but we at all times ought first to be convinced and then live up to those convictions. Luther was convinced that he should become a monk; he did, although thereby destroying all his hopes for the future. Later he was convinced that the Church needed a Reformation; he acted, and to-day Protestantism reaps, and the world enjoys the fruits of his labors.

Convictions may sometimes be wrong; but what better have we to go by since they spring from the conscience? Neutral, uncommitted, and indifferent we cannot consistently be on many questions. We must choose "between two



opinions;" we must be for or against. The Saviour of mankind has indelibly written this on the hearts of men when he said, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

A. A. KUNKLE, '99.

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### Muhlenberg College in A.D. 2000.

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Do Freshmen dream? Yes, Freshmen dream. 'Twas on Christmas night, after the day had been spent in feasting and enjoyment, that one of the sons of 1901 fell to dreaming. No doubt he had been indulging in sweetmeats and other Christmas dainties a little too extravagantly and retired with that holiday-night feeling, that eat-too-much feeling.

Well, I dreamed a dream. I dreamt that I was at some county fair, I do not remember where, pushing my way through dense crowds, hoping to meet someone I knew, when at a little distance to my right I saw a small tent, which I rightly supposed to be occupied by a gypsy fortune-teller. I stepped in and started a conversation; she told me of my future, and then permitted me to ask her three questions which she would answer. The first two were answered favorably. I hardly knew what to ask next—an important question, surely. I thought hard, and in my loneliness this question arose: What will Muhlenberg College be like in the year 2000? She said that I was asking rather much, but assured me that if I took the powder which she gave to me, when I retired, my question would be answered. I did so and then I dreamed a dream in my dream.

I found myself to be a character somewhat like Rip Van Winkle. I thought I recognized a few old landmarks of my college days, but the college grounds did not seem to be at the same place. They were in Allentown, but the buildings stood on a hill with full view of river in front. One terrace rose after another, each containing a stone which was presented by one of the classes, the stone of '82 was on the first terrace, and I remember seeing stones marked '12, '39, '54. Everywhere the beautiful lawns were studded with flower-beds, stately shade-trees, and fountains. On the top of the hill stood the massive

college buildings, how noble and grand in architecture, seven in number, not including some of the professors' residences, a large graystone building in the center with the others around it, reminding me of a wheel. I walked up to the large central building, where a number of young men were engaged in a conversation. They were somewhat startled, perhaps at my apparent old age, for I felt rather old, and drawing aside one of the young men to question him, I soon learned that he bore my name. Questioning him as to his ancestry I found him to be one of my descendants. He could not believe me, but kindly offered to show me all around the place. I had some difficulty in understanding his English, it seemed Romanized in pronunciation. I learned later on that they all spoke thus. I remained there two days and really wished myself a Freshman in the class of 2001. My newly discovered relative took me through all the buildings. "They are furnished with all the latest conveniences," he said. Many of these latest conveniences I could not understand and did not wish to show my ignorance by asking questions. I was surprised to see the halls of Euterpea and Sophronia. How grand and palace-like! And their libraries, large rooms filled with books, thousands upon thousands of them, all in a large fireproof building. The recitation-rooms were in separate buildings, furnished with all necessary arrangements and instruments. Many of the professors had strange methods of instruction. There must have been almost two score of them, and I believe more than a thousand students. We also went out on the campus, a large field back of the buildings, where the boys were engaged in all sorts of sport. Several games that I never saw or heard of were in progress. Yes, they were also playing foot-ball, but the way they played it I could not understand, and the participants with their suits looked something like foot-balls themselves.

After spending two days about the place I got around pretty well and decided to leave next morning. I went to sleep that night well pleased with my *Alma Mater*, and filled with wonder at the marvelous strides she had made, to awake next morning at home rather thick-headed; nevertheless, I felt benefited with my twenty-first century college days at Muhlenberg.

1901.



### Modern Surgery.

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The present age, from a scientific standpoint, at least, is certainly one of tremendous transition. The apparently impossible is quickly materializing, and the wildly extravagant growing daily more ordinary. And what does it demonstrate? It demonstrates how much wider and more comprehensive the range of pure physics is at the present time than was dreamt of in our forefathers' philosophy. We certainly live in a wonderful age. What have seemed to be the most inviolate axioms of science are daily called into question by new experiments, made in good faith and brought to our notice through the five senses.

We move and have our being in the midst of uncertainty. We exist in a period of transition, which may announce the dawn of truth, but which certainly has succeeded the night of ignorance. Our feeling is that if anyone were to come and tell us that the earth were not round and that the stars were simply visual hallucinations, we would accept the new dicta without revolt and with a simple sigh for the unreliability of our old beliefs. Within the past fifteen years, see how the doctrines of medicine have rearranged themselves, owing to the discovery of that tiny atom known as the microbe! See how since yesterday, as it were, that film of bromo-gelatine (photographic plate) has demonstrated the incapacity of the human retina and the inanity of those optic laws founded on the retina as an instrument of precision!

What of surgery? Let us but for a moment treat of some of the most remarkable and marvelous discoveries and operations of modern surgery.

One of the strangest operations that man is enabled to perform at the present day is to wash his own heart. This shows surprisingly the wonderful progress that medical skill has made. Of course, it is not an everyday occurrence for one to cleanse his own heart, but nevertheless surgical skill has rendered this operation possible. It has been successfully accomplished by celebrated physicians and surgeons. The disease which generally renders the operation of heart-cleansing advisable is pericarditis, or inflammation of the pericardium, that delicate serous membrane which shields the heart from contact with all foreign substances that might



injure this, the strongest, and at the same time the most delicate, organ of the body. Between the lower end of the heart and the pericardium there is a small unoccupied space. This gives freedom to the movements of the heart when in action. In pericarditis this space becomes filled with purulent or matted fluid. When the pericardium has become inflamed by reason of the presence of this purulent matter, an incision of the pericardium, between the fifth and sixth ribs or the sixth and seventh ribs, is made. In this incision is inserted a silver tube, through which the fluid in the pericardium is drained. Then comes the cleansing of the heart, in which the silver tube and a solution of common salt play the principal parts. This operation, though trifling it may seem, is regarded as one of the most remarkable that has been accomplished in recent years.

Of all the strange experiments and operations of surgery, nothing seems more curious than those lately and successfully performed in actually and literally making a trapdoor in the human breast for the purposes of examining and treating internal disorders. By evading the main arteries, tying up some of the principal veins, and completely severing the ribs, this operation has been successfully accomplished. A flap that can be lifted out like the side of a box is formed. This gives the surgeon free access to the interior of the chest of his patient. This experiment was first tried on animals, and was afterwards said to be entirely safe in the case of human beings. Several years ago a prominent and well-known physician and surgeon made the following remark: "Ere long we shall be able to study the movements of the heart and lungs by means of trapdoor openings through the walls of the chest." He has now seen that prediction fulfilled and verified, and a new operation added to the lists of surgery, which at present attracts great attention. The principle of this method of entering the chest for exploration and for the treatment of diseases and injuries of the thoracic viscera appeals to the surgeon as being applicable to a great variety of cases. It has advantages over any other procedure which has been brought to the attention of the profession in this country or in any other region of the world.

The most remarkable surgical operation of the century is the removal of the human stomach without loss of life. This

was successfully accomplished about three months ago. The patient, who was suffering from a tumor of the stomach, is now enjoying good health and is the happy possessor of a good appetite. The removal of the stomach was effected by making two incisions; one at the lower end of the æsophagus, the other at the small intestine. All this having been accomplished, the next and final step was to attach the æsophagus *directly* to the first section of the bowels. After partaking of food, the results seemed to be the same as before, for the patient has grown strong, gained flesh, and is in no particular different from other mortals. Upon close and thorough investigations it was discovered that not one of the five different changes to which food is ordinarily subjected was omitted.

To remove a portion of the stomach is an unusual, but by no means an extraordinary, operation. Various cases of this kind are on record at the present time. In the aforesaid case even solid food can be partaken of, although in decidedly limited quantities at a time, for lack of stomach capacity. It is believed that owing to the close proximity of the intestinal canal to the stomach, it possesses, in a considerable degree, stomachic qualities and powers.

The patient in the aforesaid case was fifty-six years of age, and it is a well-known fact that the older one grows the less onerous become the functions and duties of the stomach.

Many other remarkable surgical operations could here be recorded, were it not for want of space.

Judged from any and every standpoint, the operations mentioned in this article, though trifling they may seem, are unquestionably the surgical triumphs of the century. They are a physical revelation. We are at once forced to the conclusion, "*Anything is possible now.*" E., '98.

## About the College.

### SOCIETIES.

#### *Euterpean Literary Society.*

John K. Sullenberger, '98, Pres.      George K. Rubrecht, 1901, Sec.

#### *Sophronian Literary Society.*

Wesley E. Wenner, '98, Pres.      Frank Kuntz, 1900, Sec.

#### *Franklin Literary Association.*

Bernard Repass, '98, Pres.      Prof. M. H. Richards, D.D., Sec.



*Missionary Society.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

George K. Rubrecht, 1901, Sec.

*Press Association.*

Charles G. Beck, '98, Pres.

James Berg, '99, Sec.

*Glee Club.*

G. I. Lenker, '98, Pres.

George F. Erdman, '98, Director.

*Augsburg Society.*

Prof. W. Wackernagel, D.D., Lecturer.

Past—Exams and Christmas.

The Board of Trustees of our College held their semi-annual meeting in the College building, on Tuesday, January 11.

The Press Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Beck, C., '98; Vice-President, Kunkle, A., '99; Secretary, Berg, '99; Treasurer, Beck, W., '99; Critics, Kaufman, '98, and Lenker, '98.

Boyer, 1900, visited Fegley, C., 1900, at his home at Mechanicsburg, Pa., during the Christmas vacation.

THE MUHLENBERG staff elected at the close of last session is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, E. J. Keuling, '98; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Willis Beck, '99; Literary Editor, John Koch, '99; Exchange Editor, Bernard Repass, '98; Personal Editor, W. J. Seiberling, '99; Local Editor, Nathan Fritch, '99; Business Managers, F. N. D. Buchman, '99, and James Berg, '99.

The Junior Class elected the following officers: President, L. W. Fritch; Vice-President, Ira Steigerwalt; Secretary, H. A. Kunkle; Treasurer, A. A. Kunkle; Monitor, N. Fritch; Historian, E. Raker.

The officers of the Class of 1900 are: President, Fegley C.; Vice-President, Straub; Secretary, Kuntz; Treasurer, Fritch; Historian, Fegley, C.; Corresponding Secretary, Horn, R.

Koch, 1900, accompanied his sister to Mechanicsburg, where Miss Koch entered Irving College. During his stay in the town he enjoyed the hospitality of his classmate, Fegley, C.

The following are the officers of the Glee Club for this year: President, Lenker, '98; Vice-President, Walter, '98; Treasurer, Laubach, '98; Director, Erdman, '98; Business Manager, Gruhler, '99; Janitor, Serfass, 1901.



A number of the students have organized a Mandolin Club, which meets regularly every week for practice.

The election of officers by the Class of 1901 resulted as follows: President, Drumheller; Vice-President, Yoder; Secretary, Brode; Treasurer, Schmoyer; Monitor, Kressler; Historian, Rubrecht.

On Tuesday, December 14, Dr. Wackernagel addressed the Missionary Society of the College.

Fegley, 1900, who had an attack of the grip prior to the close of last session recovered sufficiently during the holidays to be able to resume his work at the College.

A number of the students delivered addresses at Christmas festivals during the holidays, among whom were Beck, C., '98, and Sullenberger, '98, who spoke at the festival of the First Ward Mission Sunday-school, December 21; Bender, '99, who spoke on "*Das Heilige Weihnachtsfest*;" Kressley, on "God's Love;" Hehl, '98, and Kunkle, H., '98, who spoke at the festival of St. Joseph's Lutheran Sunday-school at East Allentown, on December 20; Heist, '98, at the festival of the Mission Sunday-school at South Allentown, December 19.

The officers of the Sophronian Literary Society are: President, Wenner, '98; Vice-President, Hausman, '99; Secretary, Kuntz, 1900; Treasurer, Kaufman, '98; Chaplain, Wenrich, 1901; Budget Editor, Fegley, C., 1900; Critics, Raker, '99, and Repass, '98.

Students, please take notice! Gruhler has a fresh supply of matches on hand.

Gruber, '98, delivered addresses at the Christmas festivals of the Sunday-schools at Fountain Hill, South Bethlehem, and Seidersville. He was recently elected the superintendent of the latter school.

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## Our Alumni.

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'71.—From *The Lutheran* we learn that Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. Doc., rector of the Deaconess Motherhouse, Milwaukee, Wis., has been suffering from a severe and painful attack of what is

known as osteomyelitis, which acts much like rheumatism. He is slowly recovering under the faithful care of the hospital physicians.

'75.—Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., publishes the "Annals of the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses," in the interests of institutional charity.

'75.—E. H. Stine, Esq., has moved from South Fourth street, Allentown, Pa., to North Twelfth street, in the same city.

'77.—*The Welcome*, issued by the English pastors in the interest of Rochester, N. Y., Lutheranism, tells of increasing activity among the churches. Rev. Wm. J. Miller, of Grace Church, issues a lengthy pastoral letter advocating a certain site for a new church building. The membership of his congregation is 625, and the regular income has been larger than ever, in spite of the fact that much has been contributed toward a building fund.

'78.—Prof. Oliver G. J. Schaadt is the head of a Bureau of Translations, on Chestnut street, Philadelphia. He is at present engaged in translating the early minutes and records of the Dutch Reformed Church in America from Latin into English. Rumor also says that he has hopes of a South American consulship.

'79.—George D. Krause, of Lebanon, Pa., recently attended the golden wedding of his father-in-law, Mr. J. Allen Kramer, in Allentown. Mr. Krause has been elected a member of the Livingston Club of Allentown.

'80.—Prof. G. T. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, is an associate editor of the *Pennsylvania Chautauqua*, newly issued as a bimonthly and as the official organ of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt. Gretna Park.—Allentown Paper.

'81.—The Sick Room Companion. Rev. J. W. Mayne, of this city, has invented and copyrighted a true friend in that most trying of all places, the sickroom. It is a benefactor to all and is called the Sick Room Companion. The Companion is an indicator, showing what kind of medicine, how much, and what next to give to the patient. It is sold for 10 cents and every family should have one.

'82.—From the Lancaster, Pa., *New Era* we clip the following: A new county solicitor chosen. A. B. Hassler, Esq.,

elected by the County Commissioners, under the new law. The Board of County Commissioners held their annual meeting this morning for the purpose of organizing for the present year. W. W. Griest was reëlected Clerk of the Board of Commissioners, and Aaron B. Hassler, Esq., was elected County Solicitor. The filling of this latter office was the interesting point in the meeting, as for many years past the County Solicitor has been elected by the people and the Commissioners had to take whomever was given them, whether acceptable personally or not, which is contrary to the prevailing custom in similar official bodies elsewhere.

Previous to 1870 the Solicitor was appointed by the Commissioners, but in that year a law was passed requiring his election by the people. This law was repealed in 1895, but the late incumbent, Thomas Whitson, Esq., having been elected in 1894 for a term of three years, had, of course, to complete his term of service before the Commissioners could exercise their right in the premises. His term having expired to-day he left the office which he had so creditably filled to his successor, as stated above.

Mr. Hassler is one of the bright members of the younger bar, and will bring to his new office a force and ability of no mean order.

'83.—We understand that the engagement of Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, to a Western lady has been announced.

'83.—THE MUHLENBERG wishes to congratulate Rev. R. Morris Smith, Baden, Pa., upon the addition to his family.

'84.—Among yesterday's sermons reported this morning in the Philadelphia *Ledger* is that of Rev. Herman C. Fox, D.D., of the Harper Memorial Presbyterian Church, on "Encouragement for the New Year." Dr. Fox is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of 1884, and has been highly successful in the ministry. The *Ledger* of this morning publishes a good picture of Dr. Fox.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'84.—Rev. Hiram J. Kuder has removed from Bath to Siegfried's, Pa., the northern end of his charge. From the papers we learn that he was very well remembered by his friends at Christmas.



'85.—A present for Mr. Mohr. W. K. Mohr, Esq., was presented on Sunday with a handsome portrait of himself made by Lindenmuth. It was a gift from the Bible Class that he teaches in Solomon Reformed Church at Macungie.—*Allentown Item*.

'87.—After an extended course in Europe, Dr. George A. Miller has accepted a mathematical professorship in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. After graduation Dr. Miller studied at Johns-Hopkins, and Michigan University, where he also taught, and was professor in Eureka College, Eureka, Ill. He has also written a work on higher algebra. We congratulate Dr. Miller upon his deserved promotion.

'87.—Rev. John W. Richards, Lancaster, Pa., contributes an article on "The Lutheran Hypermetrope" to the last number of *The Lutheran*.

'88.—Frieden's congregation, of which Rev. Clinton Fetter, Telford, Pa., is pastor, purchased a new parsonage.

'89.—The last number of *The Lutheran* contains a portion of an article by Rev. Frank C. Oberly, Decatur, Ill., on "The Clergyman's Calling."

'90.—Pastor elected. The congregation of the Augustus Lutheran Church of Trappe has elected Rev. William O. Fegley, of Sayre, Pa., as pastor, to succeed Rev. I. B. Kurtz, who resigned to become pastor of Emmanuel Lutheran Church of Pottstown. Rev. Fegley is thirty years of age, and was a classmate of Rev. Kurtz at Muhlenberg College, class of '90, and the Mt. Airy Seminary, class of '93. He is a son of Benjamin Fegley, of Breinigsville, studied at the Kutztown Normal School, won third honor at Muhlenberg College and delivered the German oration at Commencement.—*Allentown Item*.

'92.—The members of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Scranton, Pa., presented their pastor, Rev. Chas. W. Spieker, with a handsome office desk as a Christmas gift.

'92.—Rev. I. H. Stettler, of North East, Pa., has received a call to Bridgewater, Pa.

'94.—Rev. F. W. Wackernagel, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Millersville, who is here on a visit to his parents, preached in St. Stephen's Chapel, North Fourteenth street, on Sunday evening.

'85.—Rev. E. H. Kistler, pastor of Bethany Church at Lehigh, and son-in-law of B. K. Weaver, of Allentown, will deliver the honorary oration before the Philalethean Literary Society of Albright Collegiate Institute at Myerstown, at its public anniversary this evening, on "Stray leaves from an old diary," referring to some teachings of dame nature as she has written them upon the rock pages.—*Allentown Item*.

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## Editor's Table.

---

*The Midland* contains a very interesting production on the abstract subject "Enthusiasm," and a strong discrimination as to the relation between Poetry and History.

China is to have a national university under the control of the government. A former tutor of Li Hung Chang has been chosen as president. The faculty will consist entirely of foreigners.—*Ex.*

College-bred men in the United States number only one-fifth of one per cent., or one in 500 of the whole population. They have furnished 30 per cent. of our congressmen, 50 per cent. of our senators, 60 per cent. of our presidents, and over 70 per cent. of our supreme court judges.—*Ex.*

Misfortune and sorrow must eke come to all,  
 Each pleasure is wedded to pain;  
 Then ne'er be disheartened, whatever befall  
 But rally,—and fight it again.  
 Don't sit down to reckon your scars;  
 The victors are never 'mong those who repine;  
 Look up to the beautiful stars;  
 When darkest the night, then brighter they shine.—*Ex.*

Old Time's great clock, that never stops  
 Nor runs too fast nor slow,  
 Hung up amid the world of space,  
 Where wheeling planets glow,  
 Its dial-plate the orbit vast—  
 Where whirls our mundane sphere—  
 Has pushed its pointer round again,  
 And struck another year.—*Longfellow.*

Of all the gifts this side of heaven  
 That ever were to mortals given,  
 The best to have, the worst to miss,  
 The truest, sweetest source of bliss,  
 The one rail left on Eden's fence,  
 Stands the pure charm of common sense.

Teacher (French class): "Would you decline 'a pretty maiden' in French?"

Student: "I wouldn't decline her in any language."—*Ex.*

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—*Ex.*

The *Buff and Blue* is a new visitor, and we extend a warm hand of welcome.

Chicago University now offers 1086 courses.—*Ex.*

In England there are no college papers, whereas America claims about 200.—*Ex.*

The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of a whole world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.—*Ex.*

*The Mirror*, true to its purpose, "To Reflect the Life," is always newsy and interesting.

The annual cost of maintaining a modern battleship is over three times the total annual expense of an institution such as Johns-Hopkins University.—*Ex.*

The snow fell thick on the mountain side,  
Where the frost-killed foliage lay,  
But 'neath the sun of the warm springtide,  
It melted and faded away.

Thus many a thought from brilliant men  
Falls light on the youthful mind;  
It glistens a moment, it shines—and then  
'Tis gone like the breath of the wind.—*Ex.*

"Student Life in Berlin" is an article in the *Smith College Monthly*, full of interest and of much value for its information.

The *Sororis* contains a vivid description of "Christmas in Germany."

The *Western University Courant* contains a very factitive article on "Student Life at Göttingen."

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need.—*Ex.*



"Evolution," quoth the monkey,  
 "Makes all mankind our kin;  
 There's no chance at all about it—  
 Tails we lose and heads they win."—*Ex.*

First pig: "Shakespeare never repeats."

Second pig: "You're not Shakespeare."

First pig: "I'm next thing to him; I'm Bacon."

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* contains several poems, written in an elevated tone and sentiment. "The Life of Thought" and "The Early Snow" we mark especially.

"I'm a roaring lion, wife," said he  
 Who long had lingered at the bar;  
 When she remarked: "It seems to me  
 A razzled, howling jag-u-ar."—*Ex.*

The largest bell in the United States belongs to the Notre Dame University. It can be heard twelve miles and eight men can stand erect in it.—*Ex.*

The *Smith College Monthly* is unusually rich in fiction and stray poetical gems.

The *Carlton College Gleaner* contains a grand production on "We are Building a Dome of Life," and begins in a very appropriate way with the following edifying verses:

The tissues of the life to be  
 We weave with colors all our own,  
 And in the Field of Destiny,  
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
 The shadows which it gathered there,  
 And painted on the Eternal Wall,  
 The past shall reappear.

"A Vision" is the title of a praiseworthy poetical production in the *Minnesota Magazine*.

As leaves upon the waters  
 Of a merry mountain stream,  
 First glide into the shadows,  
 Then in the sun's bright beam;

And ever dancing forward,  
 With measured motion slow,  
 Are lost in distant dimness,  
 While onward they do flow;

So do we fragile mortals,  
 Borne on the stream of life,  
 E'er glide in shadows sombre,  
 With care and trouble rife.—*Ex.*

His life was one of quietness,  
No mighty field of action had he sought,  
Yet even as the silence of the evening hour  
The most sublime of harmonies has wrought,  
The harmony of night, so, too, his heart,  
Touched by the great musician of all life,  
Sang its own part, in the great song of songs,  
The song of love.

Men heard the music, in their hearts  
Echoed again the soft, sweet strain,  
Yet hearing it, they could not tell  
From whence it came.—*Ex.*

---

## The World of Letters.

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“A Lady’s Sword” is the title of a new romance by Mr. Frank Matthew, the brilliant young Irish novelist. Mr. Matthew is a grandson of the famous “Father Matthew,” and a nephew of the well-known judge of the same name.

“John Splendid” is the title of a new novel by Neil Munro; it will appear throughout the year in the *Bookman*.

“The Workers; an Experiment in Reality,” by Walter A. Wyckoff, is the title of a new work published in the autumn numbers of *Scribner’s Magazine*, now published in book form. The incidents connected with the writing of this book are related as follows in the *Bookman*: “That truth is stranger than fiction is daringly exemplified in the case of Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, who six years ago left behind him the ease and quiet dignity of a college graduate’s life at Princeton, and plunged incognito into an unknown and untried sphere of life, and adopted the obscure and inglorious rôle of a day labourer. The story is related of him that while at a house party in the summer of 1891 he was expounding his social theories one evening at dinner, when an older man of the thoroughgoing business type retorted that he knew nothing of the actual conditions of the labouring class. Starting out a few days later without a penny in his pocket and only one change of clothes, he at once set out to adjust himself to the life of the labourer, and for two years he worked as a gang labourer, farm hand, hotel porter, lumberman, etc. At the expiration of these two years he rested and went abroad, arranging the notes he had made during his strange experiences and getting them in shape for publication. The book purports to tell the truth about the workingman from actual

observation and knowledge gained while submitting to the conditions that govern his class. We have had many sociological novels, but none, we will dare to say, containing so unvarnished a picture of reality—a picture at once of the most profound scientific and romantic interest, if we accept Mr. Wyckoff's experiment as belonging to the romance of human life.

"But according to Mr. Wyckoff, the half has not yet been told, and the present work is only an introduction to that which he will disclose in the pages of the *Scribner's* some time during the year. The second part will deal with his more arduous experiment in the West, where this modern Don Quixote of the social realm came near to starving on the streets of Chicago as a member of the army of the unemployed. He lived in tenement houses, associated with sweatshop workers, attended anarchists' meetings, and dived into the labyrinth of the abnormal and diseased organisms of decivilized life in the large and over-crowded cities."

Mr. George Gissing, who has been in Italy for some time, is on his way to Sicily, where he will stay for some time. Mr. Gissing's next novel will be entitled "The Town Traveller."

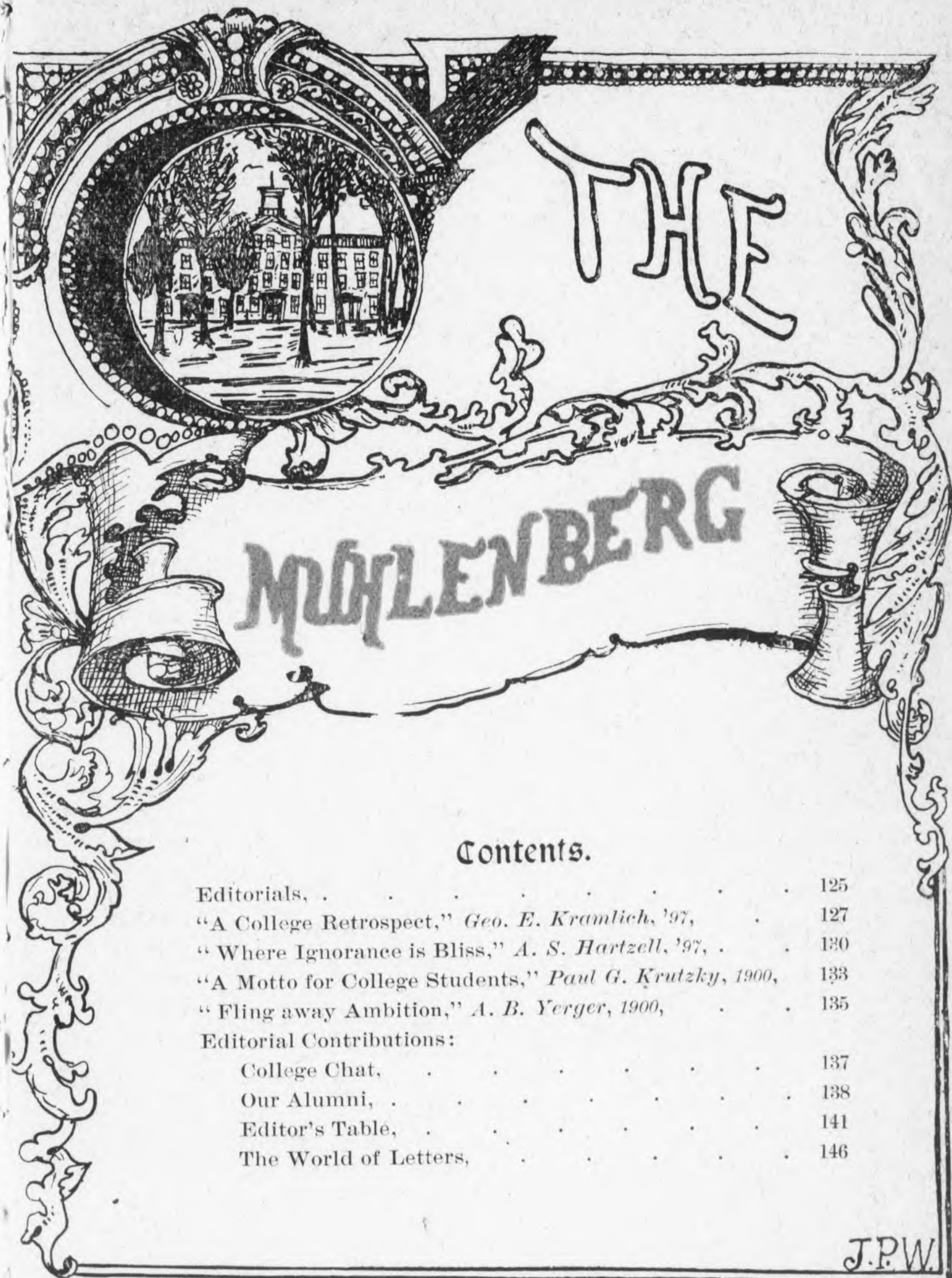
"The Fairy Changeling, and other Poems" is the title of the first volume of verse by Dora Sigerson, published by Mr. John Lane. The following is what Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll has just written of the quality of these verses:

"They are not written as so many books of verse are written—that their author's poetic conscience may be stroked and pleased: they are full of the spirit of a genuine emotion, of strong pathos and originality, of high purity of feeling, and often marked by a grave and graceful sweetness. There is not a line which breathes the spirit of bitterness or cynicism, or even a final despair, and there are many passages for the sake of which it will be a real pleasure to keep the book at hand, and occasionally to turn over its pages. This is surely the highest praise that can be given to a young writer."

"On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Steel, is the title of a book just published by The Macmillan Company. The story treats of India and her people. It is said "that her stories of Indian life, its mystery, its unexplicability, its alien virtues and creeks, impress us, as heretofore, with her keen insight, her appreciation of racial instincts and differences, her sympathetic treatment of 'her own people.'"



FEBRUARY, 1898.



Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	125
"A College Retrospect," <i>Geo. E. Kramlich</i> , '97, . . . . .	127
"Where Ignorance is Bliss," <i>A. S. Hartzell</i> , '97, . . . . .	130
"A Motto for College Students," <i>Paul G. Krutzky</i> , 1900, . . . . .	133
"Fling away Ambition," <i>A. B. Yerger</i> , 1900, . . . . .	135
Editorial Contributions:	
College Chat, . . . . .	137
Our Alumni, . . . . .	138
Editor's Table, . . . . .	141
The World of Letters, . . . . .	146

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

*"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."*

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Vol. XV. ALLENTOWN, PA., FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 6.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
EMILE J. KEULING, '98.

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
WILLIS BECK, '99.

ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:  
BERNARD REPASS, '98.  
JOHN W. KOCH, '99.  
W. J. SEIBERLING, '99.  
F. N. FRITCH, '99.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99. JAMES BERG, '99.


This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

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"A volcano does not give warning when it will break out, nor a thunderbolt send word of its approach."

With the change of colors, with which you behold THE MUHLENBERG adorned, the new staff feel as though they have set sail, as some of our late war vessels, under sealed orders, which cannot be revealed until their term of office shall have been completed.

The dangers of our voyage are unknown. A few short months will disclose them. Let us, however, anticipate a few of the objections that may meet us at the threshold.



Dear reader, we are under obligations to you; if we are ship-wrecked it is as much your fault as that of the staff. In order to reach the purposed goal successfully we feel that we need aid both in the line of equipment and that of finance.

First, the increasing necessity of a sanctum, which has been mentioned so often, is being more and more realized. The manifold benefits which a sanctum would afford are too well known, but we cannot refrain from enumerating some of the disadvantages under which the staff are laboring without one. Every alumnus and every student knows how *little* space there is, that can be comfortably shared, in one of our rooms. When a business manager is compelled to put box after box full of important documents under his bed in his already overcrowded alcove; when the many welcome exchanges are never seen by any of the students, and by none of the staff save one or two; when there is no place in which the editors can do satisfactory work without being molested; when there is another organization (The Press Club, from which much is expected) that could so profitably share the benefits with the staff; do you then ask why this is being continually advocated?

The editors have in mind several places that could easily be fitted out with little expense, and they sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when their expectations will be realized.

To aid financially, let all who can use their influence in securing new advertisements and in renewing the old ones, because upon advertisements depends the mainstay of our monthly's financial support. Students, when purchasing goods, do not forget those business men who help us, then will the task of soliciting advertisements become more like a pleasure than a drudgery.

Trusting we may receive the support of every reader of THE MUHLENBERG, we bid you all adieu as we launch out on our first voyage of five months into unknown waters, with a determination to conserve the honor which THE MUHLENBERG has already attained.

§ § §

In bestowing praise upon many of our clubs and societies, we are wont to show unfair bias towards those that afford us the most pleasure for the time being, and allow those that not

only benefit us but also the surrounding community, to struggle along without our commendation and maintenance.

On January the 30th, well could the Muhlenberg College Missionary Society rejoice to see an edifice consecrated to the services of the Lord, with the satisfaction of knowing that the consummation of that memorable monument, in the western part of this city, was brought about mainly through the untiring efforts of *her* zealous members.

§ § §

"Because father was." This would be the only true reason many young men could give for their being a Democrat or a Republican. Ask the Freshmen and the Sophomores why they hanker after the time-condemned custom of fostering enmity by means of destroying the property of individual classmen, when either of the two classes happens to be absent, and if correctly answered, it would be as follows: "Because the *other* classes always did."

Alas! Are they not doing their mischief blindly? Do they not remember the example of the very manly conduct that '98 set, during the times in which her worst enemy ('99) was absent?

After again witnessing the monotonous pranks of 1900 and 1901, we have concluded that it would be much better for the lower classmen to stay where they belong (in bed), if they are unable to sustain class spirit in a new and a more interesting way.

With a kindly feeling we would suggest that the higher classmen might aid them in their predicament, instead of giving encouragement to this conservative way of amusement.

---

### A College Retrospect.

[Written during the summer of 1897.]

---

It seems almost impossible to think that my college career at Muhlenberg, located in Allentown, the Queen City of the Lehigh, has reached its termination. The more I think of it the more of a regret it becomes.

Indeed, something is gained to have spent but two years at college and to have graduated, but the pleasant memories and

associations formed seem to me should have merited a longer period in which to enjoy them. The two years of college life (having entered college as a Junior), upon reflection, seem but as yesterday and to-day. The few unpleasant incidents which sometimes appear to have made the time pass so slowly and the duties seem so tedious, are overlooked in this pleasant retrospect and only the brighter and happier events stand out prominently as being worthy of remembrance. Oftentimes does the thought enter my mind: would that I could again enjoy the advantages of a college curriculum. But this thought cannot be entertained. The busy world moves on apace and there is no time for such repetition. The mental work, the duties and the obligations usually connected and associated with the college course, are found not to be too burdensome in comparison with the many enjoyable musical, social, and literary events the college student is privileged to enjoy. Golden opportunities were ignored, and many precious moments were idled away. Were we to take an account of the opportunities lost and the valuable moments spent in idleness, we would be amazed at the result. "The moments we forego, Eternity itself cannot retrieve." Later in life there may be cause for regret in this direction, but, after all, what does a college course embrace but a maximum part of the time spent in faithful and arduous study, and by no means a small part of the time spent in enjoying the most pleasant and happiest days in the college man's career. There is this one encouraging thought: although many were the moments idled away, yet men who in after-life have become an honor and a credit to their college *Alma Mater*, in their reflection on college days, will tell us of the many valuable moments spent simply in scheming or inventing some strikingly new and unheard-of tricks and jokes played on their college-mates and professors, or in relating the most interesting stories while engaged in that most courteous and polished college custom, bumming. The character of these tricks and schemings often were of such a nature in their performance and results as may well lead one to exclaim in the words of the poet, "Idleness is the devil's workshop."

So these two years, short as they were to me, have been indelibly impressed upon my memory, and nothing but their bright and happy reminiscences will be recalled.



To me the course might have been strewn with more honors than I have attained, but music, which had its charms even in my case, seems to have held sway and actuated me to spend so much of my time in doing it homage.

But just as the setting sun, with its innumerable brilliant rays beautifully illuminating the western horizon, decked with fleecy clouds, with silver and golden linings adorned, and with colors blending in majestic harmony, closes the day in all its beauty and radiance, so under the same favorable conditions does the college course, it seems to me, close for the faithful student who has been under the guidance and fostering care of his *Alma Mater*. After the day closes twilight reigns but a short time until beautiful night, "the revealer of myriads of shining planets and stars, with a dewy freshness fills the silent air; no mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain, the moon rising in clouded majesty, at length apparent queen, unveiling her peerless light, breaks the serene of heaven and rolling through the dark blue depths, o'er the dark her silver mantle throws." The moon holds sway until the earth in its robe of crystal moonlight rotates and again causes the sun with its radiant beams in the glorious orb of day to brighten and cheer the coming day.

The baccalaureate sermon, with all its kind words of encouragement and forcible ideas and truths regarding our position and duty toward our Maker, our *Alma Mater*, and the world, seems to be an appropriate beginning for the close of the "College Day" of four years, as one might call it. The events of commencement week all combine to make a grand closing scene, and by coloring and shading the scene with an exquisite harmony causes to the "College Day" a sunset, a twilight, a transition from day to night which would even rival the sun, the moon, and the earth in their vesper greetings.

What a more glorious finale to the "College Day" than the commencement with all its happy associations! What a brilliant sunset on the horizon of the college man's career!

Mark how happy the coming alumnus is. And well he may be, too. He has through four years labored diligently and honestly, using his signals and plays to the best advantage, tackling low all obstacles that would obstruct his path, and by steadily gaining ground he has finally reached the coveted goal. But are there no unpleasant events happening during

his college course? Ah, yes; but just as the brightness of the setting sun in his princely adornments prevents the spectator from detecting any dark and threatening clouds, although they often are present, so do the more pleasant events at college outshine the few unpleasant ones which are seldom considered.

After the "College Day" has closed with such an harmonious and glorious sunset, then night with its glories seems to occupy the graduate. He is in obscurity for a while battling for himself with the forces of the busy world. He may be undecided as to what profession he intends to pursue or he may be compelled to sacrifice a great deal of time and energy until by calmly and diligently attending to his duties he is recognized by his friends and associates and before the world as one worthy of respect and imitation. But it will not be always night for one who thus takes advantage of what his *Alma Mater* and, above all, what experience and diligent performance of his duties has taught him. There will be hope in his breast which will shine out in his life as does the crystal moon by night. In the brightness of the approaching day, well merited success will crown his efforts and labors just as the glorious sun on the eastern horizon in his radiance and magnificence crowns the calm and peaceful night. The student, then the professional man, if it be, has won for himself a crown that will never fade. He will be respected and lauded by his fellowmen who will honor him with well-earned plaudits. If he, during his life, has kept in mind that its great object is to prepare for the life hereafter; if he has been faithful to his God and Saviour, then will he receive a crown more glorious than all the crowns of earth. He will receive a title which no earthly college can bestow—a title which is not temporal but eternal. Then he will have accomplished the highest aim of this life.

*George E. Kramlich, '97.*

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### "Where Ignorance is Bliss——"

---

"Perhaps I had better interview your aunt about the matter?"

"Thank you, but I prefer to rely entirely upon my own judgment."

Mr. Levan's face darkened slightly. "Are you positive that you fully appreciate the enormity of my offer?"

"Quite positive, sir."

"And you still remain undecided?"

"Yes, sir."

An embarrassing pause followed, during which the elderly gentleman's eyes sternly studied every movement of the young man's face. He arose, at length, preparatory to leaving.

"What I am about to do," he began, with studied deliberation, "is slightly at variance with my usual manner of transacting business. Such seeming indifference as you have displayed would ordinarily have brought our relations to a speedy termination. Something about you, however, has prompted me to grant you still a little more time in which to decide. I will await your final reply by to-morrow's early post. Good evening."

Ned Farrow watched his lordly figure depart with a mingled feeling of joy and dread. The clock was striking his supper hour, but he had no mind for supper. Crouched in the chair that had served him well for four happy years, his eyes wandered aimlessly over the desolate campus which had so lately been a scene of joyful animation. He was the sole occupant of the huge dormitory which had but a week before been crowded to the utmost. His scanty belongings, which had recently relieved the monotony of his cozy room, were packed in his trunk awaiting removal.

In, through the open window, wafted the weird, voice-like strains of the janitor's flute. He smiled slightly as he recalled the time when he and his chums had stolen the instrument, hoping thereby to "stop the nuisance," and how they had returned it when the blasts of a trombone greeted their ears in its stead.

Aimlessly his mind wandered back to the scenes of his youth. Where his own memory failed him he resorted to that of his devoted aunt, from whose lips he had repeatedly heard the story of his early childhood. There, in the death-like stillness of his desolate room, he beheld the far-away village in which his father had died twenty-two years ago. Two weeks later his youthful mother had given birth to him, only to follow closely in the path of her husband, not before she had trustfully committed him to the care of her maiden sister.



His earliest recollections were that of his aunt sitting lovingly beside his crib, lulling him to sleep with her sweet voice. She lived for him, and his welfare was her only concern. Unlike the other boys of his village, he was permitted to attend school the entire year instead of being "farmed out." With tender tears he recalled the year in which he had the fever; how she had broken into her small and sacred savings to procure a "city doctor" for him, and how she had nursed him with anxious care through his long and dangerous illness. Then, despite the protestations of the neighbors, she had insisted on his returning to the village school.

He was eighteen years old when the country schoolmaster made her his customary visit, and thoughtlessly remarked that "Sech a bright boy like Neddie was oughter git a college eddication." That was enough for the devoted aunt. One morning she approached him while he was dressing, and said (he can never forget her words): "Neddie, I've got somethun to tell ye. I've sot my mind on it, and it aint no use fer you to say no. Your father left a little money which I haint touched, and I've got a little that I laid away against my burying. I mean for you to go away ter college and git real smart, so's you kin teach the little school, mebbe, when ye come back. No! now its no use; I've sot my mind on it."

So away to college he went and, ever mindful of his aunt's sacrifice, he improved every minute of his time. It was now a week since commencement and he had been graduated creditably. But now, when all should have been joy, a heavy burden was laid upon him. The Hon. M. H. Levan, a prominent member of the legal fraternity, had applied to the president of the college for a promising young man to assist him in his office and learn the profession, with possibilities later on of sharing the business. Ned had been unhesitatingly recommended, and this brought about the interview, the closing scene of which confronted us at the outset.

Ned aroused himself slowly out of his retrospective reverie and drew forth a letter from home. It had been written a week before commencement and gave evidence of unlimited affection: "It is now four years since I seen you. I have been counting the minutes for a whole month and when I go abed nights it is with the thought that my own baby will soon come home to his dear old auntie, who is pining away for him. I

haint been so well lately. Coughing quite a bit, but I know I shell come around with Neddie here to love and comfort me. Aint ye glad to git away from the city where the folks is all bad? Cy Simons sez you shell step right into the school, and I told him you could learn them young 'uns a thing er two. Now don't keep auntie waiting. Lew Kennet will be at the station with his buggie."

Ned put by his letter with trembling hands. Why pain ourselves with a recital of the agonizing conflict going on within him! The old battle betwixt preference and duty. Preference, involving prominence, riches, social standing, and an elevating vocation; duty, promising obscurity, comparative poverty, the everlasting companionship of inferiors, and drudgery. The clock struck a late hour and found Ned still in his chair, an object of pity.

Faintly the old janitor's flute was heard once again floating on the summer night breezes:

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed——."

Ned jumped out of his chair. It was the song his aunt was wont to sing at his crib-side during his infancy. How like her voice it sounded! In feverish haste he jotted down a note to Mr. Levan and dropped it into the box outside of his door; then, unable to bear the torturing thought, he sought slight respite in sleep.

Yes, he was going home—home, where husking and quilting-parties replace the brilliant social events he had learned to enjoy; home, where the old, fossilized parson quacks out his nonsense, compared with the teachings of the eminent divine to whom he had become so attached; home, where screaming maidens manufacture misery in imitation of the cultured city choir. Ah, yes, but home to dear old auntie, of whose being he is a very part. *A. S. Hartzell, '97.*

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### "A Motto for College Students."

---

There is a story current that when H. W. Longfellow was a professor in college he gave this motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best there is in you." There are two natures in every man, one looking down, the other looking up. The one prompts



us to lead the lower, sensual life, and the other to lead a spiritual, Christian, and godly life. The one says to us, "Have a good time; never mind to-morrow;" the other says, "Love not pleasure, love God; this is the everlasting yea." The one seeks to gratify desire, pleasure, passion, and ambition; the other seeks the right and the noble.

Every one of us at every moment is living either for the better or the worse that is in him. "For as he thinketh in his heart so is he." There are moments when even the lowliest among us have aspirations and longings for the beautiful and true, and this is nothing else than the spirit of good in us; and there also are moments when the best of us have impulses and temptations for the baser life. Let us, however, keep in mind the words of James: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love Him."

The power has been given to us to choose our own aims and ideals in life, and consciously or unconsciously we can lead the baser life; and we need not look outside of our own selves to find that which is as low as hell itself. But, on the other hand, we can live up to the best there is in us, and have aspirations that stop short this side of heaven. We can so rule our bodies that they are only means to our spiritual natures. I have heard it remarked that our bodies are but unimportant incidents, the soul is the great fact. Let us therefore seek those things which are above, and live up to our best of thought and character and aim.

To the college student free from the restraints of home life, and therefore apt to run into many temptations, a guide and rule of living is necessary. This motto carried out every day, then, asking ourselves every day, "How have I lived to-day?" "Have I really lived up to the best there is in me?" would keep many of us in the right way. Temptations come very often and in very pleasing guises. To live in the truly ideal state is perhaps not to be advised or commended; but to live in the purely sensual should be condemned.

In conclusion I would say, let us live to the best there is in us, not only in college but at home. We have but one life to live, and we should live it to the glory of God. Let us remember the words of the poet: "A life of honor and of worth has no eternity on earth."

*Paul G. Krutzky, 1900.*



**"Fling Away Ambition ;**

**By That Sin Fell the Angels."**

---

As we stand on the summit of some mountain and gaze on the vast expanse of country spread before us, the rivers gleam like silver snakes as far as the eye can reach, and flash in the sunlight like gems of rare brilliancy. So, as we look over the past ages, the pride and ambition of men stand out like gleaming swords, which destroyed men as a consuming fire, and left behind a broad trail of wasted energies and misplaced powers. This was true not only of heathen nations, but also of the Jewish nation, the chosen people of God. They were not content to be ruled according to God's plan, but desired a king to rule over them, that they might be like their heathen neighbors. When Christ came to earth they would not receive Him, because His station in life did not conform to their ideas, and because He did not establish an earthly kingdom and release them from the power of the Romans, as they had expected.

Let us seek to reap the good from the lives of those who have lived before us, and to be warned by the evil and its punishment. Let us throw away ambition and strive to live for others, even as our Master, Jesus Christ, taught us.

John the Baptist was the forerunner of Christ, of whom he said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." "When the Jews sent priests and Levites unto him from Jerusalem to ask him, 'Who art thou?' . . . . . He confessed, 'I am not the Christ. . . . . I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord.'" When Christ appeared in the multitude, John proclaimed Him as "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" the one of whom he had been preaching. As the bright stars grow pale and vanish before the approach of the mighty sun, so John gave place to Jesus. Gradually his followers left him and went to Christ. But not one word of complaint did he utter against those who deserted him. His mission on earth was completed when he had been used as a stepping-stone by Christ. He was put to death by Herod Antipas when yet a young man thirty-five years of age.

The life of Christ is a complete example of all that is good and true and noble in the hearts of men. How great was

that humility which took Him from His heavenly home to dwell with the poorest on earth! He was never too weary to relieve pain and suffering. No one was ever too deep in sin for Him to stoop and lift him up. When the people would have made Him a king, He withdrew from them and hid Himself. He submitted to death, even the death of the cross; but not for anything which He had done. He suffered and died for the sins of the whole world. Even in death He prayed to His Father to forgive His enemies. His last words were, "It is finished." Thus ended the life of another young man, but His work had been accomplished.

In Paul we find an earnest follower of the Master. In bonds and imprisonment, in affliction, he ever preached Christ Jesus. As a runner in a race puts aside everything which may retard his progress, so Paul put aside every affliction and hindrance that he might save souls. When the people at Lystra would have offered sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas as gods, on account of the miracle which they had performed, they would not allow it, but tried to turn them to the living God.

In marked contrast to these and many others are the lives of those whose mental vision was blinded by a mighty *Ego*. Alexander was one of the greatest generals the world has ever known. "He has been called 'an adventurer.' To fight and conquer, and to spread his dominion wherever there were countries to subdue, seems to have been his absorbing purpose." But we lose sight of his greatness when we are told that he sat down and cried because there were no more worlds to conquer. In the Roman empire men killed each other, or gave large sums of money, for the honor of being emperor; and when the soldiers wanted more money they slew their ruler, and the throne was sold once more to the first ambitious man whom they met.

Wherever the story of Christ is told there are two characters which attract attention by their very diversity: Pontius Pilate, who condemned Christ to death because he feared that he would lose favor with the emperor and the people; and Judas Iscariot, who sold his Master for money. These two have many disciples even to the present day. That brave spy of the Revolutionary war, Nathan Hale, was betrayed into the hands of the British by a relative, a very type of Judas,

who would prove his loyalty with kinsman's blood. Many men are ready to betray friends or relatives for worldly honor or money. It is a shame to civilization that many of our elections are conducted on this basis.

It is a faithful saying that history repeats itself. Men are still actuated by the same selfishness which is natural to human nature, and it is only by constant watchfulness and adherence to the principles of the golden rule that we shall be able to overcome it. Let us earnestly strive to live, not for self, but for the good that we can do, lest when life is far advanced, we may find ourselves in the position of Wolsey when he exclaimed :

“ O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies! ”

*A. B. Yerger, 1900.*

## College Chat.

Past—Sophomore banquet.

Here—Sleighbing and skating.

Coming—'99 Ciarla.

The Glee Club, Mandolin and Guitar Club, Bicycle Club, Base-ball Club, Foot-ball Club, and MUHLENBERG Staff had their pictures taken for the '99 Ciarla.

Sophronia elected the following officers: President, Klepinger, '98; Vice-President, Kunkle, H., '99; Secretary, Straub, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Horn, R., 1900; Treasurer, Horn, W., 1900; Critics, Hehl, '98, and Hausman, '99; Budget Editor, Krutzky, 1900; Chaplain, Bender, '99.

Seiberling, '99, Prof. Everett, and Russel Lynn, of the Academic Department, were the latest candidates to be taken into the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

The delegates for the Luther League convention, at Easton, were Kunkle, H., '99; Bilheimer, '98; Beck, '99, Berg, '99, and Kressley, '98.

The College Mandolin and Guitar Club, under the leader-



ship of E. H. Werley, will appear for the first time before the public on March 1 at St. Stephen's Chapel. We anticipate with them a very successful *debut*.

The next intercollegiate oratorical contest will be held at Lafayette College, Easton, on March 11; and in 1899 at Lehigh University, South Bethlehem.

The Class of 1900 held their banquet at the Crystal Palace, Reading, on Friday night, January 29. F. R. Bausch, Class President, acted as toastmaster. To the following toasts responded: "Our Class," Fegely, C.; "Chronohetheroioses," Allenbach; "The Faculty," Koch; "Botanical Trips," Horn, W.; "Our Team," Kuntz; "The New Men," Beck, A.; "Our Dancing Girls," Lentz; "Our Future Ministers," Flexer; "Reading," Horn, R.; "Muhlenberg University," Fritch, R.; "The Ladies," Krutzky; "Our Future Doctors," Statler; "The Freshmen," Erb; "Our Future," Deisher; "Our Gymn," Creitz; "The Banquet," Straub.

Keuling, '98, gave an address at St. Stephen's Lutheran chapel, North Bethlehem, on December, 26.

Wilcoxon, 1900, has left College on account of failing health. He has received employment at Barber's Music Store.

Henry, '99, gave an able address in St. Mark's Church, South Allentown, on January 23.

Kressley, '98, and Buchman, '99, are suffering with weak eyes and are unable to attend classes.

Brode, 1901, who has been on the sick list, is again seen in the College halls.

*W. J. Seiberling, '99,*  
*F. N. Frithh, '99.*

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## Our Alumni.

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'78.—Dr. Henry H. Herbst is one of the Democratic candidates for the office of School Director in the Ninth Ward, Allentown.

'78.—Rev. James D. Woodring, Reading, Pa., is a member of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, Mt. Gretna, Pa.

'79.—Rev. Wilson N. Rehrig, Ph.D., is taking a special course at the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary.

'81.—Rev. Joseph W. Mayne, Allentown, Pa., has been elected Vice-President of the Keystone Mutual Life Insurance Company of Allentown.

'81.—From *The Lutheran* we learn that St. James' Church of Tuscarawas Parish, Ohio, has decided to procure a two-manual pipe organ and has awarded the contract to a Cleveland builder. Rev. O. D. Miller is the pastor of this church.

'81.—James T. Woodring, Esq., of South Bethlehem, Pa., is the Democratic candidate for District Attorney of Northampton County.

'82.—On Sunday evening, January 31, Rev. Edwin L. Miller, of South Bethlehem, exchanged pulpits with Dr. Repass, of St. John's Church, Allentown.

'82.—Dr. Noah W. Reichard is the leading physician in Bangor, Pa.

'83.—The young People's Union of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. Wm. F. Schoener, pastor, will have a course of lectures for the benefit of an organ fund. Among the names of lecturers and their themes we see Prof. M. Luther Horne, M.A., of the Central High School, on "Ancient Rome and Early Christianity," and Dr. G. T. Ettinger, of Muhlenberg College, on "An Evening with the Dictionary."

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has been reëlected Secretary of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society, the organization that holds the largest and most successful county fair in the United States.

'85.—Rev. Adam N. Weber, Boyertown, Pa., has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'86.—Rev. Edwin F. Kever's address now is 21 Burgess street, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

'86.—Samuel N. Potteiger, Esq., Reading, Pa., has been nominated to succeed his father as a member of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College.

'87.—Rev. Frank M. Seip and family are now in Asheville, N. C.

'88.—On January 9, while Rev. C. D. Clauss and family were at church, thieves broke into the parsonage and stole various sums of money belonging to the church and the Sunday-school.

'88.—On February 13, St. Peter's Church, Shepton, Schuylkill county, Pa., Rev. E. T. Ritter, pastor, was consecrated.

'89.—Rev. E. M. Grahn, Easton, Pa., is Secretary of the Sunday-school convention of the Allentown Conference to be held in Easton, February 22. Among the names on the programme we notice those of Reverends C. E. Sandt, J. W. Lazarus, and Frank F. Fry.

'90.—At the last meeting of the Lehigh Valley Homœopathic Association, held in Catasauqua, Dr. A. J. Bittner, of Allentown, read a paper on "Pneumonia." The Association was royally entertained by Dr. Daniel Yoder and his wife.

'90.—The address of Rev. W. O. Fegley now is Trappe, Pa.

'90.—Rev. J. Charles Rausch is a Democratic candidate for School Director of the Tenth Ward, Allentown.

'90.—Dr. Harry S. Snyder has gone to Meriden, Conn., to assume the treasurership of the Columbia Graphoscope Co.

'91.—Rev. Milton J. Bieber, as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Binghampton, N. Y., has sent out a neatly printed "New Year's Greeting."

'91.—Rev. William W. Kistler, Coopersburg, Pa., has received and declined a unanimous call to Salem Lutheran Church, Frankford, Philadelphia.

'91.—Rev. H. F. Seneker, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has been elected successor to Rev. Frank M. Seip, Lebanon, Pa.

'92.—The firm of Krause & Co., furniture dealers, Allentown, has decided to retire from business. O. F. Bernheim is one of its members.

'92.—Rev. H. Branson Richards, Philadelphia, has been elected a member of the Pennsylvania German Society.

'92.—Rev. C. G. Spieker installed. Rev. Charles G. Spieker, recently of Cleveland, O., was installed yesterday as pastor of Holy Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church at Scranton. The installation services were conducted by the pastor's



father, Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker, of Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, and Rev. L. Lindenstruth, President of the Wilkes-Barre Conference.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

'94.—Rev. J. W. Heintz is pastor of a growing mission in East Stroudsburg, Pa.

'94.—Rev. George C. Loos, of Philadelphia, and his brother have furnished the "Fanny E. Loos Memorial Room" in the dormitory of the Seminary at Mt. Airy, Pa. Bethlehem Lutheran Church, of which Rev. Loos is the pastor, is growing so rapidly that the congregation expects to erect a church-building during the coming year. Rev. Loos preached an excellent English sermon on Sunday evening at the dedication of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'95.—Ammon A. Killian is Principal of Airy View Academy and Normal School at Port Royal, Pa.

'97.—Ira O. Nothstein, of the Mt. Airy Seminary, delivered one of the addresses at the dedication exercises of the Sunday-school of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

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## Editor's Table.

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In assuming our new position at the Editor's Table, and looking carefully over the exchanges, this question occurs to us: In what way should the ideal Exchange Department be conducted? Should the editor only criticise the publications coming to him, commending merit and pointing out faults and making suggestions that would improve the same; or should he cull the choice bits of verse, the witty paragraphs, the newsy college items which furnish us with interesting information about student-life, otherwise unattainable, and in this way reflect the life of other papers in his own? Or should he endeavor by a happy combination to include the best features of both methods? We should like to have the opinion of our exchanges on this question.

The editorials of *College Days* are well written and touch upon a variety of subjects of importance to students. The need of intellectual recreation and the benefits derived from it are strongly presented. The literary department contains

two interesting articles entitled, "The Sage's View of Virtue," and "Perseverance." The editing is systematic, and the general appearance of the paper is very commendable.

The student is he who loves knowledge more than facts; who strives for truth for its own sake; who aspires to manhood rather than to success. He sets before himself no mean standard of attainment. He goes to college to find not a nursery, but a workshop. He finds his inspiration not outside of himself merely, but within himself; and with high-minded, unflagging zeal, he employs his every energy to become, first of all, a man.—*The College Forum*.

There is no better criterion of a college than its alumni and its paper. The alumni represent work it has accomplished, the college journal its present status. An ideal college paper should be tastefully arranged, with a constant introduction of new features. Long articles in each number should be avoided, since they are seldom read. The paper should be made attractive to each student. It should be regarded as a privilege and duty by every student to support his college paper and assist in making it second to none.—*College Chronicle*.

When first I kissed sweet Margaret  
She blushed rose-red,  
And sternly said,  
"You mustn't! Stop!"

Last night I kissed sweet Margaret,  
She blushed rose-red,  
But simply said,  
"You mustn't stop."—*Coup D'Etat*.

The literary matter in *The College Student* is deserving of praise. Among the articles of merit are: "Impressions, Facts, and Fancies," a modern ghost story entitled, "Brains versus Superstition," and several poems. The review of the latest works of fiction is very well done and shows excellent critical ability among the students.

"Mind" is the name of a new psychological magazine. Its first number contains a prophecy relative to the United States in the year 2000. New York will then be the largest city in the world. The sixteen and twenty-story buildings of the present will then be double in height. Steam will be a motive power of the past, and electricity, or, perhaps, a force yet unknown, will take its place. Monstrous steamers will cross

the ocean in two days. Railroad trains will run 150 miles per hour. Telepathy will take the place of typewriters, telephones, and telegraphs. Man will heal himself. Air-boats will take the place of bicycles, and the "poverty of the masses" will have passed away.—*Butler Collegian*.

The affirmative side of the question, "Ought Church Property to be Taxed?" is very forcibly presented in *The Manitou Messenger*. The writer calls attention to the danger to which the Republic is liable from the power of a landed church.

1. He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not—he is a Freshman. Shun him.

2. He who knows not, and knows he knows not—he is a Sophomore. Honor him.

3. He who knows, and knows not he knows—he is a Junior. Pity him.

4. He who knows, and knows he knows—he is a Senior. Reverence him.—*Ex*.

Farmer: "Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up and upset."

City Editor (seizing his paper in haste): "What is the trouble up there?"

"Ploughing," said the farmer.—*Ex*.

Good boys love their sisters;  
So good have I grown,  
That I love other boys' sisters,  
Better than my own.—*Ex*.

A trip to "The Golden Gate" is described in a very pleasing and interesting manner in the *Irving Sketch Book*. The writer gives us an excellent pen picture of the natural scenery of the country through which she traveled.

The name of Princeton University was given from the fact that Henry Prince of Piscataway owned, in 1711, two hundred acres of land where Princeton now stands. As it became populated the name "Prince's Town" was given. Subsequently this became Princeton.—*Ex*.

There is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of 6,000 students.



*The Dickinsonian* contains an excellent production on "The Government of the Imagination." This important psychological question is treated in a very instructive manner, and a great deal of information given concerning the operation of the imagination.

*The Century Magazine* offers the following prizes, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of B. A. in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons, from 1897 to 1900:

*First.*—\$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

*Second.*—\$250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

*Third.*—\$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

Before paper and slates were invented, people multiplied on the face of the earth.—*Ex.*

Teacher: "How was Tyre destroyed?"

Pupil: "Tyre? Let's see; punctured, I guess."—*Ex.*

In Germany, university students are exempt from arrest by the police.—*Ex.*

During 1896 the gifts of American rich men for colleges and benevolent purposes amounted to \$27,000,000.—*Ex.*

It is certainly a matter of school spirit to aid those organizations which represent us upon the athletic field; why, then, is it not equally a matter of school spirit to support those publications which represent us in the field of literature?—*Ex.*

A maid so nice,  
With stroke precise,  
Glides o'er the ice—in vain,  
At last a fall  
The school boys call:  
"First down; two feet to gain."—*Ex.*

The following "stony" wedding announcement appeared in an East Tennessee exchange: "Married at Flintstone, by Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Whitestone and Miss Wilhelmina Sandstone, both of Limestone." This is getting mighty "rocky," and there's bound to be a "blasting" of these "stony" hearts

before many "pebbles" appear on the connubial beach. The grindstone of domestic infelicity will sharpen the axe of jealousy and discord, and sooner or later one or the other of the pair will rest beneath a tombstone. Then look out for the brimstone.—*The Dickinsonian*.

Dartmouth has a cat farm to supply biological students.—*Ex.*

The Yerkes telescope is reported to have proved that there are no indications of air or life on the moon.—*Ex.*

The world stands aside to let a man pass who knows where he is going.—*Ex.*

The noblest life is the life of unselfish service.—*Ex.*

A good student is known by three things: "He can begin to study when he doesn't like it; he can study when he would rather quit; he can quit when he ought to.—*Ex.*

College life is a little world in itself. It presents certain peculiar conditions. In its composition it is unique. It has its joys—such joys!—and its trials. Its discipline is severe, but its fruits are valuable and lasting. To him who for the first time enters the portals of this world of thought, we would say, *be yourself*. You will be judged, not by what you appear, but by what you are. Do not be indifferent to all the meetings connected with your school; attach yourself to all its organizations. Our best friendships are formed here. Value them. Study, but don't "dig." Be sociable. Above all things, cultivate enthusiasm for your work. Stand for your little world and all its enterprises. But, why are we here? To study ourselves. Socrates said that the highest wisdom was to know one's ignorance. If that be true, we will attain much wisdom. The fields of knowledge are widely extended, yet one may hope to explore these fields to such an extent as his ability and opportunity will allow. The highest knowledge is not the ability to read so much Greek and Latin, to recall all the dates of history, or to write a pleasing and a correct theme. It is not a mere knowledge of text-books that one should expect from his school-life. He should expect larger views of living, more respect for the opinions of others, less narrowness. He should expect and obtain a higher development of his being and a more beautiful growth of his soul.—*Butler Collegian*.

Girls, declining: "Hic, haec, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us; quick, quick!"—*Ex.*

Yale has established a system of pensions for professors in their old age. Any member of the faculty who has served twenty-five years, may retire at the age of sixty-five with an annual allowance equal to half his former salary.—*Ex.*

The amount of money offered to the students of Chicago University in prizes for debate reaches \$1,300 yearly.—*Ex.*

Yale has decided to confer a new degree, that of Master of Science. It is the general degree given to post-graduate students who do not wish to specialize.—*Ex.*

A college of commerce and politics is to be formed under the auspices of Chicago University. The college is to teach practical business and politics, finance, trade, and insurance.—*Ex.*

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania has established a prize worth \$100 to be given annually to that member of the foot-ball, base-ball, track team, or of the crew who attains the highest scholarship.—*Ex.*

Rush Medical College is to be affiliated with the University of Chicago.—*Ex.*

A chair in the Norse language and literature is to be established in the University of California.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth has inaugurated a new college custom in the shape of a "senior fence," on which at each commencement are carved the names of the graduating class.—*Ex.*

In the Alaskan gold fields—few are called but many are frozen.—*Western University Courant.*

Dear old pipe, my oldest friend,  
Brier of darkest hue,  
How I long to smoke and dream—  
I'm in love with you.—

—*Western University Courant.*

*Bernard Repass, '98.*

## The World of Letters.

Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of the Korosko" has finished its serial course in *The Strand*, and will be at once issued in book form as "A Desert Drama." It has for its stage Nubia and



the Nile. The story is an entirely new departure for the creator of "Sherlock Holmes." Its scene is the Desert of Sahara, its actors a mixed party of tourists navigating the Nile on a turtle-bottomed stern-wheeler, shaped like a flat-iron. The clear, direct sentences which made the detective books so fascinating are here employed in photographing the green-bordered Nile with its fringe of ruined temples, and in picturing the queer groups whose adventures in the hands of a band of savage Dervishes form the "Desert Drama."

After three years of unremitting labor Sidney and Beatrice Webb have published the sequel and complement to their "History of Trade Unionism." Of their new work on "Industrial Democracy," bound in two volumes, the reviewer asserts: "If the startling group, or rather crowd, of novel and illuminating conclusions here put forward with a mass of apparently unanswerable evidence, stands the test of the industrial development of the next fifty years, 'Industrial Democracy' will be the 'Wealth of Nations' of the twentieth century."

A new novel, "For Love of Country," has just been published. The Scribner's declare that "considered either on its historical or its romantic side it will be apt to win for itself unusual attention. The author, Cyrus Brady, is a graduate of the Annapolis Naval Academy. The sea fights in this 'story of land and sea in the days of the Revolution' are portrayed with a graphic power well nigh unexampled in American fiction, while the new view of Washington as he appeared in the famous Trenton and Princeton campaign gives the book historical importance. The keynote of the love story is loyalty to country, the hero being a young naval officer."

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler is preparing a series of volumes under the title of "A Century of American Statesmen: A Biographical Survey of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the Close of the Nineteenth Century." Prof. Tyler has also a volume in preparation which will present the "Literary History of the American Republic During the First Half Century of its Independence (1783-1833)."

This work will form a continuation of the volumes previously published on the literature of the Colonial and the Revolutionary periods.

"Various Fragments," a small volume by Herbert Spencer, has just been passed through the press.

A revised "History of Richard III" is in preparation by James Gairdner, who has considerably enlarged the separate chapter on Perkin Warbeck.

The New Amsterdam Book Company shortly before the holidays published a volume of sketches by Dickens, brought together under the title "Old Lamps for New Ones," which has met with a generous reception. The demand for the book was so great that notwithstanding a first large edition, a second had to be prepared almost immediately. This edition is now ready, and is also being taken up rapidly. The same company has also issued four volumes of its subscription edition of the works of Bulwer Lytton, namely, "The Last of the Barons," in two volumes; "The Caxtons," and "Rienzi." The publishers announce that two volumes will be published each month until the set is complete.

"A Library of the World's Best Literature," edited by Charles Dudley Warner, deserves special attention. This library contains the essence of the world's best literature, and a connected history of the different literatures of the world—their rise, development, and present status. An important purpose of the library is the interpretation of literature in essays by some of the most eminent scholars of the present day. These essays embody critical, interpretative, biographical, and historical comments upon authors and their works and place in literature, not by one mind or by a small editorial staff, but by a great number of the most eminent writers and scholars, literary specialists, and critics of our times.

The writers have chosen the most interesting and significant portions to illustrate and explain the literatures under discussion, many of which have been specially translated for the "Library" and may now be enjoyed in English for the first time.

These essays are not pedantic or dry, but are one and all thoroughly readable and enjoyable; in fact, they themselves are literature of the most fascinating quality.

*John W. Koch, '99.*



MARCH, 1898.



Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	149
The Amiable Deception, <i>J. K. Sullenberger</i> , '98, . . . . .	151
Josef Wesik, the Master Violinist; A Story, <i>West Eckel</i> , '98, . . . . .	153
The Negro of the New South, <i>W. M. Horn</i> , 1900, . . . . .	159
The Alumni Banquet, <i>F. C. Krapf</i> , '95, . . . . .	162
Editorial Contributions:	
College Chat, . . . . .	163
Our Alumni, . . . . .	166
Editor's Table, . . . . .	170
The World of Letters, . . . . .	176
The Oratorical Contest, <i>A. A. Kunkle</i> , '99, . . . . .	178

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

*"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."*

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1898.

No. 7.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
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GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.

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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 **TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

**FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.**

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

It is with great pleasure that the editors, at this time, take the privilege to express their gratitude for the kindness of those who have given us the use of a room, which has been so snugly fitted out as a sanctum since the preceding issue of this monthly. Under the set of rules that has been formulated for the same, it is hoped that the best interests of THE MUHLENBERG will be promoted with as few disadvantages as were heretofore anticipated.

§ § §

From the early part of our collegiate year until a few weeks ago, our Glee Club and Mandolin and Guitar Club seemed to

bear in mind that "practice makes perfect." Their first concerts have been a decided success, and are worthy of praise. Whether it is due to the charms of music, or the winning features of the club's shining lights, or to both, that we are informed of their merited success, suffice it to say that the reputation attained by the musical talent of Muhlenberg in times past has not been lowered. Our best wishes are that these clubs may receive the proper support of the students and of the music-loving community, in order that they may continue to render their *medleys* and *potpourris*, thus emulating the examples of our immortal psalmists and reformers.

§ § §

The words of Socrates, "He is not only idle that does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed," are very applicable to two conspicuous characters that pass under the assumed name of "students."

The first class of these kinds of students remind one of a lost dog in Constantinople, where dogs are plenty and masters comparatively scarce. Here, contrary to the common rule in other cities, dogs gather in crowds to maintain a sort of self respect among themselves, by community of feeling and a consciousness that they are neither exceptional nor eccentric, and consequently become dogs of leisure. So many young men, after having lost all traces of the few callings in life for which they are truly fitted, without discarding their boorish habits, seek the protection of some reputable college in order to maintain their self-respect. The set with which they associate here are known as those who borrow money with the intention of never repaying it, follow the latest fashions, frequent places of amusement, cater to society of a questionable character, ignore the rules of the institution, indulge in the countless luxuries of the day, and try to make themselves believe they are respectable.

The other class, like dogs in most cities, lose themselves with their homes. Often, by means of an inherited glib tongue and the power of assuming the air of a sage, they succeed in winning the favor of their instructors. Then it is when they lose their heads. Ambitious for renown, they soon form an opinion that they are the only candidates who are worthy of responsible positions. With many promises of recompense they



solicit the aid of those whom they ignore in time of need. If elected to some office, it is with the purpose of simply advancing their own interests. If asked to perform in public, their greatest anxiety is to show off to the best advantage. All possible means, even their religion, are used to support their fame and to acquire popularity. They become ideal schemers and policy workers, and still claim the highest respect of their fellow-students.

Such students, like certain dogs, are useful in their proper places. With the consolation that some day they might be able to find their lost places, let them be treated with hospitality. When found to be "treacherous dogs," let us kick them out.

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### The Amiable Deception.

---

I hear the voice of the brook ; the burden of its song is still the same as of former days. I hear the lay of the contented "inhabitant of the air," disturbing the stillness of the morning atmosphere in summer ; its mellifluous notes still charm my ear as of previous times. I watch the fishes in the water, the beasts in the field, the colonies of insects, all manœuvring in their usual habits and following strictly their instincts. I see the blossoming buds and blooming flowers ; they flash the same beauty and emit the same fragrance as those of former years. The landscape presents the same picture, the mountains still stand the same unmoved "types of permanence." The clouds still fly on their outspread wings, reflecting the gorgeous sunlight or casting an ominous shadow of gloom where'er they float ; they still send the flitting flakes of the crystal purity, still send the cooling drops that speak in the same pattering murmurs. The dawn is still heralded by the rosy reflection of the gilding waves of light on the wall of the horizon-sky, the setting of the sun still clothes the sky with all the variegated tints of the sinking rays. The blue dome of the heavens overhead still extends its expanding shelter, on the walls of which the silver stars still keep their silent watch, and the "Queen of Night" still holds out her lantern of fire, and the "Lord of Day" still spreads out his radiating fingers to lift the misty veil of darkness and chaos. Though unchanged, Nature in all

her forms is still fresh and new—she always reveals herself in her unfathomable reality. No change or guise is necessary to heighten her effect on my spirit, to enhance her beauty to my eye, or her music to my ear, or her influence on my thought. It is the stern reality of herself that captivates the attention of her lovers. They want no innovations in her, no change in her style of manners, no change in her conduct toward them, by virtue of which they might fail to recognize and know her. Though humanity would wail and denounce her for any deceitful appearances she might make, it does not think of her merit as an example. Man must not show himself to the world for fear of losing his place. He must hide his character.

Do you seek for fame and popularity, for esteem and justice? Then disguise yourself, your thoughts, motives, actions, appearance, character. Assume the artificialities of fashion and society. Smear yourself all over with the paint and powder of society, bedaub yourself with its feculent perfumes, array yourself in the glittering garb of aristocracy. The shining ring will catch the public gaze. Get rich—your money will secure for you a train of those who will serve you. Uselessly costly garments and harassingly precious adornments will make of you a “shining star” of the highest magnitude. The external is very perceivable and convincing. Polish it, then, lest you fail to catch the eye, or, perhaps, dazzle it with your brightness. Let the deeper instincts of common sense and thought rest within the onlooking crowd.

Though you delight not in mental culture and polish, it is well for you to be equipped with all the necessary chattels, lest it be said that you are not learned or wise.

A degree or title will do much to bring you to the notice of the public, to bring much honor and praise. May you be the gossip of the newspapers, lest people believe not in you. Though you study not or read not, be sure to possess an extensive library of “deadline” literature. A superadded story for your brain will “heighten” the effect of your appearance, and a cane will aid you in your ostentatious perambulations.

Though you understand not much of music, it will help you to praise the performances of your patron friend. The melodious wailings of that “bigbug’s” infant child is grand music in your ear. It must not offend you, lest you offend



him. It is yours to occupy the front pew. It is yours to donate gifts to the church that you may exalt your position. It is yours to erect public monuments to please the state. Let your minister then eulogize your liberality. In politics you must invent some burning theory to inflame the multitude, or publish a book and let it be circulated under the title, "The Book of the Age."

In the pulpit make your lectures attractive—follow the sentiment of the public, lest your audience be small. Promise to lighten the burdens of their hearts by their fulfillment of a good collection.

In law magnify the case by the multitude of witnesses, that you may show your dexterity in so successfully disposing of so weighty a matter.

Though you must imitate the pleasing wiles of the paradisaal serpent, you will be successful in all your ambitions and aspirations.

Your tangled web well woven and well baited will be sure to catch, and you will have your applauders in your "goodly" designs.

*J. K. Sullenberger, '98.*

### Josef Wesik, the Master Violinist.

#### I.

The hoof of the war-horse had trodden heavily upon the freedom of Poland on that dire day in the year 1861. Before the Russian cavalry were mowed down not a few of the thirty thousand natives gathered upon the field of Grochow. Many were slain; more were imprisoned. Upon what charge? Insurrection against the Czar.

But do men go forth to wage war armed with prayer-books and singing hymns? Should the Czar consider it treason for the friends of free Poland to gather upon a barren field to pray for the souls of their departed compatriots? As the sun sank into the west, upon the gory field, there lay the forms of men and women in whose cold hands glistened not the sword, not the dirk, but the rosary, in silent accusation against the ruthlessness of Alexander II.

Truly, many had fallen; more had been imprisoned; but still, some had escaped. From the mangled mass of slain



humanity there arose at first a hand, swarthy and deft, then a face, and slowly the clenched fist stretched heavenward. The fingers relaxed, and with the full moon shining upon the uplifted hand and agitated face, there was uttered this vow, breaking the funereal silence: "The blood of my father will I requite. Saints in Heaven, witness this vow against the murderer emperor." The sounds died away, and almost as quietly there crept from the grewsome scene the form of a Pole.

Josef Wesik had found his parent, but in so doing he was released from the last of all earthly blood-ties.

## II.

The porter unbolted the private entrance of the imperial palace one day in February in 1862.

"The imperial orchestra lacks a first violin, I believe," came from the occupant of a large coat, heavily caped.

"The Czar never despises merit in a musician," answered the lackey, arrogant in his brief authority. "You're not the first applicant, however," and he made a sweeping gesture and, the applicant having entered, the gates were again barred.

Now, it so happened that ten days hence there was to be celebrated the annual recital of the imperial orchestra. But yesterday morning the Master Violinist had been charged with conspiracy against the Czar and had been promptly deposed, and the position of master first violinist was vacant since no one of the understudies would attempt the rôle.

Finally, from the room of the Master Musician there sounded forth the plaintive wailings of a violin in the hands of a master. The door opened and there walked out the late applicant, while upon the register of the imperial orchestra of the Russian Empire there appeared this entry:

"Josef Wesik, Master First Violinist."

## III.

The day of the recital at length dawned. All was hurry and bustle; in the vast throne-room preparations were progressing in the arrangement of seats, tier upon tier; in the music-room, overtures, sonatas, solos were repeated with greatest precision and truest interpretation.

"The event of the evening," spoke the Master Musician, after beating his baton on the music-stand for silence," will be the *debut* of Mlle. Catharine Ermak; in her performances she will be accompanied by M. Josef Wesik, as first violinist."

And again the tuning and twanging of violins and 'cellos and the deep, rolling thunder of the kettledrums became supreme.

\* \* \* \* \*

The hum of conversation among the nobility ceased as the first strains of Rossini's "Tancred," interpreted with full orchestration, swept over the assembled auditors. How sublime it was when produced by scores of instruments all in perfect harmony and faultless precision!

As Mlle. Ermak arose and advanced to the front of the platform a storm of gracious applause welcomed her. She took her position and waited as the orchestra rendered the introductory bars of her selection. Then the breast heaved, the full neck expanded, and from the throat of the prima donna the rich, full notes of melody, sustained by the quavering, tremulous strains of the first violin, carry to the remotest corner. An encore is demanded; the demand becomes imperative since, behold! the Czar has arisen from his throne and from the onyx dais bows low before the merit of a subject.

The hall is still ringing with applause as Mlle. Ermak arises and bows in obeisance to her sovereign.

Her lips part and the first words of "Non E'ver" fill the hall with rich melody, "'Tis not true," followed by the tender, sobbing notes of the first violin in the hands of the master, M. Josef Wesik.

"False, they say, art thou to me,  
That thy love was never mine;  
But I still hold full faith in thee,  
And my heart is ever thine."

Then for a brief moment she remained silent in which the violinist's eyes seemed to vie with his instrument in pleading his devotion.

"False, they say, art thou to me,  
That thy love was never mine."

And then the prima donna, as though soliloquizing, sang forth with power and conviction—

“ Ah! 'tis not true;”

and softly the melody of the violin echoed the strains.

“ Ah! no, no; 'tis not true,  
For I still hold full faith in thee;  
My heart is thine.”

How the nobility applauded! Would it never cease?

And from the velvet throne the Czar arose and beckoned to someone on the platform. He can be inviting but one only, the prima donna! And so with quick conception of his sovereign's will the Master Musician proffers his arm to Mlle. Ermak and would accompany her to the feet of Alexander II.

Not so, however. “ Let Mlle. Ermak be attended by her partner in triumph,” the monarch calls out loudly; and leaning upon the arm of the Pole the prima donna approaches the Czar.

“ Now is my time for freedom's blow for suffering Poland,” Wesik thought; and the visions of that field of carnage nerve the patriot for the deed. “ Shade of my departed father, assist—.” “ And to you, M. Wesik, I would give this token to prove that an Alexander does merit talent and skill.” And upon the second finger of the right hand, the Czar placed a heavy gold ring surmounted by the Russian coat of arms intaglio.

And Mlle. Ermak, bearing the rarely conferred insignia of the order of St. Andrew, again accepts the arm of the violinist in descending from the throne.

#### IV.

Almost a twelvemonth afterwards it was rumored that M. Josef Wesik had laid successful siege to the heart of Mlle. Ermak. And on the morrow the prima donna was to bid farewell to the public stage and retire to private life—but not alone.

“ M. Wesik,” announced the servant, admitting that gentleman into the prima donna's boudoir. A low courtesy, another greeting, and very shortly conversation becomes quite settled. But, try as he will, Wesik cannot relieve his mind. Mlle.



Ermak, with all the tact of a woman, has soon discovered the cause of Josef's sullen demeanor. The whole incident of the battlefield is related even down to the vow. "And to-day," he continued, "I received word that to-morrow, while the Czar is surrounded by his fauning vassals, the noble Mieroslavski will be surrounded by loyal Poles; and then," suddenly becoming frantic, the Pole shouted, "then, Poland, thou sufferer, avenge the countless murders that have stained thy fair name!" Then, seeming to recollect the wasted opportunity in the throne-room, he muttered, "The master violinist may still strike for thee."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Mlle. Ermak arose to sing on the following day, a brief message was slipped into the hand of the Czar:

"Mieroslavski has raised the standard of insurrection in the Posen frontier. Has had advices from a Pole at the royal court, a musician, Wesik by name."

The Master Violinist, standing beside the prima donna, notices the straining eyes of the Czar, burning through his very thoughts, revealing his perfidy.

Quickly advancing toward him is a detachment of *gens d'armes*. He sees all in a moment. Mlle. Ermak, the faithless, has betrayed him; she has thought more of her sovereign than of her lover. Intense loathing seizes him, and in his fiery Slavonic passion he hurls the violin and bow to the floor, and with the back of his right hand he strikes the prima donna upon the forehead, more as a symbol of contempt than of malice. The *gens d'armes* have arrived and overpowered him a moment too late.

## V.

Twenty years afterwards there appeared a huge bulletin in front of the Metropolitan Theatre in New York.

MISS GENEVIEVE RENSON,  
following her marvelous successes in  
GREAT BRITAIN AND ON THE CONTINENT.  
BILL FOR  
MONDAY, 8.30 P. M.  
GRAND OPERA, - - "FAUST."

The curtain rose before a house filled and overflowing. Standing-room was selling at two dollars. The palmiest days of grand opera had never seen such an audience. The prima donna, decked in jewels and disguised in the costumery of the opera, appeared as an ideal Marguerite. Her rendition of the rôle was perfect. An encore was demanded by the delighted audience. The manager, anxious to ensure a success of the series, ceded to the audience the privilege of naming the encore. All were silent except one man in the fourth balcony, who bawled out, "Something popular!" Finally a man, tall, sharp-featured and with brave mustachios, shrilly called out, "*Pardonnez*," and he, rising from his seat, bowed low; "*Mam'selle, sie vous plait—*" and he smiled in asking so great a favor. "Non e'ver."

The audience clamored, "Aye, aye; Non e'ver!" and while some arose and waved their handkerchiefs in homage to the prima donna, others saw the graceful woman seized by a momentary tremor; her eyes seemed fixed on some past scene; and with a mighty effort she declined the music-score offered by the director. Her old-time ease returned as she calmly replied: "I should know that song."

\* \* \* \* \*

The director held his hand forth in token of silence. "First violin, only," he softly said and nodded to a haggard, gray-haired old—prematurely old—man. The latter advanced and was assigned a position some ten paces behind the prima donna. He was calm, almost lifeless, in his movements until he heard the opening words.

"'Tis not true."

"Ah," he mused, "she understands her selection;" and forthwith he was imbued with new life. How the shriveled face beamed as the violin uttered its soulful chords.

"False they say art thou to me,  
That thy love was never mine;  
But I still hold full faith in thee,  
And my heart is ever thine."

Oh! how she uttered the words; full of hidden meaning, glorious in protest. Softly wailed the first violin. "Could it

be *his* violin!" And the beauty feared to turn her eyes upon the violinist. "That tremulous whisper was one of his peculiarities in playing."

"False they say art thou to me  
That thy love was never mine."

Then, as the woman drew herself up to give her very soul's emphasis to the words, the accompaniment ceased. The first violinist, with his hair disheveled, grasping his Stradivarius in his left hand, strode to the side of the prima donna and gazed into her face. A moment elapsed and then, from the thin lips of the violinist there came the word, "Catharine." The violinist grasped the woman's hand. Her eyes fell upon his feverish, twitching fingers. She paled, and as she fixed her eyes upon the intaglio on the second finger of the violinist's hand, a livid spot seemed to start from her forehead. The audience was hushed. "Catharine, thou didst betray me!" shrieked the Pole. And the director, attempting to retrieve the failure, led the orchestra through the last bar of "Non e' ver"—

"No; ah, no; 'tis not true."

And as the two stood hand in hand, the violinist's left hand clutched his instrument still more tightly, until, just as the fragile cord snapped loudly, the misguided Pole reeled and fell dead at the feet of the wronged Catharine.

*West Eckel, '98.*

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### The Negro of the New South.

---

The Negro, at present, in the South is but little, if indeed any, better off than he was before the war. The Negro before the war worked, and for his services was provided with clothing, food, and home. Now, because he is not compelled to work, he will not and does not work, and in consequence he loaf. The Negro men in particular are very lazy, and so long as they can get along without working they will not work. The wife supports the family, and the husband works just enough to get drunk. In the cities most of the Negro women are employed as cooks, both by the rich and by the poor, because of the cheap labor. There is a song which the Negro men sing which expresses the laziness of the Negro very well. The last two lines and the chorus are:



“ Wha’ fo’ de nigger hed ter wuk so ha’hd  
 Wen he got a wife in de wite man’ ya’hd? ”

Other Negro women work on the farms and bring the produce down to the cities in order to sell it on the streets. Everything is brought direct to one’s back door and there is no need to go to market. Those who go to market go only for the exercise of walking there and back. The Negro women sit in their respective stalls and cry out their wares. In order to give the reader a good understanding of a market scene, I shall endeavor to give one of the many interesting contentions between these female hucksters. A lady walks into market, and immediately from one stall comes the cry, “ Dis way, missus; I got bery fine wegetuble heah!” Then comes a cry from across the way: “ Missus, dat nigger aint got no good wegetuble, dem wegetuble was picked day befo’ yis-tiddy. Yer gwine ter lose yer money on dat nigger ef yo’ buy. Yer hed better leave off en’ come heah; my wegetuble is de fines’ an’ de cheapes’ in de mahket.” As could but be expected, the poor customer is bewildered by this “ galling fire,” and usually passes on, buying from neither.

Those who do not sell their goods in the market vend them along the streets, meanwhile shouting out their wares. Sometime ago in one of the Southern cities the people complained of the shouting, saying that they could not bear to be awakened at 5.30 A.M., as they could not fall asleep again after being aroused from their early morning slumber. Some wished that this nuisance should be stopped while others did not, and many were the accounts that appeared in the newspapers for and against it. After many discussions and controversies, an article finally appeared in Negro dialect which gave the victory to the hucksters. This article was very cleverly arranged, but is too long to summarize, so I shall quote only a few passages:

“ Wha’ mek yo’ ain’ want us ter holler in the mawnin,  
 How yo’ gwine git yo’ t’ings widout we callin’?  
 Ebery yeah now I bin sellin’ wegetuble,  
 Neber befo’ yerry ob all dis yer trubble.  
 How yo’ gwine do ef yo’ mek me stop?  
 Git up in de mawnin and go ter de shop?  
 Yo’ can’t sen’ de sarbent, caws who gwine min’ de do’?  
 And gemmens can’t buy t’ings, I know dat sho’;

Gemmens can't buy t'ings ez good ez ladies,  
Some of dem ain't know beet f'um pertaties;  
So yo' better let me go long jes ez we use ter,  
We ain't gwine wek yo up no mo'n yo' rooster."

## CHORUS.

"Go long, mule, go long, deys jes high-fliers,  
Okra an' termaties, green corn buyers."

For some time, in the State of South Carolina, a method called the "chain gang" has been successfully adopted, which compels those prisoners who have committed petty offences to do work. All the prisoners guilty of such crimes are chained together and marched out of the city every morning. They are taken out into the neighboring country and are compelled to make roads. In order to prevent any prisoner from escaping, a guard of eight men, armed with double-barreled shotguns, keep watch over them. Furthermore, they are chained to a ball of iron weighing probably about fifty pounds, and must work until evening, when they are brought back to the county jail. As the Negro is largely a professional pilferer, this "chain gang" is very prosperous. Notwithstanding these thieving propensities on the part of the Negro, he likes to go to church in order to "get religion." They usually rush up to the altar as soon as they have entered the church, and then the second row falls upon the first one, beating them until they fall down from fatigue, when they are carried out. They are taken home by some of the high brethren of the church, and immediately go to bed, where they sleep for a couple of days. So soon as they wake up from their trance-like sleep they relate the wonderful visions which they have had during their semi-consciousness, and then they are declared converted. This "beating" and "getting religion" in the church is held every Sunday night. They do not like to go to school, and will not study unless they are absolutely compelled. It seems that the saying, "the hardest part of a Negro is his head," is true, since you can hardly ever drive anything into him in that direction. Perhaps he gets his schooling into his head through his shins, which are the weakest part of his body. The Negro strongly believes in insurance policies, and I suppose he gets a great deal of his

superstition from the insurance agents. "If you should happen to hear three knocks on your door in the dead of night, you will die," is the superstitious belief that is most feared by them; remember—three knocks!

*W. M. Horn, 1900.*

### Alumni Banquet.

The fourth annual banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College was held at the Bingham House, Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, February 18, 1898.

At the business meeting preceding the banquet the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. J. W. Hassler, '89; First Vice-President, Rev. J. F. Nicholas, '86; Second Vice-President, Rev. Frederic Doerr, '92; Treasurer, Rev. Geo. C. Loos, '94; Secretary, Rev. U. S. G. Bertolet, '92; Executive Committee, A. B. Hassler, Esq., '82, F. G. Lewis, Esq., '85, and the President, Secretary, and Treasurer.

#### MENU.

Blue Points.

Puree a la Reine.

Radishes.

Gherkins.

Broiled Spanish Mackerel, Maitre d'Hotel.

Pommes Persillade.

Filet Mignon, aux Champignons.

French Peas.

Sweet Potatoes.

Chicken Cutlet, a l'Impetratrice.

Salade de Tomates.

Ice Cream.

Fancy Cakes.

Roquefort.

Wafers.

Cafe Noir.

#### TOASTS.

Toastmaster, . . . . . N. WILEY THOMAS, PH.D., '83,  
Professor of Chemistry, Girard College, Philadelphia.

"The Philadelphia Alumni," . . . . . EVAN B. LEWIS, ESQ., '90,  
of the Philadelphia Bar.

"Lafayette," . . . . . JACOB H. ROHRBACH, A.M.,  
Principal of the Oaklane Public Schools, Philadelphia.



- "The Muhlenberg," . . . . . REV. W. F. SCHOENER, A.M., '83,  
Pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.
- "Our Seminary in its Relation to the College," REV. J. FRY, D.D.,  
Professor of Homiletics at the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary.
- "The College and University Council of the State," . . . . .  
REV. THEO. L. SEIP, D.D.,  
President of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.
- "Our Law and Lawmakers," . . . . . HON. W. N. ASHMAN, LL.D.,  
Judge of the Orphans' Court, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hon. W. N. Ashman, LL.D.; Rev. Jacob Fry, D.D.; Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, D.D.; Prof. Jacob H. Rohrbach, A.M.; Rev. G. W. Sandt; Rev. C. J. Cooper; Evan B. Lewis, LL.B., '90; Rev. W. F. Schoener, '83; Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., '70; Chas. H. Keller, '71; Rev. C. L. Fry, '78; Prof. O. G. J. Schaadt, '78; Aaron B. Hassler, Esq., '82; Prof. N. Wiley Thomas, B.S., Ph.D., '83; Elmer E. Johnson, M.D., '85; Francis G. Lewis, Esq., '85; Rev. Robert B. Lynch, '85; Howard S. Seip, D.D.S., '85; Rev. Chas. W. Jefferis, '86; A. Grant Loder, M.D., '86; S. N. Potteiger, Esq., '86; Geo. R. Ulrich, D.D.S., '88; J. Wyllis Hassler, M.D., '89; Rev. U. S. G. Bertolet, '92; Rev. H. B. Richards, '92; Rev. E. H. Trafford, '92; Rev. Geo. A. Kercher, '93; Rev. P. Geo. Sieger, '93; Rev. Geo. C. Loos, '94; Rev. Warren Nickel, '94; Geo. S. Opp, '94; Fred. C. Krapf, '95; H. P. Miller, '95; W. Penn Barr, '96; Wm. H. Steinbicker, '96; Paul Z. Strodach, '96; S. G. Trexler, '96; L. Domer Ulrich, '96; F. K. Fretz, '97; W. D. Kline, '97; Gomer B. Matthews, '97; Francis Miller, '97; Jay E. Reed, '97; Thos. W. Saeger; Dr. John H. Dubbs; Prof. S. U. Brunner; Dr. Francis O. Ritter; Dr. Wm. S. Schantz; Dr. T. B. Roberts; Wm. Loos; Harry Barr; and Wm. Ulrich.

*Fred. C. Krapf, '95.*

## College Chat.

Up-to-date—Dr. R.'s tie.

Out of date—Dr. E.'s jokes.

Coming—'99's Ciarla.

Gone—Dr. S.'s watch.

Heilman and Klick, '99, were the guests of their lady friends at the Keystone Normal last week.

Koch, '99, addressed the Hanover Sunday-school on Wednesday evening, February 16.

Wenner, '98, and Klick, '99, were the speakers at St. Stephen's anniversary on March 1.

The following students were delegates to the annual Sunday-school convention held at Easton on February 22: Keuling, '98, Grace Sunday-school, Bethlehem; Gruber, '98, First Ward Sunday-school; A. A. Kunkle, '99, and Kopp, '99, St. Michael's; Berg, '99, St. Peter's; Buchman, '99, St. Stephen's; F. N. Fritch, Salem Sunday-school, Bethlehem.

The Glee Club appeared to the public for the first time on Washington's Birthday at Quakertown. The boys had an enjoyable time both in going and returning. They were greeted by a large and appreciative audience. We wish them future success.

Heilman, '99, was away from college a few days owing to the death of his brother, Prof. O. J. Heilman.

Iredell, formerly of Lehigh University, has entered the Sophomore class as a special student. Iredell was a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at Lehigh and has affiliated with the Alpha Tau Omega here.

The latest officers of Euterpea are: President, Seaman, '98; Vice-President, Berg, '99; Recording Secretary, Bickel, 1901; Corresponding Secretary, Schofer, 1901; Chaplain, Bilheimer, '98; Critics, Heist, '98, and Fetherolf, '99; Pianist, Sheetz, 1901.

The officers of Sophronia are: President, Kunkle, H., '99; Vice-President, Hausman, '99; Recording Secretary, Fegley, 1900; Corresponding Secretary, Reagle, F., 1901; Chaplain, Wenner, '98; Critics, Kauffman, '98, and Repass, '98; Budget, Horn, R., 1900; Treasurer, Kuntz, 1900.

McCullough, '99, to Prof. D. (in Lab.): "Professor, do we get that  $H_2S$  from you?"

Prof. D. (short and quick): "No, Mr. McCullough; but from my bottle!"

Gruhler, '99 (soliloquizing in Dr. W.'s): "Doctor, I wish I had more sense."

Trumbower, '99, airing his opinion of a war between Germany and the United States: "If I were Commander-in-Chief of the United States' forces I would first blow up all the breweries, then we would have them dead easy."

Dr. W. to Hartzell, '99: "Hartzell, you are the monkey of your class."

Hartzell: "Doctor, why don't you put me on a string?"

Dr. R. to Heist, '99 (in English History): "What did King Henry do after he was divorced from Katharine?"

Heist, '99: "He married Mary Queen of Ireland."

Fritch, L., '99, to Deisher, 1900: "Deisher, were you at the banquet?"

Deisher, 1900: "I was."

Fritch: "How long was it between the wine and the walnuts?"

Deisher: "I don't know, Fritch; my recollection doesn't extend to the walnuts."

Dr. B. to Kleppinger, '98 (in Astronomy): "Mr. Kleppinger, suppose you were out upon a large farm and had no watch with which to tell the time, how could you tell when it was dinner time?"

Kleppinger: "By my stomach."

Dr. B.: "I am afraid, Mr. Kleppinger, you would always be home *before* dinner."

Scholl, 1901, has suddenly severed his connection with Muhlenberg College.

The Glee and Mandolin clubs assisted at the anniversary at St. Stephen's chapel on Tuesday night, March 1. This was their first public appearance in Allentown, and we are glad to hear that their efforts were crowned with success.

The musical clubs of the college held a meeting on March 2, and took steps toward forming what will probably be known as the Musical Association of Muhlenberg.

The Chapel Organist, with the assistance of Dr. Wackernagel, compiled a special setting to the matin service for use in chapel during Lent. The music has a merrier strain and is much liked by the boys.

Rex, '99, addressed the Hanover Sunday-school.



A Belvidere lady, not as young as she once was, on being asked why she didn't marry, replied, "I have considerable money of my own, a parrot that swears, a dog that chews, a stove that smokes; so you see that I am not in need of a husband."

*W. J. Seiberling, '99.*

*F. N. Fritch, '99.*

## Our Alumni.

'69.—The volume on "Revelation" in the new Lutheran Commentary has just appeared from the pen of Dr. Revere F. Weidner, of Chicago Seminary.

'70.—From *The Lutheran* we learn that Rev. W. K. Frick, of Milwaukee, traveled 100 miles to deliver an address on "The Opening of China," before the Luther League of the East Wisconsin District.

'70.—Rev. J. J. Kuntz recently delivered an interesting address on the "Education of the Young," in Rev. Kuder's church, Lehighton.

'78.—Dr. H. H. Herbst has been reëlected School Director in Allentown.

'80.—Rev. Jas. F. Beates writes a very interesting letter to *The Lutheran* from Seattle, Washington.

'84.—Anderson, Ind. Anderson is to have a new church building. Our mission there, with Rev. W. J. Finck at its head, intends to swing around the old building to the rear of the lot and the new one is to be erected in its place. It is to cost \$2,500 and will not be built any faster than it can be paid for. The mission started with thirty members five years ago. Seventy-seven have since been added, and the congregation now numbers, after the usual losses, fifty-eight.—*The Lutheran*.

'86.—From *The Lutheran* we learn that Lutheranism is flourishing in Reading, Pa. Owing to the growth of Hope chapel the pastor, Rev. H. W. Warmkessel, is kept so busy that he is unable to attend to the wants of Faith and Peace chapels. For these two another pastor will be secured.—*Public Ledger*.

'87.—From the *Cornell Era* we clip the following: A New Instructor in Mathematics. A brilliant young investigator, Dr. G. A. Miller, has just been added to the mathematical faculty of Cornell University. Dr. Miller was born in Lynnville, Pa., July 31, 1863; entered Franklin and Marshall College at the age of nineteen, but, his family having later removed to Allentown, Pa., the seat of Muhlenberg College, he attended the latter institution, from which he was graduated in 1886. In addition to his regular undergraduate mathematical work he did much outside reading under the direction of the professor of mathematics, and with such marked success that, immediately after graduation, he was appointed professor of mathematics in Eureka College, Ill. During the five years that he occupied this position he devoted all his spare time to the study of his favorite subject, spending his vacations in the larger university towns, where he had access to the necessary books, and also the opportunity of intercourse with mathematicians. It was during the latter part of this time that he read Professor Cole's translation of Netto's Theory of Substitutions, which so impressed and fascinated him that he at once began to make a profound study of this most interesting but, at that time, comparatively little known branch of mathematics.

From Eureka College he was, in 1893, called to the University of Michigan, where he found far better facilities for investigation, and also enjoyed the congenial and stimulating influence of a number of mathematical colleagues. Especially helpful was his intercourse with Professor Cole, who himself was greatly interested in Substitution Groups. His success as an investigator in his chosen field began, as the appended list of his publications show, at this time.

In the summer of 1895, when Dr. Miller had already made for himself an enviable reputation as an investigator and a contributor to the literature in his special field of work, he went to Germany where, and in France, he spent the two following years in close touch with the great modern masters. The year in Germany was spent almost wholly in working with Professor Lie, and that in Paris with Professor Jordan.

How deeply he has penetrated into the subject of groups may be inferred from his numerous articles in the leading journals of America and Europe, and from the fact that both

Jordan and Picard have presented his communications to the Paris Academy of Sciences. He is one of the most successful investigators as well as one of the most prolific writers in America to-day, and Cornell University is to be congratulated on her good fortune in securing such a brilliant addition to her already strong mathematical faculty. Dr. Miller's published papers are :

1892.—1. Introduction to the study of determinants, No. 105 of Van Nostrand Science Series.

2. Non-Euclidean Geometry, Science, pp. 370-372.

1894.—1. Note on the substitution groups of eight letters, Bulletin of the New York Mathematical Society, pp. 163-169.

2. Note on the substitution groups of eight and nine letters, Ibid., pp. 242-245.

3. Intransitive substitution groups of ten letters, Quarterly Journal of Mathematics, pp. 99-118.

4. On the non-primitive groups of degree ten, Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society, pp. 67-72.

1895.—1. An instance where a well-known test to prove the simplicity of a simple group is sufficient, Ibid., pp. 124, 125.

2. Note on the transitive substitution groups of degree twelve, Ibid., pp. 255-258.

3. A simple proof of a fundamental theorem in substitution groups and several applications of the theorem, Ibid., 75-77.

4. Introduction to substitution groups, American Mathematical Monthly (a series of short articles).

1896.—1. Sur les groupes de substitutions, Comptes rendus de l'Académie des sciences, pp. 370-372, of vol. 122, and also pp. 91, 92 of vol. 123.

2. On the lists of all the substitution groups that can be formed with a given number of elements, Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society, pp. 138-145.

3. The substitution groups whose order is the product of any two unequal prime numbers, Ibid., pp. 332-336.

4. On several theorems of operation groups whose order is the cube of any prime number, Annals of Mathematics, pp. 156-158.

5. On the transitive substitution groups of degree twelve, Quarterly Journal of Mathematics, pp. 193-232.

6. The regular substitution groups whose order is less than 48, Ibid., pp. 232-284.

7. The substitution groups of order four, Philosophical Magazine, pp. 431-437 of vol. 41.

8. The operation groups of order  $8p$ ,  $p$  being any prime number, Ibid., pp. 195-200 of vol. 42.

9. Applications of substitution groups, American Mathematical Monthly, pp. 197-202.

1897.—1. Sur l'énumération des groupes primitifs dont le degré est inférieur à 17. Comptes rendus de l'Académie des sciences, pp. 1505-1508.

2. The non-regular transitive substitution groups whose order is the product of three unequal prime numbers, Vierteljahrsschrift der Naturforschenden Gesellschaft in Zürich, pp. 68-73.

3. On the transitive substitution groups whose orders are the products of three prime numbers, Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society, pp. 213-222.

4. On the transitive substitution groups that are simply isomorphic to the symmetric or to the alternating group of degree six, Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, pp. 1-9.

5. On the primitive groups of degree fifteen, Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society, pp. 533-544.



6. On the transitive substitution groups of orders  $8p$ ,  $p$  being any prime number, *Philosophical Magazine*, pp. 117-125.
7. On the transitive substitution groups of degrees thirteen and fourteen, *Quarterly Journal of Mathematics*, pp. 224-249.
8. On the solution of the quadratic equation, *American Mathematical Monthly*, pp. 71-77.
9. On an important theorem with respect to the operation groups of order  $pn$ , *Messenger of Mathematics*, pp. 119-121.
- 1898.—1. On the commutator group, *Bulletin of the American Mathematical Society*, pp. 135-140.
2. On the limit of transitivity of the multiply transitive substitution groups that do not contain the alternative group, *Ibid.*, pp. 140-143.

'89.—The engagement of Rev. E. M. Grahn, Easton, Pa., has been announced.

'91.—Rev. H. F. Seneker, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has declined a call to Lebanon, Pa.

'94.—Rev. Frank C. Longaker is to be addressed at Newport, Kentucky.

'95.—We clip the following from one of our dailies: Rev. E. H. Kistler will go. The leading topic of conversation on our streets this morning was concerning the action of the United Evangelical Conference held at Pottsville, regarding the removal of the Rev. E. H. Kistler, who so ably filled the pulpit of Bethany Church at this place during the past year, to a new field of labor at Germantown, Philadelphia. It was a genuine surprise to both pastor and people and, it appears, one is struck about as hard as the other. Rev. Mr. Kistler was an able preacher and a fine singer, and it is useless to say that he was liked by all who knew him. During Rev. and Mrs. Kistler's short stay in our midst they have made many warm friends who indeed are loth to see them go, yet all join in wishing them abundant success and happiness in their new home. The new preacher is Rev. I. U. Royer, of Mount Carmel, where he had been stationed for three years. He was at one time editor of the *Evangelical*, a weekly church paper published at Harrisburg, and comes highly recommended as a good preacher. Although Bethany congregation does not approve of their popular pastor's removal, they will nevertheless abide by the action of the annual conference and extend unto their new spiritual adviser the glad hand of welcome.

## Editor's Table.

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We welcome the *Bucknell Mirror* to our table again and are impressed favorably with its neat appearance. A short story, entitled "The Old Man," is pleasantly told, and an instructive article, "Some Notes on Quotation," is well written. A negro campmeeting in the South is graphically described. The excitement which pervades their revival services is shown in the weird songs, the groans and shrieks, the convulsive swaying of their bodies and the terrible frenzy which hurls them exhausted upon the floor. We notice with regret the absence of an exchange column, and think this department should be represented as well as athletics, societies, and kindred organizations.

What people want to know of a man to-day is not what he has studied, not where he has gotten his diploma, or, in fact, whether or not he has gotten one at all. But they do want to know what the man is, what knowledge he possesses, and whether or not he has the push and activity required by the world to-day.—*Ex.*

Better is he that taketh four studies and joineth a literary society, than he that taketh five and hath no time for lectures.—*Ex.*

Professor (dictating Greek prose composition): "Slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Soph: "It's under my chair, but I wasn't using it, sir."—*Ex.*

The character study of Hamlet in *The Susquehanna* is an excellent production. The story of the melancholy Dane possesses an interest for the great mass of readers in a greater degree than any other one of Shakespeare's characters. "The True Aim of Education" is also worthy of mention.

College spirit does not consist as much in giving college yells, singing college songs, and visiting base-ball and football games, bedecked with class colors, as in discharging those obligations, social and financial, under which the kindness of our friends has placed us.—*Ex.*

Before you criticise anyone, put yourself in his position and see if you could stand the criticism yourself.—*Ex.*

Senior: "Can you tell me why our college is such a learned place?"

Freshman: "Certainly; the Freshmen always bring a little learning here, and the Seniors never take any away; hence it accumulates."—*Ex.*

The Indian smoking his pipe of peace is rapidly passing away,  
But the Freshman smoking his piece of pipe has surely come to stay.  
—*Dickinsonian.*

The advantages of smaller colleges are thoroughly and also forcibly presented in the *Roanoke Collegian*. "The best college for a solicitous parent to send his son to is a small college, where he has the minimum of evil and the maximum of good influences—where he is in contact with the minds of his teachers and under their immediate moral influence. Our small colleges make our great men; and this they have done for a hundred years." The article entitled "Some German Professors," contains several amusing anecdotes showing the absent-mindedness of some of the learned men with whom the writer has come into contact. "It is said that the great historian Mommsen was once wandering along the street near his home in Berlin, when he met a little girl whose face attracted his attention. After chatting with her a few moments, he patted her on the head, and asked, 'And now, my little one, who is your father'? 'My papa is Herr Professor Theodore Mommsen,' was the astonishing reply. Like many another busy German scholar, the great historian of Rome had apparently not found time to make the acquaintance of his own children."

"LEST WE FORGET!"

Lord of the Living, in Whose sight  
A thousand years are Yesterday,  
Or as the watches of the night,  
Show Living Man the Living Way!

The world doth clamor at our gate,  
The world's huge hunger goes unfed;  
Shall sable gown be more than meat,  
Or crust of culture more than bread?

Immured in the cloistral cell  
(*We hear the unfettered eagles cry!*)  
Our heads of learning we o'er-tell,  
(*And dawn draws dragons in the sky!*)



*Lord Captain Christ, Whose morning-eyne  
Are stars that shall not brook control,  
Redew the Primitive Lysian,  
Rebreathe in Man a Living Soul!*

—*Harvard Advocate.*

After receiving the Stanford estate, Stanford University will have an income three times as great as that of Harvard, the richest American University at present.—*Ex.*

*The Sorosis* comes to us with a very pretty cover design depicting the retiring of the Senior class from the management of the paper and the appearance of the Junior class to take its position. The literary matter is excellent, and the quantity and quality of the verse is especially commendable. Two interesting short stories and a discriminating article contrasting the characters of Ophelia and Margaret deserve credit.

If your schooling does not help you to better the world, your time and money are both lost.—*Ex.*

The man who is wrapped up in himself is justified in finding fault with his surroundings.—*Ex.*

'Tis not the course we take, nor the professors we have, nor the school we attend, but the work we do that makes us men.—*Ex.*

"THE WOMAN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

They called her "the woman who didn't care"—

It was little good that they said of her—

They cursed the God that made her fair

And false; and only because they were

Too blind to see (that was selfishness)

Behind the lies that she told them. Well,

They had not the wit or the love to guess

The shame and sorrow she did not tell.

They were right,—she had seen too much of men;

They were right,—not one of the lot could touch

Her heart, however she smiled. But, then,

It was only because she had cared too much.

—*Williams Lit.*

"A Brief Account of the Growth of the Great Banking House of Rothschild" is presented in *The Knox Student*. The history of this house is traced from its humble beginning,

through discouragements, to the prominent place it now holds in the financial world. The success of the undertaking is summed up in these sentences: "The Rothschilds are undoubtedly worthy of all the princely fortune, power, and fame that they possess. Personal honesty, fidelity to business interests and business trusts, a willingness to be satisfied with a moderate return, and a conservative policy in speculation, have doubtless had more to do with their unparalleled success than the native shrewdness and money-making propensity with which the family is commonly credited."

## FAME.

Their noonday never knows  
What names immortal are;  
'Tis night alone that shows  
How star surpasseth star.

—Roanoke Collegian.

"Is True Christianity on the Decline?" is ably presented in *The Augustana Journal*. The writer says: "The number of professing Christians is not growing less. Every century shows a larger number than the previous one." He shows by examples that the spirit of Christianity which prompts the believer to give up his life for the cause of Christ still exists; and that "if the number is not increasing as rapidly as might be desired, it certainly does not decrease."

The best Senior class publications that reach our table are *The Smith College Monthly*, *The Minnesota Magazine*, and *The Nassau Literary Magazine*. They maintain a high standard of excellence and are filled with good fiction and verse. *The Smith College Monthly* contains interesting articles on "The American College," "Kipling's India," and "A Glimpse of New Mexico;" a first-class short story, entitled "The Imp's Matinee," and several good stories and selections of verse in the Contributor's Club.

The literary matter in *The Minnesota Magazine* is very commendable. "In Lower Latitudes" and "Johns Hopkins University" are excellent articles. It also contains several interesting stories.

Princeton is well represented in the world of college literature by *The Nassau Literary Magazine*. "The World's Waste," the Baird prize oration, a short sketch of the

poetical genius of Sidney Lanier, and "The History and Method of Debate at Princeton," are very well written. "The Upper Casement," a story of the times of the Huguenots, deserves special mention for the excellent style in which it is written. It treats of the most romantic period of French history—a thesaurus from which a number of our modern writers draw the material for their most popular works.

No teacher is fit to break the bread of knowledge who knows simply and solely the subject which he or she professes to teach.—*Ex.*

*The College Folio* greets us in a new garb. It has been considerably improved by reducing its size. This step has been taken by most of our exchanges, since it is the general opinion that the smaller, compact magazine form is the best for college publications. A well written essay on "Patriotic Verse in America" contains a number of apt quotations and shows the wealth of America in patriotic songs. The difference between the theoretical and practical advantages of "bachelor-girldom" is told in an interesting short story. Several good selections of verse are noticed. The local department contains a full account of college news.

*The Lafayette* is running a series of articles on "Books to be Read before Graduation" by prominent writers and educators. They are very instructive, and valuable information is given the student as to the choice of what is best in literature. The paper also publishes a short biography of Dr. Cattell, the former President of the College.

They played at cards on the yellow sand,  
When the fields and the trees were green;  
She thought that the trump was in her hand,  
He thought that he held the queen.  
But winter hath come and they both had strayed  
Away from the throbbing wave;  
He finds 'twas only the deuce she played,  
She finds that he played the knave.—*Columbia Verse.*

"A Conqueror's Conquest" in *The Comenian* describes the battle of Hastings, which was the decisive conflict between the Normans and Saxons. "A Trip to the Yellowstone," and "Louise and Agnes," a story of the Children's Crusade, are



very good. The editing of the exchange department is excellent and more space is given to it than is usually done in our exchanges.

Industry alone is a single-barreled gun. Industry, education, energy, and character make a Gatling gun.—*Ex.*

At the University of California the electives are divided into groups, and the student choosing an elective must choose the whole group to which it belongs. This renders a superficial education impossible.—*Ex.*

The popularity of the study of Shakespeare is shown by the many articles appearing on this subject, which either narrate some incident in the life of the great author, or analyze the character of some one of his more prominent creations. The admirable character of the Earl of Kent, in the tragedy of King Lear, is well portrayed in *The Midland*. There is also a very creditable translation of an Anglo-Saxon war song.

A Modest Hint.—There is a little matter that some of our advertiser\$ and subscriber\$ have seemingly forgotten. To us it is an important matter; it is necessary in our business\$. We are very modest and don't wish to speak about it.—*Ex.*

*The Brown and White* is a newsy college weekly, and reports local happenings very fully.

That man is best educated whose whole being, body and mind, is most symmetrically and harmoniously developed, and whose powers, both physical and mental, have been strengthened and cultured in accordance with the laws of normal growth.—*Ex.*

At Cornell this year all the work for the Bachelor's degree is elective. The choice of studies has developed unexpected results. Latin and Greek have not suffered under the elective system; mathematics has gained instead of losing, as was expected, and the scientific course, which it was anticipated would be benefited, has lost considerably.—*Ex.*

I struck her coasting down the hill,  
My wheel the maid did toss;  
She was the very sweetest girl  
I ever ran across.—*Ex.*

Prof. (to hesitating Soph.): "Sir, you seem to be evolving that translation from your inner conscience."

Soph: "No, Professor; last night I read that by faith Enoch was translated, and I thought I would try it on Plato."

Prof: "Faith without works is dead."—*Ex.*

"This world," the liar to the laggard cried,

"Owes you a living; snatch it if you can!"

"An earlier debt," the voice of truth replied,

"Must first be paid. You owe the world a man!"—*Ex.*

The man who goes through college without having felt the personal influence of at least one college professor or instructor, who has failed to win more than superficial friendship from those who have helped him to that endowment of thought and ambition which is to yield him a living dividend through his life, that man either has a screw loose somewhere or has abused his opportunities. The advantages of a curriculum, be they ever so extensive, are reduced half when the complement of the teacher's advice and guidance are not forthcoming. Some students seem impervious to the extra-educational qualities of this contact; but happily the great majority can count two, three, or half a dozen such attachments.—*Ex.*

*Bernard Repass, '98.*

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## The World of Letters.

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The two imposing volumes edited by Chauncey M. Depew, and entitled "One Hundred years of American Commerce," constitute a work incomparably superior to any similar undertaking in America. Mr. Depew accurately terms it an epic on the marvels of intelligent work. Originally issued to commemorate the completion of the first century of American commerce inaugurated by the treaty of 1795, it contains a great deal of matter of permanent value relating to every line of business activity. A hundred men, prominent in their respective departments, have contributed authoritative articles, historical, descriptive, and statistical, in every branch of industrial progress. These describe the practical development of the various branches of trade in the United States within the past century, and show the present magnitude of our financial and commercial institutions. In addition there is a chronological table of the important events of American commerce and invention in the same period.



Well may Dr. Depew say of this encyclopedia of industrial development that it illustrates the dignity of labor, the beneficence of liberty, and the triumphs of invention. Portraits and pictures are freely and discriminatingly used. The two volumes ought to be in every public library, as well as in the hands of everyone who takes pride and interest in our commercial progress.

"A Text Book of General Botany," which is not, however, the botany of a sweet maiden's fancy, but an elaborate, scientific work, thoroughly up-to-date, is that by Professor Carlton C. Curtis. It is intended as an introduction and *vade mecum* for the field and laboratory study of structural botany, and it covers this special field in a thorough and workman-like manner. The cell, the plant-body, plant physiology and morphology and systematic botany are the three main divisions of the work. While laboratory work differs in different institutions, this book by Professor Curtis is one that will prove invaluable to any student, so completely has he the subject-matter in hand, and so practically has he treated the most advanced results of research in this most interesting and suggestive branch of biological science.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has spoken the latest and kindest word for Professor Drummond's new book, "The Ideal Life," the sale of which has passed the twentieth thousand volume in this country and in England. He says of it in the *British Weekly*: "The newly published volume of addresses by Professor Drummond will, we do not hesitate to say, commend itself to many readers more than any of his other works. There burns throughout them a powerful flame that can illuminate or melt, and we cannot believe that anyone can study them carefully and rise from the perusal quite the same as he was." This helpful and stimulating volume of the lamented author's early addresses is published by a well-known American publishing house in New York City for the first time. The book is vivified by that insistent charm which enters into all of Professor Drummond's published works.

"Shakespeare's Men and Women" is a tasteful and admirably selected year book, compiled and arranged by Rose Porter with much wit from the plays, poems, and sonnets. The happiest references of the poet to men and women have



been picked out, and lovers of Shakespeare will appreciate the skill displayed in the selection. A companion volume in its general style and appearance is "Beautiful Women of the Poets," selected by Beatrice Sturges. The volume is made up of selections from the leading poets of the English language wherein they have eulogized the virtues and attractions of their ideals. The text, embracing gems from the great poets of England and America, presents a wealth of material not to be found in any single volume previously published.

"The Cords of Life," by Charles H. Crandall. This collection of song and lyrics contains sincere and tender verses, domestic loves, the happenings of common life, the turn of the seasons and the delights of nature form the themes of most of Mr. Crandall's quiet musings. He adds to them a group of poems upon patriotic subjects. The finest among these is the one entitled "Integer Vitæ," memorializing the services and character of President Garfield. Mr. Crandall is one of the best of our minor poets. *John W. Koch, '99.*

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### The Oratorical Contest.

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On Friday evening, March 11, the sixth annual contest of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union was held at Easton. Muhlenberg was out in force, and over fifty of her representative young men journeyed to the historic city at the forks of the Delaware and Lehigh, to see and hear the young men of seven different colleges contend, not on the "gridiron" nor yet on the base-ball diamond, but in friendly rivalry on the rostrum, where the true results of a college education are shown, and not the secondary results of a merely physical development.

The Muhlenberg boys were all bedecked in college array with our beautiful but modest Cardinal and Gray. The Lafayette students were out in large numbers, and during the course of the evening made the spacious High School building (one of which Easton may certainly be proud) resound with their clear ringing college yells with which they greeted the individual speakers. We from Muhlenberg, remembering the hearty reception in Music Hall, one year ago, tendered the Union by the friends of our college, could not help noticing that had it not been for the large number of Muhlenberg

students there, and a still larger representation from Lafayette, the orators would have received little inspiration from the size of the audience. Yet at an oratorical contest an audience is seldom treated to the presentation of such profound thought in such an able manner.

Wm. F. Curtis, of Franklin and Marshall, the first orator, delivered his oration in a masterly style. His subject, "The Child of Oppression," was interesting in itself and no less so in its treatment. "The love of freedom is the cause of revolutions. Liberty is therefore the child of oppression and revolution."

Henry Anderson Wilcox, of Lehigh, answered negatively the question, "Should the United States Acquire More Territory?" He stated the true object of our existence as a government when he said, "Our mission is to foster fraternal feeling among all peoples." His arguments were clear and plainly put; for argumentation he certainly deserves credit.

In John D. Clarke, Lafayette had an orator of no mean ability. His subject, "The Personal Investment," is a vital one to all. He was animated in his delivery, and closed with an earnest plea that the investment be made not only in self but in others, and that noble purposes should guide our conduct in life.

"College Education; Does it Educate?" Arthur Cox Smedley, of Swarthmore, even in the selection of this subject showed oratorical skill. It was especially interesting to the audience, as it was composed mostly of college students. With a deep-toned oratorical voice, to which the orator never seemed to give full sway, he calmly and deliberately showed what the world has a right to expect from those who have received the benefits of a college education.

W. B. Johnson, of Ursinus, in a pleasing diction, spoke of the progress of the world along lines, having as his subject, "The World Goes Forward." He was at home on the stage, and with a great freedom of gesture impressed upon his hearers the fact that God, as the Creator of all, is guiding the progress of our race.

The "Harmony of Character" was the title of a very able production by James W. Weeter, of Gettysburg. The orator started out very calmly but waxed warm as he proceeded, and closed with a grand appeal to young men to use their influence

on the side of honesty and uprightness. In the opinion of the writer first place would have been none too high for the Gettysburg representative.

"The Ishmael of the West" was an allegory that found just treatment at the hands of Will E. Steckel, of Muhlenberg. Mr. Steckel's delivery was unequaled by that of any other orator of the evening. Naturally, we are biased, and therefore will refrain from making other remarks.

While the judges were making their decision, Lafayette's musical organizations entertained the audience with music of an high order.

The judges were Judge R. W. Archbald, of Scranton; Rev. R. W. Hufford, D.D., of Reading; and Rev. Charles Schall, of Easton. Their decision after a short conference was made as follows:

First Prize, John D. Clarke, of Lafayette.

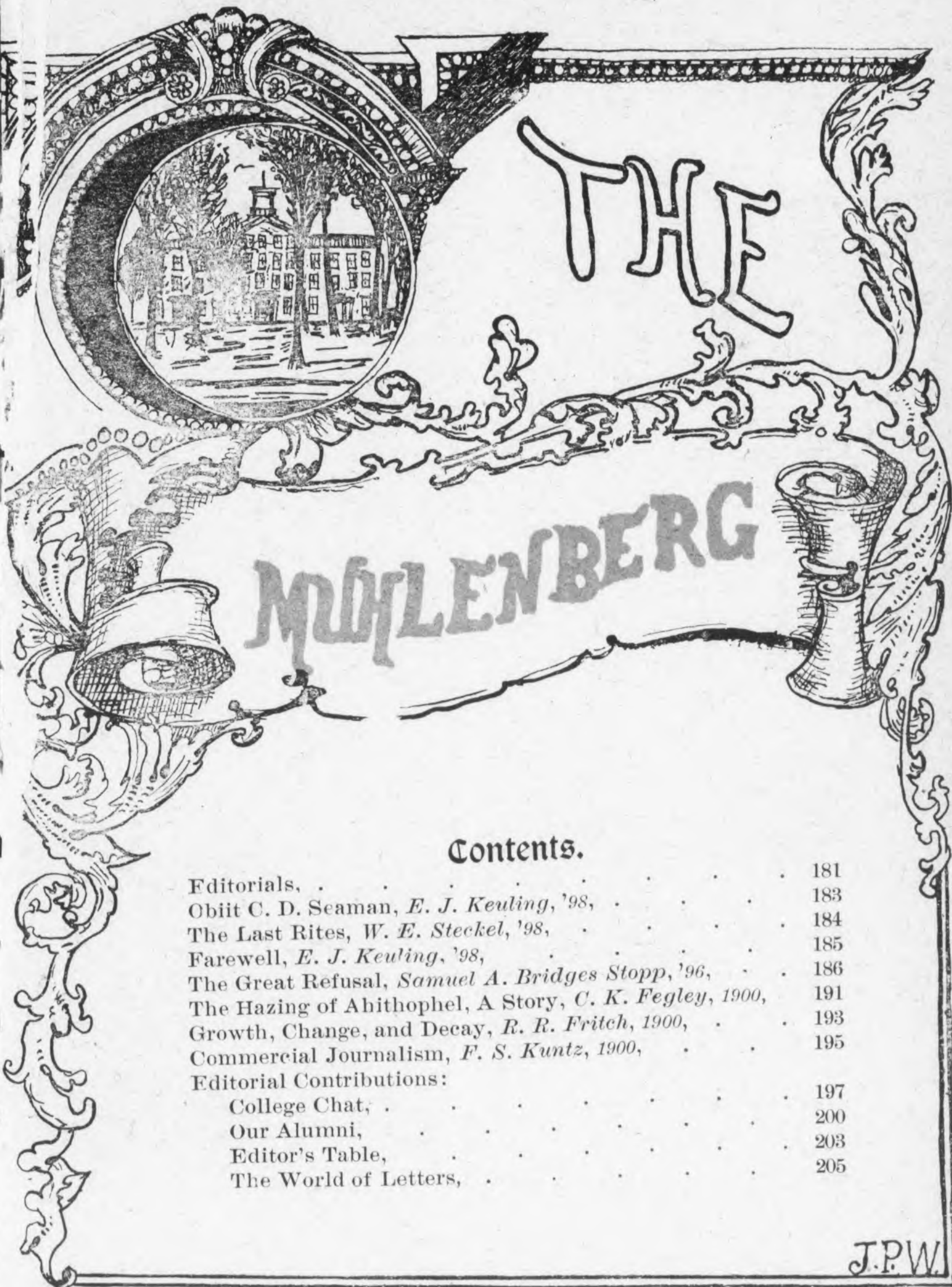
Second Prize, James W. Weeter, of Gettysburg.

Honorable Mention, Arthur Cox Smedley, of Swarthmore.

*A. A. Kunkle, '99.*



APRIL, 1898.



### Contents.

Editorials, . . . . .	181
Obit C. D. Seaman, <i>E. J. Keuling</i> , '98, . . . . .	183
The Last Rites, <i>W. E. Steckel</i> , '98, . . . . .	184
Farewell, <i>E. J. Keuling</i> , '98, . . . . .	185
The Great Refusal, <i>Samuel A. Bridges Stopp</i> , '96, . . . . .	186
The Hazing of Abithophel, A Story, <i>C. K. Fegley</i> , 1900, . . . . .	191
Growth, Change, and Decay, <i>R. R. Fritch</i> , 1900, . . . . .	193
Commercial Journalism, <i>F. S. Kuntz</i> , 1900, . . . . .	195
Editorial Contributions:	
College Chat, . . . . .	197
Our Alumni, . . . . .	200
Editor's Table, . . . . .	203
The World of Letters, . . . . .	205

J.P.W.

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

*"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."*

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., APRIL, 1898.

No. 8.

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EMILE J. KEULING, '98.

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
WILLIS BECK, '99.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:  
BERNARD REPASS, '98.  
JOHN W. KOCH, '99.  
W. J. SEIBERLING, '99.  
F. N. FRITCH, '99.

ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.

JAMES BERG, '99.


This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 **TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

**FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.**

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorials.

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'Ninety-nine's "Ciarla," which makes a neat appearance with the class colors, is ready to greet all the alumni, the students, and their friends, who have in their hearts the welfare of one of the best enterprises which is presented to the public by an individual class. It was after several months'



active work that the members of the Junior Class have succeeded in furnishing this entirely up-to-date college annual. A hasty glance through the book shows very original and catching class histories, forty-seven original pen drawings, twelve halftones, and many new features under the gag department. The literary part of the work receives just treatment by a contribution from Rev. C. L. Fry, on "Mission of Art," and by a letter from Rev. E. R. Cassaday, in which he sets forth the object of a college course.

§ § §

A prevalent idea among many college students is that the world needs their assistance at once. Being thus impressed they are easily persuaded to perform duties which they often are not capable to do justly after they have received their college training. The world is ever ready to engage employees at the least possible expense. In this money-making age, a gratuitous address which robs a student of time which is of more value to him than money, is frequently preferred to one at the cost of a few dollars. We can hardly blame our well-meaning schoolboards for giving a position to a student who is satisfied with ten dollars less per month than what a worthy applicant should have. As a consequence of this desire for money and popularity on the part of the students, the reputation of colleges, for sending forth men fully equipped to handle the questions of the day, is not what it should be. Again, the world is very prone to judge the capabilities of an able alumnus from the results of a freshman's or a sophomore's public efforts. When a student is compelled to neglect his studies in order that he may defray his expenses, he is to be respected. What the world truly needs is thinking minds. To think well one must be master of self. To be master of self implies mastery of the subject to be handled. This mastery of self involves a knowledge of things and tact to apply the same. Deficiency here is what makes students so often fail. Having determined to acquire this self-mastery, by means of an education, you, of course, wish to succeed. How can you best do it? By concentration of your efforts upon your duties as a student. A single aim will accomplish much in the professional life. "This one thing I do," cried the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and he

resolutely and steadily refused to be diverted from it by any possible consideration men might offer him. The experience of an able college faculty should at least enable them to provide a curriculum that will best foster a thinking mind to all those who closely follow it. If a student has placed himself under the training of competent instructors, he should not thwart their honest endeavors by dallying in every other kind of business but that which will insure him of success in these times of specialties. Those who claim that a student ought to lay aside his regular work occasionally in order that he may not become too theoretical, are unacquainted with the true purposes of well-organized literary societies. The regular performance of society duties will exert such an influence as can be met with nowhere else. Make the best use of the current press and the hidden knowledge which is stored in the alcoves of carefully filled libraries so that you do not need shirk your duties, and then bravely face the power of criticism to have your rough corners chopped off and smoothed over. Perchance there are still those who fear the loss of the practical side. Let such devote their extra time and abilities to the furtherance of such works as are taken up by the individual classes, and to the different clubs of the college, and last, but not least, to the support of the monthly. After doing justice to all the above-named duties, we fail to see how there can be found time for outside work.

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### Obiit C. D. Seaman.

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Again the Angel of Death has left his impress upon this college, and a member of the graduating class, in the very prime of youth, when health, strength, and a promising future seemed to be so favorable to him, was torn away from friends and home. Stricken down with typhoid pneumonia for quite a while, our beloved classmate, C. D. Seaman, at last fell before that invidious disease.

Although we knew that he was very low, yet because of his strong and robust constitution we had strong reasons to



hope for his recovery. Truly we can say "We mourn our loss," for he was a likely young man of exemplary habits, pleasing to every one with whom he came in contact, well liked by his classmates, and held very dear by his intimates.

It seems almost a pity that after nearly four years of diligent preparation, when so near the coveted goal, that he should be suddenly snatched away; yet He who called him to a higher place of learning did it for the best. Only a few more weeks of industrious study and he would have been graduated. No need of busy preparation for him now, for he has already attended a greater commencement from which begins the true life with Him who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." No competition there; no trouble there; no worry there; but joy, happiness, and everlasting peace. No more shall we hear his cheerful "present" in answer to the roll call. The Class of '98 feels its loss, and extends its deep sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends. *E. J. Keuling, '98.*

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### The Last Rites.

---

"And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

The Class of '98 has known separation, suffered dispersion, has been sundered by Time even to the half of the original number, and yet the class was an unit until it lost the most genial and best beloved of the entire number.

Euterpea had seen her sons go forth to wage war with Truth's eternal sword, but now she has lost her eldest son, her President. And we, as a student-body, can remember Calvin Seaman only as a loyal friend and as an upright man.

Sorrowful, indeed, was the occasion of seeing for the last time him with whom we had been accustomed in past times to call brother; sad was the task of placing to rest the mortal remains of him whose soul was life and light and truth.

The funeral services of Calvin D. Seaman were conducted at Hamburg, the birthplace of the deceased, on Tuesday morning, March 29, 1898. Services were held in St. John's Church, Hamburg, Rev. H. C. Kline, '94, the pastor, officiating.

After singing the first four stanzas of hymn No. 556, Rev.



John H. Umbenhen, '80, of Pottsville, Pa., read the lesson, 1 Thess. 4:13-18, followed by prayer by Rev. H. C. Kline. Of hymn No. 367, "Rock of Ages," stanzas 1 and 2 were then sung. The pastor of the departed, Rev. H. T. Clymer, '76, of Frackville, Pa., delivered the sermon upon the text, Ps. 119:19, "I am a stranger in the earth," followed by a brief sketch of the life of the deceased. Doctor Wackernagel, in behalf of the Faculty of Muhlenberg College, spoke briefly but most truthfully, basing his remarks upon the passage, Job 1:21, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," after which Rev. H. C. Kline commented very tenderly upon Jer. 48:17. Of hymn 536, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," stanzas 1 and 2 were sung, and prayer by Rev. Umbenhen concluded the services in the church. The friends in passing out were permitted to see for the last time the features of their companion and friend.

Eight members of the Senior Class, Messrs. Beck, Heist, Kistler, Kleppinger, Kressley, Repass, Wenner, and Steckel bore the casket to the grave, where the last rites were conducted by the above-named pastors conjointly.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

*Will E. Steckel, '98.*

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### Farewell.

---

Dear Classmate! thy allotted task is o'er,  
 Too soon thy race of trial here was run;  
 Too soon from us thy flight thou didst begin;  
 No more wilt thou contest for prize on earth,  
 Nor answer to thy name upon the roll.

The Homeland now, O Friend, thy presence cheers.  
 In vain thy ruddy face did we expect,—  
 We thought to have thee in our midst again.  
 But no! though fiercely wrestling for thy place,  
 At last thou didst succumb. Farewell! Farewell!

—*E. J. Keuling, '98.*

---

### The Great Refusal.

---

In the *Inferno* Dante tells us of one "who from cowardice had made the great refusal." Commentators differ from one another in the interpretation of the passage, but many believe that the poet referred to a pope who, elected to the chair of St. Peter at an advanced age, resigned soon after on account of his years and the great responsibility devolving upon him, and thus proved recreant to Heaven's high trust. In a few words the immortal Italian has given us the reason for the failure of so many lives auspiciously begun but abruptly and miserably terminated. Why? Because men are constantly making the great refusal. Refusal to acknowledge the God that created and redeemed them, and to see His guiding hand in their own lives as well as in the glorious world about them; refusal to use the God-given talents wherewith they have been so richly endowed, and to break through the hard crust of selfishness that covers their nobler nature and to spend and be spent in the service of their brother men. Through all the milleniums the question is asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Men refuse to bear one another's burdens and to heed the voice of conscience which speaks to them as God's oracle in their souls, and so all faith, all hope, all love, are forever gone from many lives.

Picture to yourself that wonderful character of Hawthorne, Ethan Brand, who left his limekiln at the foot of Graylock to go in quest of the unpardonable sin. He looked into other men's hearts and lives but found no trace of it the wide world over until he looked into the depths of his own heart, and there the wretched wanderer who, like Mephistopheles, had led men into sin for sin's sake, found that in hardening his heart to the thoughts of a loving God—thoughts gentle and tender and sweet that had come to him many a time in his long, lonely vigils on the Berkshire hills, even as they came of old to the shepherd lad on Bethlehem's plains when he sang his pastoral psalms of age-long beauty—and in opening the portals of his inmost life to admit the Satan of unbelief and pride of intellect and disregard of his fellow-men, he himself had committed that crime which results in "guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy." Had he not made the great refusal?



Another and less fearful picture claims our attention. No one who has ever read the beautiful legend of Abou Ben Akbhar can readily forget his dream wherein the Recording Angel appeared to the noble Oriental, a second Cornelius of Cesarea. Tablet in hand, the heavenly visitant stood by the sleeper's couch, and when informed that his name was not inscribed among those who loved their Lord, Abou Ben Akbhar turned sorrowfully away, but gently said, "Pray, write me down as one who loves his fellow-men." And when the books were opened in the heavenly land, lo! "Abou Ben Akbhar's name led all the rest." Or turn to the tale of that holy man of God who hour after hour lay fasting and prayerful on the cold floor of the monastic cell, ardently pouring forth his petition so that he might have a vision of the crucified Nazarene. Suddenly the sombre gloom of the cloister was brightened with a heavenly radiance and before the penitent spirit appeared in glorious semblance the Man of Sorrows with thorn-crowned brow and pierced hands and side. While he worshiped in holy awe as the disciples before the transfigured Christ, the chapel bell rang. It was the hour when the poor and the sick of the country around were wont to gather at the monastery gate to receive alms from the brothers of the house. The monk hesitated to leave his devotions and adoring contemplation of the glorious Virgin born, but duty prevailed over inclination, and after performing his accustomed works of mercy and of love, he hastened back to his cell, fearing, however, that he should see the blessed Christ no more. But when he returned to the place of prayer, he gazed with holier reverence on the beatific God.

"And the blessed vision said,  
Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

There are, after all, but two classes of men in the world: those who get but do not give, and those who, having freely received, freely give. Think for a moment how much all of us receive, how great are the common blessings of life. Our physical life constantly derives its needed sustenance from nature, and our social life never ceases to absorb the various elements pervading its atmosphere. We are life-long students in the great university of the world, and it is sheer nonsense for anyone to speak of *finishing his education*, when though



we be spared more than the allotted three-score years and ten of the Hebrew poet, we can but learn life's elementary principles and pass through the primary department of this great school in which all of us, whether we will or not, are continually receiving the real education. So dependent are we upon our fellow-men and the conditions by which life is rendered pleasant and worth the living, that it is almost impossible even in the highest flights of fancy to conceive of a man so isolated as to be absolutely free from any connection whatsoever with human society and its essential relationships. No sensible person would be a Robinson Crusoe even if he could. The very fabric of the individual life is built upon the well-laid foundations of human society and institutions. To live wholly alone, an old writer has truly said, one must be either a god or a devil, and there is wonderful force in the words of Rudyard Kipling:

"Down to Gehenna or up to the throne  
He travels the swiftest who travels alone."

Of all that we have received how much are we giving out? How much theory do we translate into practice, how much thought into actual life? It is true that the most unselfish of us can do comparatively little by himself for the amelioration of wrong social conditions and the elevation of men to higher planes of thought and life but in united effort, in the power that comes to men actuated by deep-rooted controlling Christian principles and banded together for the accomplishment of a noble purpose even as an army that moves as a single man, these are indescribable possibilities of overthrowing false and pernicious prevalent systems and of setting up in their stead high ethical and religious standards before which every modern Dagon of materialism and anarchy and philosophy, falsely so called, must fall to the earth and crumble away in utter discomfiture. The most sanguine and optimistic of us must acknowledge that there are grave crises in morals, in religion, in statecraft, in education, in social life, coming upon America with the new century. How are they to be met? Does the power already suggested seem visionary? Yet it is only in the unlimited willingness of the individual to make sacrifices, in the united resistance to wrong, men

governed and guided by a single thought, and in the proof of souls tried and true resulting in the confidence of man in man, that we can find a stable basis for society. Plato has beautifully depicted the ideal republic and Sir Thomas More dreamed of a glorious Utopia, but the loftiest conception of a purified social system and the only adequate solution to the perplexing problems of present-day life were given us by Jesus when He established the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, the kingdom that is within men's hearts, that comes not by observation, wherein he is the greatest who serves and he is chief who ministers unto his Lord by ministering unto his neighbor.

Ideals capable of practical realization in daily life are the best things in the world. Day dreams are vain and castles in the air speedily vanish, but the hope exemplified, the ideal translated into the terms of ordinary experience, the truth engraved on the living tablets of the heart, "known and read of all men," these are the forces that dignify even drudgery and ennoble every station in life with a spiritual beauty like the halo of glory with which painters have ever loved to irradiate the Madonna and the Holy Child.

A man whose life is based on right principles will have a right habit of life, a habit that will stand him in good stead when his hour of trial comes and will show without a doubt what manner of man he is. The soldier's valor must be proved on the field of battle. The artist's poem or painting, the child of his care and love, must brave the scrutiny and criticism of a world out of sympathy with the idea that actuates him, perhaps even the obloquy of generations, before it is recognized as a masterpiece of genius. The splendid qualities of the business man must find their way into the channels of commercial activity before men are willing to entrust their interests into his keeping. A Lincoln must create a nation of freedmen from a race of slaves,—a theme worthy of epic genius,—and safely guide the Ship of State over troubled seas and through angry tempests into the harbor of peace ere we give the man his rightful meed of praise and his fitting place among the heroes of the world.

In every man's life, sooner or later, there comes a time when he must decide the momentous question that will determine his entire subsequent career. Few of us at the time



know that the critical moment has arrived. Long years after in unavailing regret we may learn that we have made the great refusal, have let slip the one splendid opportunity of our lives. The rich young man came to the Master, desiring to be perfect, eager to pose as a model man, inspired by the highest worldly and temporal considerations of external religion. It is his hour of trial, and though loved by the tenderest and most loving of men, the normal man as well as the eternal God, he turns sorrowfully away. He has made the great refusal. Before us, too, rises the awful, the unanswerable question, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

What, then, shall be our safeguard against making the great refusal? What is the saving principle of the individual life as well as the leaven of human society? We answer, a right habit of life, a life devoted to the service of men in the fear of God, which, though taken at unawares, never falters nor hesitates but invariably chooses aright.

As Penelope spun and unspun her web for long and weary years to keep off clamorous suitors and to abide the time of Odysseus's return, so do many constantly undo the good they do, and thus, spinning and again unspinning, they never advance in the life that is given them. For this present time, this very hour in which you read these words, is yours—yours as a rich God-given talent to be honorably improved or yours basely to fold in a napkin and bury in the earth. We are not responsible for the years of the former generation nor yet for years to come. Only for the passing days which we call *our* times are we accountable, and only by "buying up the opportunity" shall we avoid the fatal mistake of making the great refusal. How gladly would the Flying Dutchman have unsaid his horrid blasphemy had he not, by a wrong habit of life, made the great refusal. Well may we take the prudent counsel given by Mordecai to Esther as a guiding principle in our own lives when momentous issues are to be met and decided, "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

*Samuel A. Bridges Stopp, '96.*



### The Hazing of Ahithophel.

Ahithophel Isaac Zikoli was a character; there was no denying that. To the professors he no doubt was an interesting study psychologically, but a perplexing problem as a student. To the boys he was a treasure-house of fun to such a degree that even staid seniors acknowledged: "Delhem without 'Zeek' would be a desert waste." If we are to appreciate him fully, it will be necessary to know a little of his history.

He was a Russian Jew raised near Preobschinz, and at the time of our story was about thirty-three years of age. Nearly ten years before he had embarked for this country in an emigrant ship, and later found himself on the shores of an unknown world entirely destitute. It was this circumstance that brought him under the influence of a protestant mission in New York, and lead to his conversion to Christianity. Subsequently he undertook missionary work among his fellow countrymen in the city; but he found his limited education a decided hamper. Undaunted he decided to raise funds to obtain an education. With Jewish business instinct he hit upon several novel plans to raise the money. Among them was a scheme of lecturing upon Russia. He traveled and gave quaint little lectures under the auspices of sympathetic missionary and ladies' aid societies. Zikoli would charge twenty-five dollars for "an evening's talk" of about eighteen minutes' length. He kindly asked the good friends who were holding the lecture to furnish enough other entertainment to ease the minds of those who had paid the quarter admission. Poor Ahithophel, in his blissful ignorance, began to consider himself a man of importance. To maintain the dignity of a Russian lecturer he bought a shining "silky." Unfortunately the contrast between the tile and the rest of his outfit tended rather to lower than exalt dignified appearance.

*Jew* was written abnormally upon his every feature. A long, broad face, ornamented by a prodigious proboscis and possessed of a crafty eye and cunning smile, was his chief characteristic. He had a ludicrous stoop and a hump on his shoulders that placed his face as though growing from his chest. Picture to yourself such a character attired in trousers of very loud checkered pattern and of no particular cut, a flow-

ered vest of ample proportions, a fiery red neckscarf, the lower end of which protruded beneath his chin, and a Prince Albert coat of blue, the lower extremities of which stuck out from under a top coat of that peculiar greenish color which bespeaks for a garment a tale of woe. Top this array with a shining tile in the highest state of grooming; fill the owner's hands with a collection of wonderfully wrought baggage, and you have Ahithophel Isaac Zikoli, Jewish lecturer, as he ascended the college steps in September, 189-. It would bring tears to your eyes to know all that followed. The tile was reduced to a decided state of prostration; the top coat took unto itself a greener hue; the baggage was transferred free of charge; and the dignity of the lecturer was lost sight of in the vigorous welcome accorded the "Russian ambassador." The experiences of the next few weeks made plain one fact: the attainment of an education by a Jewish lecturer is beset by amazing difficulties. Not many months had passed before he had fully demonstrated to all but himself that he was more of a success as a lecturer than as a student; and the problem of what to do with him next was the question paramount at faculty meetings. The professors were commendably patient with him, but not so the boys. They had not had such an easy mark for a long time, and they made hay while the sun shone.

One night a crowd of the boys entertained their progeny with grewsome tales of hazing episodes; and he retired with much misgiving, to fall into a troubled sleep in which lecturers, pumps, aid societies, tar, missionaries, and feathers kaleidoscoped at lightning speed. Suddenly ghostly figures in white stood at the bottom of the bed, and a sepulchral voice demanded: "Where! oh, where are the Hebrew children?"

In solemn chorus came the answer: "Behold, they have betaken themselves unto a foreign nation, and are grossly deceiving the citizens thereof by speaking unto them of Russia."

"What shall be done with the Hebrew children?"

"They shall be cast forth from the fifth-story windows so that their flesh may be a prey unto the vulture and the jackal."

Zikoli uttered a wild shriek, bounded from his bed, rushed



out of his room and wildly down the hall toward the professor's door, yelling, "Helup! Helup! Zere haazing me! Zere haazing me!" The professor hurriedly attired himself, and accompanied the excited man to his room. The door was securely locked and had to be forced open, while the inside of the room showed no signs whatever of any other occupant than its owner. The professor smiled covertly and retired; but poor Ahithophel was so bewildered and unnerved by the mystery of the situation that he had to cancel his next lecture. Shortly afterward, to the great relief of the faculty, and the equally great regret of the students, "Zeek" departed and left no trace behind. Ever since, the hazing of Ahithophel has been a subject of discussion among Delhem men; but as the men who knew Zikoli have all graduated, it remains as much a mystery as ever.

*C. K. Fegley, 1900.*

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### Growth, Change, and Decay.

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By "growth" is meant an increase in the size of an object. This may arise from an internal development or external additions. The first form is exemplified by the growth of a human body; the latter, by the slow increase in the size of rocks. It will be noticed that there is a difference in the mode of development, suggesting different agents. We need not study long to find wherein the difference lies. In the body we find a mysterious principle called "life," while the rock is an insensible rock.

We notice, furthermore, that growth is accompanied by "change." A person can hardly recognize another after having been separated for a decade. Especially is this the case before the person is of age, which is the period of growth and consequently of more marked changes.

The intimate connection between the body and the soul keeps the life principle at work building up worn-out portions or developing existing healthy parts by means of the blood and nourishment at its command. The molecules of a rock are held together by a force termed "cohesion." If the soul be separated from the body the process of development is arrested and the opposite force commences to work, resulting



in "decay." Let the molecules of a rock be separated by a strong acid, decomposition will take place, there being, however, no physical loss in either case.

Let us now trace this thought in history for a moment, and we shall notice that there is growth, change, and decay also in governments.

That nation only is alive which grows internally. Rome grew by conquest—an addition of the land around her borders. The more distended a balloon becomes the greater will be the liability to burst. So with this great empire. Characterized by a wonderful extension in area and numerous changes in government, after having acquired the dominion of the world, its side was pricked by a hostile sword, causing it to collapse, the echo of which still resounds through the corridors of Time. The eagle, its noble emblem, soared majestically upward, until, after having attained to a vast height, its pinions were cut and great was the fall of Rome,—to-day the best example of the decay of a once healthy growth.

Our own government is as good an example as any of a healthy internal development. In its different departments it may be said to resemble the human system. It is composed of States united into a close union. So the body consists of various members all together forming that wonderful creation. The intelligence of the country controlling its affairs may represent the brain directing the movements of the body. The great population may represent the numerous corpuscles of the blood. As there are different classes of corpuscles, so there exist different classes of people; and as the blood is colored by the abundance of the red corpuscles, so our country will be what the individuals themselves are. Every corpuscle receives and carries along nourishment to place in some portion of the body. So each man is supplied with some talent with which he may help to develop his country. We as a nation can boast of no foreign possessions, thus being able to expend our resources in improving the existing territory. The result is the model government of all times.

The earth itself was created many ages ago. Since then it has undergone vast changes, and in time to come it also will pass away. One era after another arises and gives way to a succeeding one until the last epoch of the world's history shall

have been reached. So in a nation's language new forms are introduced, old ones are dropped, while existing ones are continually changing.

Is it a wonder, then, while all things are changing, that this is an age of activity. Men's brains become inflamed trying to keep pace with the progress of science. Each one is trying to outdo the other in order to gain some new pleasure which he thinks to be bounded by the circumference of a dollar. So in this mad rush of events we find nothing at rest. To-day it is this; to-morrow it is improved; the next day it is cast out to make room for something still more modern. It is all the more striking seeing that there is nothing which is not subject to this law—but no, as I sit in the quietude of my study methinks I hear a voice, "I, the Lord, change not." "The same to-day, yesterday, and forever." Yes, the God of Abraham, of David, and of Paul is my God. He who planned and formed the universe centuries ago knows how to manage the affairs of the nineteenth century.

I realize that my physical being is subject to the same great law of change and decay, thus feeling the need of One who changes not. In joy or in sorrow He is the same loving companion. He smiles when we smile and cheers us when we weep. At birth he puts his protecting arms about us and in death he has promised not to forsake us. How soon this scene may occur, a wise providence has not granted us to know.

*R. R. Fritch, 1900.*

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### Commercial Journalism.

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It is an interesting matter to study the history of journalism in our country. It had a humble beginning, in the year 1690, at Boston with the paper, "Publick Occurrences both Foreign and Domestick." The number of papers has steadily increased until the present time, when there are over seven thousand periodicals published. When we consider that each copy of a paper is read by at least four or five persons, we are astonished at the vast amount of reading-matter this represents.

The tendency of our times, and of the American people especially, is to carry matters to excess. This, I think, has



taken place in journalism. The papers of our country exhibit an overabundance of tact and enterprise. Formerly papers were content to confine themselves to facts, but now the plain truth is not sufficient; the facts must be exaggerated, the scenes distorted, and the characters made to do and say things unnatural. To such an extent have the newspapers deteriorated, especially within the more recent years, that some radical measures should be taken to raise them out of the slough into which they have fallen. Let us look at the subject more closely to detect the causes for this decline, and, if possible, to suggest some remedy for this growing evil, which we shall call the commercial spirit our present publishers exhibit.

When newspapers were first published they were of a high literary character, and only contained news which could be corroborated by facts. But now the question seems to be who can publish the news first in order to increase the sale of the paper. In case a murder, robbery, or any unusual event takes place, a reporter is sent to the scene posthaste, and in the absence of facts he does not hesitate to fill them in from his own fertile brain. Thus it is that the eye-witness of an event becomes disgusted after reading a newspaper article of the same.

A growing evil is the support newspapers give to politics and politicians in exchange for money. A politician finds that it is a good investment to pay so much to the paper, in return for which he is pictured as a pillar of the church, a public-spirited man, sacrificing his own interests for the public good. Any good deed he has ever done is magnified, but the evil deeds are studiously avoided. I do not wish to say that all papers are purchasable, but there are a great many which are for sale to the highest bidder. Corporations also find it to be to their interest to send an annual contribution to the papers in their vicinity, thereby insuring themselves fair (?) treatment in case an occasion arises.

Many undertakings are planned by newspaper companies which have for their main object the creation of a sale for their paper. For instance, the recent commission sent to Cuba by one of the journals of the metropolis. Do you think that it was gotten up with the philanthropic motive of aiding the Cubans, or was the motive to create a big stir? Why did



this paper print in large type its intention of sending this commission, and after the members had returned boast that the result was published in its edition exclusively? Again, many expeditions are sent to almost inaccessible places, in Africa, Asia, and South America, and, coming nearer home, to the "Klondike," in order to furnish reading-matter to spur our imagination and quicken our spirits. By constantly reading such thrilling and exaggerated accounts, we weaken our minds and no longer take a delight in reading solid facts. This, no doubt, is the cause for the people of our country reading so much fiction. Librarians at our large libraries are authority for the statement that 75 per cent. of the books taken out are books of fiction.

Another recent illustration of this mercenary spirit was made manifest by the numerous extra copies and special editions which some of the city papers got out concerning the Maine disaster. The more flagrant the assertions were the more copies of the paper were sold. These accounts have done much to stir up a feeling of resentment against our country, and will hinder the authorities of both countries considerably in dealing amicably with such a momentous question. These papers have no responsibility resting on them. They would plunge this country in a war, costing thousands of lives and millions of dollars, as long as they might sell a few extra copies of their papers.

What is the remedy for this evil? Papers, so well as any other merchantable article, are made to suit the buyers. If papers of a commercial and sensational character are not read they will not be produced. If there is no demand there will be no supply and such papers will soon go out of existence for want of patronage.

*Frank S. Kuntz, 1900.*

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## College Chat.

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Past—Easter vacation.

The officers of Euterpea are: President, Steckel, '98; Vice-President, Kopp, '99; Recording Secretary, Fritch, G., 1901; Corresponding Secretary, Heist, '99; Chaplain, Boyer, 1900;

Critics, Beck, W., '99, and Fritch, L., '99; Treasurer, Klick, '99; Pianist, Yerger, 1900.

The Musical Association at their last meeting elected the following officers: President, E. L. Kistler, '98; Secretary, Fegley, 1900; and Business Manager, Boyer, 1900. They are contemplating to hold a concert during the spring term.

The newly-elected members of the Press Club are: Koch, 1900, Beck, A., 1900, Fegley, 1900, Erb, 1900, and Fetherolf, D. E., '99.

Kunkle, H. A., has left college. He has accepted a position as teacher in the Fairview Academy, Brodheadsville, Monroe County.

Buchman, '99, Kunkle, A. A., '99, and Kuntz, 1900, enjoyed a nice time in the country on March 25. They attended the eighty-sixth birthday anniversary of Buchman's grandfather.

The Class of '99 elected the following officers: President, Heist; Vice-President, Seiberling; Secretary, Koch; and Treasurer, Kopp.

Gruhler, '99, has resigned his position as Business Manager of the Glee Club. Erdman, '98, is his successor.

Kuntz, Bousch, and Krutzky, 1900, were the guests of their classmate, E. D. Boyer, at his home in Vera Cruz on March 20.

After Easter the Glee and Mandolin Clubs will meet as follows: Glee Club meets first Monday, first and third Wednesday, second and fourth Thursday, and first and third Friday of every month. Mandolin Club meets every Tuesday, second and fourth Wednesday, first and second Thursday, and second and third Friday of every month.

The Guitar and Mandolin Clubs furnished the music at the Luther League meeting of St. Mark's Church, South Allentown, on Sunday evening, March 20.

Koch, '99, was reëlected superintendent of St. Peter's Sunday-school near Bath on March 20.

We were grieved to hear of the death of our friend and collegemate, Calvin D. Seaman, of the Class of '98.

Gruhler, when reading novels, always follows the biblical injunction, "And the last shall be first."

L. Fritch's father: "Luther, how is it you never have any money."

Fritch, L.: "It is not my fault; it is all *due* to others."

Raker (to Kunkle, A.): "I have attended half a dozen euchre parties this season."

Kunkle, A.: "Did you enjoy them?"

Raker: "Very much. I have become so interested in the game that I am thinking of learning how to play euchre."

Dr. Ettinger (to Laubach): "What gender is Ajax?"

Laubach: "Feminine."

Dr. Ettinger: "No; (a)jax (jacks) are generally masculine."

Fritch, N. (in Dr. W.'s room, singing): "And the parrot said, 'Come in! Come in!'"

Dr. W.: "Soon it will say, 'Go out! Go out!'"

It is rumored that Hehl, '98, has been signed as pitcher on the college nine. Mr. Hehl has our congratulations.

Dr. Wackernagel (in History class): "Mr. Horn, will you tell me who were the three prophets at this time?"

Horn (earnestly): "Gruber, Sullenberger, and Lewis Trump."

The former students of the Allentown Seminary and the non-graduates of Muhlenberg College are kindly requested to send their names and present address to Rev. C. J. Cooper, of Allentown, Pa., for the purpose of completing a mailing list in order to extend an invitation to the Semi-Centennial Re-union to be held in connection with the Commencement Exercises of Muhlenberg College, June 22d and 23d, 1898.

Anyone having in possession, or knowing of, a catalogue of the Allentown Seminary of the year 1857 or 1863 will confer a favor by sending it to, or informing, Rev. C. J. Cooper. Copies of 1857 or 1863 are asked for by Rev. C. J. Cooper.

*W. J. Seiberling, '99.*

*F. N. Fritch, '99.*



## Our Alumni.

---

'69.—Rev. Milton J. Kramlich, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature for Lehigh County, is a candidate for reëlection.

'71.—Mr. Charles H. Keller's interest in his *Alma Mater* has not grown less, as is shown by his attendance at the banquets of the Philadelphia Alumni Association. His present address is Philadelphia.

'78.—We clip the following from the Lancaster *New Era* concerning Rev. C. L. Fry's flourishing congregation: "One of our exchanges, *The Lutheran*, the official organ of the General Council of the Lutheran Church in the United States, comments editorially in this week's issue, which is out to-day, on the status of 'Old Trinity' at Lancaster, in the Church at large. It makes the statement that in the number of subscribers to the journal of the denomination, in the number of members of the General Church Extension Society, in the amount of contributions to home and foreign missions, as well as to the jubilee fund of the Synod (a thank-offering for the 150th anniversary), in the vigor of its Luther League and Missionary Society, etc., Trinity congregation holds the universally acknowledged precedence. To quote the first sentence of the editorial: 'If vigor is a mark of youth "Old Trinity" of Lancaster, Pa., is as young as ever. It is not content to excel in one line or department of church work; it aims to excel in all.' The last sentence is the question: 'Is there a congregation in the General Council that can dispute any part of the claim?'"

'78.—The new advertising organ of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua has on its staff Rev. C. L. Fry, of '78, and Dr. George T. Ettinger, of '80. Recent numbers contained articles from both these contributors.

'79.—Frank M. Trexler, Esq., is the Republican nominee for City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa.

'81.—Rev. Joseph W. Mayne and his brother-in-law, Thomas Horne, have purchased a printing office in Catasauqua, Pa., and will publish a paper in that place.

'81.—We extend our sympathies to Mr. Frank H. Reinoehl, and his brother, Dr. John K. Reinoehl, '79, upon the loss of their father, Mr. George H. Reinoehl, an earnest and valuable member of our Board of Trustees.

'82.—In the last catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania appears the name of Prof. S. C. Schmucker, of West Chester Normal School, as Honorary Fellow in Botany.

'85.—The wedding of Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Bethlehem, Pa., is to take place on June 14.

'85.—At a recent meeting of the Mechanics Building and Loan Association of Allentown, Dr. Howard S. Seip was reëlected a director of the same.

'86.—From the *Allentown Chronicle and News* we clip the following: "The Mayoralty contest, which will not be decided for nearly a year, is receiving considerable attention at this early day, and in looking around for candidates on the Republican side of the house the name of J. Jeremiah Snyder, the young lawyer and orator, has been mentioned. Mr. Snyder cannot be regarded as having had the Mayoralty bee in his bonnet until a few weeks ago, when a number of friends approached him and asked him to become a candidate. Mr. Snyder thought over the matter and, acting upon the encouragement and assurances of hearty support, he has decided to enter the field and may now be considered a full-fledged aspirant for Mayoralty honors.

"Mr. Snyder combines all the elements of a strong candidate. His ability and popularity are so well known that it is not necessary at this time to dwell upon them. His past services in behalf of the party entitle him to an honor of this kind, and it goes without saying that if he is nominated his friends will do the rest."

"J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., has accepted an invitation to make the Memorial Day address on Mount Peace Cemetery, Philadelphia, for General Hector Tyndale Post. Mr. Snyder delivered the orations for the post in 1896 and 1897, and so pleased were the members with him that they at once insisted upon his return this year."

'87.—The condition of Rev. Frank M. Seip is not materially improved. He is now resting comfortably at his father's residence at Muhlenberg College.



'89.—The engagement of Rev. Ernest M. Grahm, Easton, Pa., is announced.

'90.—Rev. and Mrs. Geo. S. Kleckner, of Bath, have been gladdened by the arrival of a baby boy in their home. Rev. Kleckner is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of '90.—*Allentown Item*.

'90.—The following concerns Rev. I. B. Ritter's charge: The people of Zionsville and vicinity will have a number of intellectual treats this season through a series of lectures provided by the Lutheran Missionary Society. Those on the list are: Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D.D., of Myerstown, February 4, on "Sixty Years Among the Pennsylvania Germans;" Rev. M. O. Rath, of Allentown; Rev. O. E. Pflueger, of Elizabethville, and Prof. Geo. T. Ettinger, Ph.D., a member of the faculty of Muhlenberg College.—*Allentown Item*.

'90.—John J. Yingling has been reëlected Secretary of the Mechanics Loan and Building Association of Allentown.

'91.—A daughter was born on Sunday to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Cooper, of Oakmont, Pa. The happy father is a son of Rev. C. J. Cooper, of Muhlenberg College, who also rejoices in this conferring of the honor of grandfatherhood.—*The Item*.

'91.—The family of Rev. W. W. Kistler, of Coopersburg, Pa., likewise has been gladdened by the addition of a young member.

'92.—We regret to announce that Principal J. R. Merkel, of the Academic Department, is at home threatened with an attack of typhoid fever.

'93.—We understand that on account of poor health Rev. W. F. Mosser, of Coudersport, Pa., has temporarily resigned his work.

'96.—Mr. John F. Snyder, a student in Mount Airy Seminary, will preach in St. Stephen's Lutheran Chapel, Fourteenth and Chew streets, to-morrow evening. Mr. Snyder is the son of Mr. Jacob Snyder, the builder and contractor, 513 North Tenth street, this city.—*Chronicle and News*.

'96.—O. R. B. Leidy has again taken up his residence in Allentown, where he will continue his law studies in the office of Kauffman & Reninger.



## Editor's Table.

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*The Red and Blue* greets us again after an absence of over a year. We hope its appearance will be regular hereafter, as its perusal affords us great pleasure. The contents are excellent and varied, comprising the essay, the short story, and several commendable selections of verse. "A Tragedy of a New England Tour" and "A Certain Love" deserve special mention for the clear style in which they are written. "A Comparison" is a very amusing sketch contrasting the different ways in which the same subject was treated by a student in writing first to a friend and then to his father.

"A Tale of the Yukon" is an up-to-date serial in *The Dickinsonian*. The author has written an excellent story of the miner's life in the Klondike. It is the pioneer in this field of literature which thus far has appeared in our exchanges. "Fleizig's Winnings" and "Conflict of Capital and Labor" are both well written. The latter being an eye-witness' account of the shooting of the coal miners at Lattimer. The subject is carefully treated and both sides of the subject are presented in their true light.

*The Buff and Blue* contains several articles of merit, among which are the historical sketch of Gustavus Erikson Vasa; one describing the education of the "Old South" and "A Romance of Old Alabama." The editorials are well written, and the alumni notes are especially full. The exchange column is well conducted, and a large number of college papers are reviewed each month. This is in quite a contrast to a number of our exchanges, which have almost entirely ignored this important feature of a college publication.

*The Ursinus College Bulletin* is a very neat paper which appears twice a month. The literary contributions are good. "The Influence of Books" and "The Man of Imagination" are specially worthy of mention. The excellent quality of the paper and the neat arrangement of the printed matter upon the page makes a very pleasing appearance.

The evils of the Sunday newspapers are forcibly presented in *The College Forum*. It is characterized as "one of the most powerful tools in the hand of Satan." That the treat-

ment of an abstract subject need not necessarily be tedious reading is shown by the interesting style in which "The Supremacy of Conscience" is written.

A very interesting sketch of the life of Lady Greene, who was a student at the seminary from 1788-1791, is given in *The Mirror*. The address delivered at the unveiling of the portrait bust of Comenius is very instructive and gives one an added appreciation of the greatness of the "father of modern education."

Put in plain English, the sentiment which prevails in many colleges, whether professional or literary, is this: To tell a lie is wrong on the street, but right in college; to use personal violence is wrong in a saloon, but right in college; to boycott is wrong in Ireland, wrong even in business circles of the United States, but right in college; to destroy property is wrong in a cowboy, but to deface walls or carry off gates and signboards is right in college students; to howl and screech on the streets is wrong in a drunken man, and should consign him to a diet of bread and water, but to make hideous with unearthly yells is a sign of culture, providing the yells proceed from the throats of college boys.—*Ex.*

The authorities of Brown university have decided that the students must either give up the use of tobacco or leave the college.—*Ex.*

In Germany there are twenty-one universities with over thirty thousand students. In no other country do the universities occupy so exalted a position. They have twenty-five hundred professors and instructors. As go these universities so goes Germany. All great spiritual movements in Germany began in the universities. The great Reformation, led by Luther, began there. The foreign missionary awakening began there. He who is the light of the world is there.—*Ex.*

A professor of Systematic Theology being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The professor being ill requests me to say that the seniors may peep in through purgatory, and the middle class continue the descent into hell, until further notice from the professor."—*Washburn Weekly Review*.  
Bernard Repass, '98.



## The World of Letters.

---

The title of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "American Wives and English Husbands," might reasonably lead one to expect a disquisition on the general theory of international marriages. Interesting as this topic must ever be so long as an American fortune of sufficient magnitude is considered a fair equivalent for a foreign title, the clever novelist has used it merely as a foundation upon which to build one of the most interesting romances that has ever come from her pen. The author has given her subject careful and sympathetic treatment, and the English and American points of view are set forth with impartial fairness.

The title of the new story which Mr. S. R. Crockett has written for publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, to commence after the conclusion of Mr. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," is "The Silver Skull." We understand that "The Silver Skull" is the crest of a great Italian family, with some of the members of which the story deals. Mr. Keet, formerly editor of the *Forum*, has recently undertaken the management of this first-class magazine in America, and is pushing several plans to extend its popularity in this country.

The title of the volume of short stories by Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar will be "Folks from Dixie," and will prove to be very interesting.

"The Orange Girl" is the title of the new novel upon which Sir Walter Besant is at present engaged. The scene of the story is laid in the last century, a period which has formed the background of some of Sir Walter's best work. "The Orange Girl" will, of course, be published serially in this country, in England, and in Australia, prior to its publication in book form. In London it will first see the light in one of the more prominent illustrated weeklies.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is making steady progress with the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy," but it is not yet quite certain that it will be commenced in *Scribner's* for January, 1899, as was originally proposed.

John W. Koch, '99.



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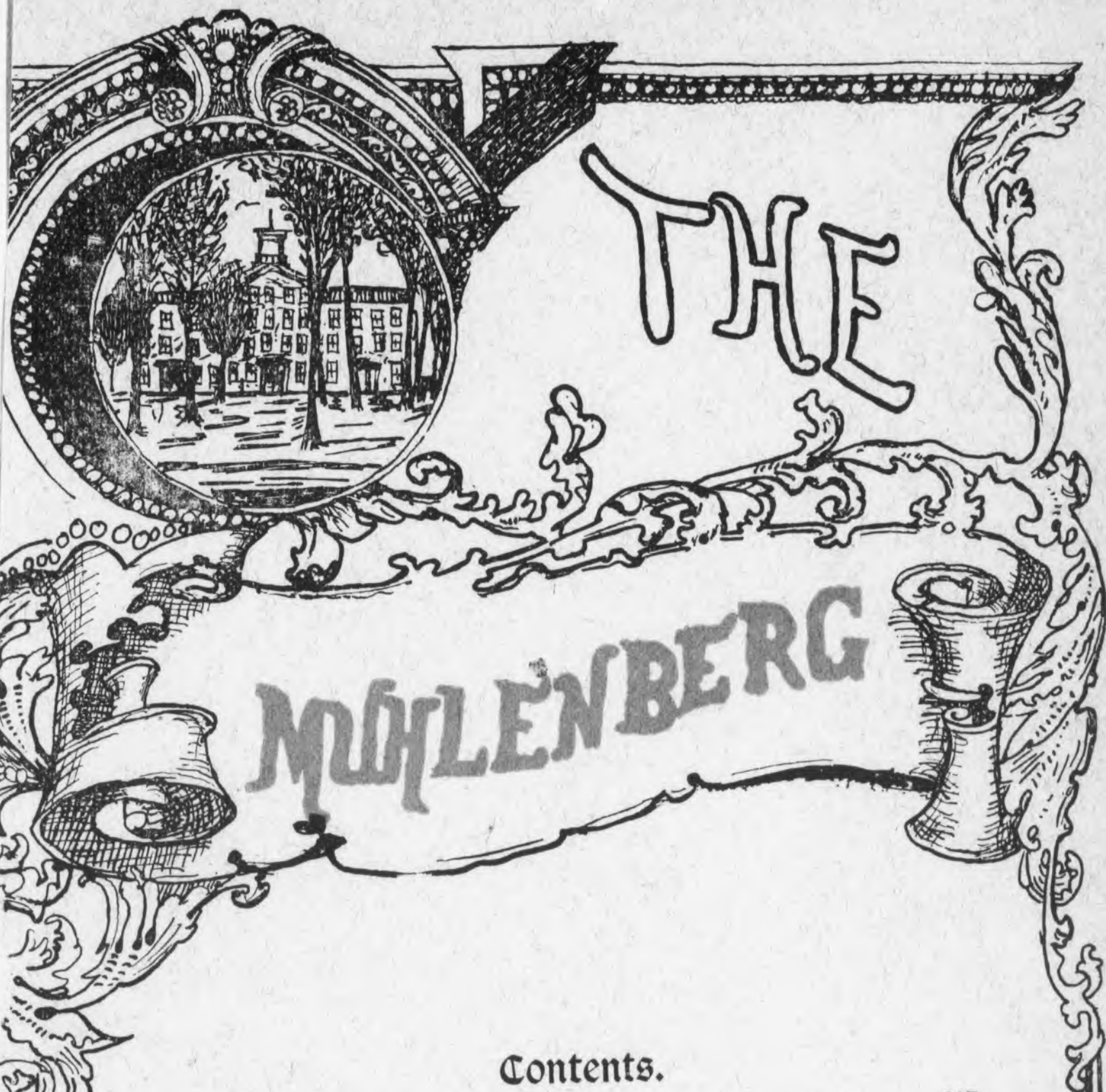
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MAY, 1898.



### Contents.

Editorial, . . . . .	207
An Easter in Regensburg, <i>Geo. S. Opp</i> , '94, . . . . .	208
Kismet, A Story, <i>E. J. Keuling</i> , '98, . . . . .	211
Eulogy, <i>C. G. Beck</i> , '98, . . . . .	217
Where Love Dwelt, <i>P. G. Krutzky</i> , 1900, . . . . .	221
Editorial Contributions:	
College Chat, . . . . .	224
Editor's Table, . . . . .	225
The World of Letters, . . . . .	227

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

*"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."*

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY, 1898.

No. 9.

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W. J. SEIBERLING, '99.  
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ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
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This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorial.

In this issue of our monthly the editors very willingly give some of the space that is generally reserved for editorials, for the publication of the unusually large amount of matter as found on the succeeding pages. However, we should like to remind our fellow students once more that an essential, second to none, to the successful publication of a college journal is money. As a rule this is furnished by people whose favors can easily be reciprocated by many students without any loss or inconvenience on their part. The business men of our city have always lent their assistance. Boys, remember this: although you may not always be able to suit yourselves, you will, by the simple act of calling on our friends first, show them that we appreciate the interest which they have taken in the welfare of our enterprise.

### An Easter in Regensburg.

---

The Royal Conservatory at Munich grants its students the customary vacations during the year, of which periods we took advantage by taking trips. The Easter trip of 1897, while not an extensive one, was very delightful. Having made the acquaintance of several Americans, one of whom during the second year of our sojourn in Munich went to Regensburg for the purpose of further study, two of us decided to pay him a visit at Easter and enjoy the elaborate music at the Cathedral, rivaling even Rome in its perfection. At the close of the second *trimester* we accordingly set out from Munich for Ratisbon or Regensburg.

The name of this old camping-ground of the ancient Romans opens up before the mind's eye a series of pictures including the history of centuries. In the first century the Emperor Augustus settled the lands lying along the upper Danube and made them a Roman province, and history, so faint as to be almost legendary, tells us that he built a castle on the Danube directly opposite the place where the river now called the Regen joins the larger stream. This was called *Castra Regina*. Around this families soon settled, and accordingly became an important frontier fortress of the province called *Vindelicia*, and the base of operation for many campaigns of conquest and devastation. Subsequently it became a commercial center for grain, wine, and other products of the country, receiving the name "*Ratisbona*," which it has retained with slight change up to the present time, in the German language being called Regensburg, or castle of the Regen. Passing through the centuries we find among the famous names the one of Theodoric the Ostrogoth prominently connected with the history of Ratisbon, and later still, in the eighth century, the holy Boniface appeared there and founded a bishopric, and at the close of the same century the city, together with all that part of Germany, passed by right of conquest into the hands of Charlemagne, the city becoming the scene of a grand triumphal entry of the foremost of conquerors.

But the Ratisbon of to-day, with its many narrow, crooked streets, tall, quaint houses with gable roofs, and intervening towers, is more a reminder of the past than a promise of any-



thing for the future. In its sleepy, narrow streets, where once the gallant array of Roman soldiery flashed its arms, may now be found the easy-going, good-natured burghers, quite content with a meerschäum of tobacco and a generous quantity of beer and sausage. The city is rich in old churches, for almost at every turn one faces a church or a monastery. The Abbey of Emmeran, the oldest, dating from 652, consists of a number of buildings, including the half-ruined church with the shrine of St. Emmeran, the patron saint of the city. Roaming about at random we saw an old Roman gate built previous to the fifth century, as well as many odd-shaped houses bearing queer inscriptions. One containing the picture of a huge black bear attached to a chain, probably fifteen feet in length, disappearing through a hole in the wall, contains this motto:

“Dies Haus steht in Gottes Hand,  
Zum Baeren an der Ketten ist's genannt.”

Needless to say, it is a restaurant. One has a large fresco of David and Goliath covering its whole front, and another boasts—

“Ich altes Haus, einst wohl bekannt,  
War stoltz Zum Weissen Lamm benannt.  
Ich bin auch wirklich zu beneiden,  
Hier wohnte Goethe, Mozart, Hayden.”

Still another bears a long poem telling that the Emperor Charles the Fifth's son, Don Juan of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, was born there.

Tracing our way through the narrow streets we came to the grand old cathedral. A magnificent specimen of ancient church architecture, one of the grandest Gothic structures in Germany, it rises from among the low surrounding buildings, with the soft sunlight flooding the grand façade, making a most beautiful effect among the multitude of arches and pillars. The ancient cathedral, dating from the time of Boniface, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, together with a large portion of the city, in 1273. The bishop then conceived the idea of erecting a new building which should surpass everything in that part of Germany in size and magnificence. Accordingly the cornerstone of the present cathedral was laid in 1275. In those days, with such gigantic conceptions, it almost seems that the promoters,



architect, and workmen labored by faith and not by sight, for over three hundred years had passed after the laying of the cornerstone before the building was considered complete, and even then the towers were not finished, reaching that point only within the last decade or so. The effect of the cathedral is one of perfect symmetry, all the graceful lines seeming dependent upon one another, and the richness of the carved detail all in unison with the grand central idea. The portal of the main entrance with its surrounding windows is an exquisite gem in the beauty of its arches, its fine tracery, and its pillars adorned with statues and graceful carvings.

The students of the school received us quite royally and made our stay doubly enjoyable. They were a motley set, among them being Poles, Italians, Austrians, Tyrolese, and Germans. Quite a charming fellow was Gorzelniaski, the correct pronunciation of whose name takes quite a good deal of tongue twisting.

As our object in visiting Regensburg principally was the church music, we attended as many services in the cathedral as possible. The choir, which consisted of twenty boys and sixteen men, rendered with apparent ease, unaccompanied, the difficult masses of Palestrina, Vittoria, and others of the old-church composers. The religious ceremonies indeed proved a novelty to us. On Thursday afternoon, after the vespers, the congregation, headed by the bishop and an array of chanting priests, proceeded from the cathedral to the adjoining churchyard to a marble group representing Christ's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, where prayers were offered while the choir, hidden from view in the small chapel, sang a beautiful motet by Orlando di Lasso. On Good Friday the city presented a solemn appearance. Every store was closed and the day observed as a fast day. So we, *nolens volens*, were compelled to fast also. Lamentations were sung in all the churches, and not a bell was to be heard. The crucifix was removed from the altar and placed upon the steps leading thereto, up to which poor, ignorant peasants would crawl on their knees in order to kiss and touch the wounds of the holy *corpus*. But Saturday evening beheld the grandest spectacle of all. During the week the high altar had been draped by a dark cloth, completely hiding it. Now it shone forth in all

its glory, ablaze with candles. From a side altar the procession moved, headed by a trombone quartette, followed by the surpliced choir, the richly robed dignitaries, the priests, the bishop bearing the sacrament under a silken canopy, then a large number of children and men each one carrying a candle. The cathedral was illuminated only by the candles on the altar and of the procession, whose smoke, the clouds of incense, together with the soul-stirring music, made the effect a magnificent one. This grand spectacle reached its climax when the bishop placed the sacrament upon the high altar, the vast congregation kneeling, while the choir, trombones, organ, and peals in the towers, rendered an anthem of rejoicing. On Easter Sunday morning Palestrina's famous "Papae Marcelli" mass was sung. The first public performance of this mass was given on *Corpus Christi* Day, 1565, at a special morning service, and its effect was overwhelming. Certain abuses and absurdities, having fixed themselves upon church music, led to a reaction. Palestrina was asked to compose one free from the mixture of alien words and profane melodies. He undertook the work with enthusiasm and wrote not one, but three six-part masses. Greater success was never more fairly won. Praise was bestowed upon all, but the third thence known as the "Missa Papae Marcelli" was pronounced a miracle. Thereby church music was saved, and also gave the composer the title of "the great reformer of church music."

The Easter Sunday services ended a week of elaborate music, and on the following day we departed for the interesting city of Augsburg, where several days were spent, thence on to Munich, thus bringing a delightful trip to a close.

George S. Opp, '94.

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### Kismet.

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The stubbornly fought battles, between the Royal army on the one side and the forces of Parliament on the other, were gradually decreasing in number. After the decisive battle of Worcester, in the fall of 1651, Charles II had been totally beaten by Cromwell, the commander-in-chief of the Com-



monwealth. A rich booty of baggage and artillery had fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Only a handful of soldiers followed the defeated monarch in his headlong flight from the country which had beheaded his father and was now hunting him down like an outlaw. The Royal army, under the generals who still clung to the monarchy, was conquered in nearly every struggle; and everyone caught carrying weapons and wearing the king's livery was brought before judges and sentenced to death.

The king's cause was at a very low ebb, and the few struggling soldiers still loyal to Charles were defeated and peremptorily tried. In the town S——, Sir Harry Somerset, one of these judges, a man of very strict morals, austere in appearance, and a pronounced republican, held court. He was a frail-looking man, of small build, and of very plain appearance, with a clean-shaven face from which two sharp eyes seemed to pierce through and through the culprit unfortunate enough to be brought before him. From his encounters with brawlers and outlaws (for these were stirring times), in connection with his calling, a certain seriousness was stamped upon his countenance. Yet with all such trials and experiences there was a kindly smile hovering around his face when off duty and in company with his friends. Because he could not endure the rigor of camp life he was appointed one of the judges, and so zealous was he in prosecuting the Parliamentary cause that he had no equal in all England.

One evening while Sir Harry was enjoying refreshments with a few invited friends, the door suddenly flew open, and a detachment of soldiers wearing the green uniform of Hampden, dripping wet from the rain and hail which came down in torrents, led in a prisoner. His uniform at once revealed that he belonged to the scattered army of the king, and that he was of high rank. He was captured in his attempt to escape to the coast, whence he had hoped to flee to France, the haven for all English royal refugees.

Sir Harry Somerset ordered the wet mantle to be removed and another table to be prepared for the prisoner, at the same time saying, "To-day is my birthday, therefore will I finish my meal with comfort. Give the officer and those who brought him food and drink; at present I will be his host, by and by I will be his judge." The soldiers acknowledged the



magistrate's kindness, then took their seats beside the prisoner, who appeared to resign himself to his fate, and began to attack the meal with a relish as only a hungry man can.

Sir Harry taking his seat among his friends resumed the conversation. "As I said before, at seventeen I was just as frail as I am now, so that everyone ridiculed me, and I was abused by my schoolmates. My weakness made me a coward, and instead of curing me of my cowardice these abuses to which I was subjected only made me more sensitive and cowardly. I was always in abject fear, but most of all did I dread the schoolmaster's lash. Twice had I received an awful beating, so that only the thought of it makes me shudder. I attended Trinity College, Oxford, and was a student of the Middle Temple. Opposite my seat, across the aisle, was a closet in which was hanging a human skeleton for the benefit and the use of the class in physiology. This bony frame was screened from view by a heavy curtain, which we were strictly forbidden to touch. It was in the month of June, on one of those murky, sultry days, when every fly seemed to be on the lookout to alight upon the tiniest spot of cuticle exposed to their savage attack, in order to stimulate them for further cussedness,—well, on this hot afternoon I got drowsy and began to nod, when, behold you! my neighbor suddenly gave me a playful shove, so characteristic of student days, which sent me in my unsteady equilibrium right against the closet; and in order to save myself from falling upon that dreaded curtain I grabbed it, when to my horror it gave way and fell down in a confused heap. Immediately every eye in the room was turned towards me, The professor also looked my way, and noticing my confusion became angry and ordered me up to his desk to receive ten strokes of the lash. I staggered up from my seat, tried to open my lips to bring forth an excuse, but my tongue refused to do my bidding and stuck to the roof of my mouth, so that not a sound issued from me. My knees began to tremble and I tottered towards the teacher like a drunken man. A cold sweat came over my forehead, my hair seemed to stand on end, and I felt as if I should faint. Already I felt the lash swishing through the air, when I was awakened out of my stupor by a voice calling out, 'Do not strike, sir; it was I who touched the curtain!' It was the student sitting back of me

who cried out, at the same time coming forward to receive the beating. My first impulse was to prevent the unjust punishment, to admit that I was the guilty one and to take the thrashing; but I could not screw up enough courage, and after the first stroke had descended I became ashamed and did not interfere. During all this time the real culprit who had given me the shove remained silent. After my intercessor had received the whipping and had taken his seat, he whispered over to me in a gentle tone, 'Do not catch hold of the curtain again, Harry, the next time you fall, for the switch hurts tremendously.' I fell down sobbing upon the floor, and had to be carried out of class. Ever since that day have I been ashamed of myself for my cowardice, and have done everything in my power to get over it. I hope that I have at last succeeded."

"What became of that noble classmate of yours?" asked one at his right.

"Haven't you seen him since?" inquired another.

"Unfortunately, never. He shortly afterwards left the college to go to another. As sure as I live," continued Sir Harry, as he wiped off a tear that began to steal down his cheek, "I would give several years of my life if I could drink his health, or have the pleasure of shaking hands with him and giving him a cordial college welcome, such as we used to have for each other after a long vacation. He was a noble fellow. Many a time did he take my part, for he was both taller and stronger than I."

A reverent silence came upon the company, which was disturbed only by the rattling of the hail against the window panes, and the loud clatter of a detachment of troops dashing over the cobblestones of the causeway. Yet over all could be heard the dull moaning wail of the wind, as if in sympathy with the speaker's story. But no one in that room paid any heed to the noise, although it became louder and more furious, after which it gradually subsided into a gentle breeze.

The stillness in the room was suddenly broken by a "Here is to your health and to that memorable curtain."

Sir Harry and his guests looked in astonishment in the direction whence came the interruption, when they beheld a glass in the uplifted hand of the prisoner who was drinking the toast to the host.



"But you have a poor memory. I got not only ten strokes but twenty, because I did not immediately acknowledge my guilt, and came very near being the cause of getting a beating for another."

"By Jove, that's so!" replied the magistrate. "Now I recollect very distinctly—but is it possible that it is you! Yes," he exclaimed, "I recognize your features, but come—sit down and tell us something about yourself. Do you remember the trick Howard played on me with that detestable skeleton? How he stole that hideous bundle of bones and put it into my bed, and when I uncovered the sheets and attempted to get into bed and saw that horrid thing I screamed and fled from the room? Ah, you do remember; I see by your smile! How the other fellows roared with laughter at my cowardice, and how you came to my aid and took the bony thing out of my room! Do you remember that yet?"

"Yes, I do; but what became of Howard?"

"He entered the services of Parliament, but on account of some disobedience was reprimanded by Cromwell, the Lord-General of the Commonwealth, relieved of his command, and the last I heard of him was that he sailed for Ireland. But tell us about yourself. In what circumstances you are, and whose uniform you are wearing?"

"In the king's uniform, Sir Harry," replied the royal officer with dignity. "I have been loyal and have done what I consider my duty, and what it behooves every nobleman to do—serve his king. I have joined the army, like my father, and as he laid down his life for his sovereign, so do I expect to lay down mine. My only wish is that God may save the king!" Upon which he abruptly turned around, sat down at the table and resumed his supper.

Sir Harry Somerset became thoughtful for a few moments, then gave orders that the royal prisoner should be treated with the greatest courtesy; commanded his horse to be brought, mounted, and quickly galloped away.

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As the echo of Sir Harry's horse faintly died out in the distance, the prisoner, having finished his repast, was silently sitting with his eyes intently fixed upon the thin, red, serpentine flames darting up from the open hearth. The wind was



still moaning, reminding him of his boyhood days when he and his playmates used to imitate the wind by getting a flat piece of wood, and whirling it rapidly over their heads at the end of a piece of string. Ah, those were happy days! thrice happy days! It was in the beautiful period of youth so rich in its present enjoyments, and in its air-castles of the future, and *this* should be his fate, his kismet—to die the death of a rebel! In his fancy he sees the old schoolmaster, with his cruel lash, bending over the frail form of his college friend, carrying him back to his school days—those days of fun and frolic, interspersed with seasons of serious study! Then the flames, flitting about yet ever the same, picture another past—when with his father he, as a loyal subject, took up the king's cause; how he fought at his father's side, and when that beloved parent, his friend and companion in arms for years, fell mortally wounded at his side, how he promised to be faithful to the king! In memory, then, how he again reverently kneels at his side and prays, giving him a farewell kiss, and receiving a father's blessing scented with the sweet savour of loving words! Then the embers becoming dim, he stirs just for a second—when he again sees bending over the fire the face of one who is all the world to him, fringed with curling tresses, from which two eyes sparkled like twinkling stars, who is waiting for him over the Straits! Long he looks at the fading form in the glowing embers till his eyes become dim with the mist—for he knows that he shall never again clasp that beloved face between his hands! Then the flickering flame a scaffold shows with—when he is gently awakened out of his reverie by the kind voice of the officer of the guard to get ready for his night's lodging.

As he arose one could not help admiring his fine physique, and his long, beautiful curls hanging down over the necklace, which sat upon his broad shoulders. His coat was of rich scarlet, and at his side hung a long cavalry sword which clashed along the floor as he walked with erect carriage with his guide to his bedroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Day after day he spent in this room, a prisoner awaiting his execution, till at last, toward the evening of the fifth day, Sir Harry Somerset returned and immediately ordered the distinguished prisoner to be brought before him.

"Shall I be put to death, or are they, the powers that be, not ready to hand me over to the executioner's axe," he demanded with *sang-froid*. "It is time that I should die lest I be tempted to ask for pardon. So generously have you provided for me, Sir Harry, that I feel reluctant to leave your present hospitality."

"Lord Roseberry," spoke the judge with emotion, "nearly twenty years ago you said to me, pointing to your lacerated hands, 'Don't clutch that curtain again, for the switch hurts tremendously.' In return I bring you your pardon, signed by the Lord-General, but let me tell you, do not again take up arms against the Parliament, because it is not an easy task to get Cromwell to sign a pardon, so bitter and relentless has he grown against the king."

Scarcely had he finished before Lord Roseberry fell into his embrace, and they both renewed their friendship, and, despite their difference in politics, lived in intimate terms for the rest of their lives.

*E. J. Keuling, '98.*

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### Eulogy on the Death of Calvin D. Seaman.

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For the first time in the annals of Muhlenberg College does one of its societies sit in bereavement mourning the loss of its president. Though circumstances permit us to meet only as a society, though we eulogize but as a division of the student-body, yet we mourn his loss as a band of young Christian heroes—college friends, society brethren, and classmates all alike. We all feel the severe sting which death brings with it. When we allow our thoughts to drift, but for a moment, and reflect on the history of the past; when the recollections of innocent pleasantries rise vividly in our minds; when we behold the strong ties of friendship which bound us together; when we think of our dreams full of joy and promise for the morrow—then we see a beautiful past and a bright future. But must I, must I really say that now, in the very height of youthful ambition, the horrible pangs of death have to fall upon us? That now one who once seemed so joyful, so happy, so healthy and so vigorous, is no more? That now all our fond hopes and wishes are carried



away by the waves of Time and dashed to pieces on the rocky shores of Beulah Land? Ah! all appears but like a dream, so misty, oh, so strange. We ponder, we weary, we cannot understand until we hear someone whispering:

"Farewell forever, sins and pains,  
Farewell bereavement, sorrow, care!"

In Calvin Seaman, Euterpea has lost a true and loyal friend; one who has not only manifested his interest in the society by directing his labors to the perfecting of its outward appearances, but one who strove to raise its literary merits as well. In his attendance he was regular and in his performances he was prompt. He read his essay in a masterly manner, he delivered his oration vehemently, and he debated skillfully. He made no bombastic and pompous display of words, but what he said he said in a clear, vigorous, and convincing manner. That his society work was done as a matter of duty, responsibility, and pleasure is shown by the fact that his very last college work was that of taking upon himself the presidency of the society. Here, in this hall, in that very chair, most of us saw him for the last time. There he sat in a manly attitude, his eyes upon the society and his mind open to catch every ray of light which came to view. We see his bright eyes sparkle as the interest of the debate deepens, his spirits rise and his countenance flush as the climax is reached. Ah! we cannot help admiring him, his manly qualities are so strong, and his kindness commands so high a respect and admiration.

As the college friend misses his kind words and actions mostly in our favorite places of resort, and the society brother in the hall of assembly, so the classmate experiences that same feeling of sorrow and regret as he enters the different classrooms during the course of a day's duty. When we first entered these classic halls, zealously bent on our college curriculum, and perfected our class organization, we knew full well that our small vessel could not sail through the waters of the deep without encountering heavy storms; we knew that we should reach the long-looked-for shore broken and severed. But not a one entertained the thought that the Harbinger of Death would make his summons. It seems particularly strange that now when what seemed the unconquerable is conquered, when the strong waves of mid-



ocean became lighter and lighter as we approach the calm bay along the shore, that now when all seemed certainty that we were not even to lose another fragment of our vessel, we must encounter the severest trial of all. We behold his vacant seat, a just to the past, but the occupant is missing, yes, sadly missing. But as we heave a dismal sigh or shed a silent tear, he smiles a smile of pity from the land where sorrow is unknown. To his class he showed the same loyalty and fidelity that he manifested in the society. Whatever the class undertook he supported, and supported it with all his might. He was the last one to flinch from the call of duty. In the recitation-room he showed marked ability in the several studies he pursued. He was a man who strictly studied for himself, and thus what seemed to him the studies which constituted the foundation of his future career were closely followed. He was not satisfied with a mere outline of things, but desired and acquainted himself with the minutest details.

As a member of some of the other college organizations he has always adhered to their rules and regulations, always gave them his hearty support, and always assisted in furthering their cause. For his foresight, broad judgment, and assiduity he was always one of the first to be asked to link his connection with our societies, and to these qualities we must largely attribute his popularity and the high esteem in which he was held.

Wherever a channel for advancement was opened he was sure to enter it, striving ever higher, ever onward.

We now go back to his very birth and behold him as an infant in a mother's arms. The tenderest care and nurturing is given him. His face is a fountain of the primitive smiles of kindness and becomes brighter and brighter as the envied kiss is shared. But little by little the tiny features of the little creature fade away and take on new and stronger phases. Childhood soon dawns, and as we see him advancing further and further on the path of life, we see the scrutinizing eyes of a father and a mother following the child, closer and closer, on that rough and perilous journey. The foundation of his strong moral character is laid, and as his physical and mental powers become visible by degrees his moral principles grow firmer and firmer. He has already entered his educational career; step by step he is advancing, his views

widen and his constitution becomes more vigorous, until we see him no longer as a child but a youth. He now completes the public-school course of his native place, the closing epoch of many a bright one's school career; but he longs for higher educational advantages, and consequently the necessary preparations are made to receive the care of a foster-mother.

After due deliberation and consideration he made his way to the Queen City of the Lehigh and entered these classic halls. Ah! what a fortunate day it was for Muhlenberg and her sons when he linked himself with this institution. Ah! his personal influence was too strong among his associates to be passed by unmarked. Wherever he was, be it college, home, or society, he was that same sedate and God-fearing person; his judgment always far-seeing, bold, and clear; his language always choice and clean from the flow of expletives; always true to his friends and kind to his acquaintances. Does it, then, seem strange that we sit thus musing in pensive meditation, why our agonizing hearts become weaker and weaker, and our anguish greater and greater as imagination presents him to view? Oh, let all that sorrow which is gathered and nurtured in your hearts, grow; let not the burst of mirth and revelry root it out, for it is the last testimony of expiring love. Ah! the parting scene, as it vividly rises before us, is too profound not to find an unfading resting-place on the tablets of our hearts. There on his deathbed we see him suffering; his pains are excruciating; but like a lamb he calmly endures all that is exacted of him. His constitution and will-power are strong, and for a long time we confide all our hopes in them and his Master. But now gradually he is fading away, his mind is wandering, his gaze is set, and there in the arms of a mother we hear his low murmurs:

“Tell me, my secret soul,  
Oh, tell me, hope and faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From sorrow, sin, and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blest,  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest?

Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals given,  
Waved their bright wings and whispered, yes, yes, in Heaven.”

*Charles G. Beck, '98.*



**Where Love Dwelt.**ALLEGORY.

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With neither kith nor kin to concern themselves about him, the old man passed a solitary existence in his cabin in the woods. This had not always been the case.

His parents died during his infancy; he had neither brother nor sister. As a parish charge he was driven hither and thither. His circumstances often made it necessary for him to change his home. Practically he had no home; and only by means of the hardest kind of drudgery could he, at length, in his old age, call this small cabin his own. Outside of the bread which he worked so hard to obtain, books were his sole delight.

His scanty earnings did not allow him to spend much for amusement, but out of what he could afford he purchased novels and books of poetry. These books dealt with the subject of Love, which in his opinion was superior to Faith and Hope.

Perhaps, thought he, Love is but a phantom of the poet. In his existence, which had been passed in a workaday world, he had never experienced the divine potency of Love, nor had the opportunity been accorded him to seek it from others. He thought of it as something wonderful to experience love as the books described it. He wondered whether he could not yet find it. Time to look for it was still left him.

The old man bars his cabin and wanders out into the wide world in search of the Love about which he had read so much. He arrives at a house built in mediæval style, and which looks as if it could last forever. A rich merchant, whose ancestors had dwelt in it for centuries, occupies it. The old man passes unobserved into the garden, in which the merchant and his son are seated engaged in conversation.

"I tell you," says the merchant in a harsh, unequivocal voice, addressing his son, "for the last time. Your mother and I wish you to carry on the firm. Your idea of a profession is laughable. What is talent, anyway? Thousands are beset with the idea that they have it, and finally, after years of wasted effort, discover how they have misspent their lives. If you do not obey me I will cut you off without a penny, and you may starve with your so-called talent for all the



good it will do you." Starve! A hard lot indeed! The young man, deeply moved, silently bows his head and gives his assent by a nod.

Without making his presence known the old man leaves the garden. "That was not the Love I seek," he mutters, "not the parental Love as I understand it. Perhaps children may be truer in their love."

After wandering for some time he arrives at a farmhouse of which the friendly sheen of light coming through the window invites him to draw nearer. The oldest son has been given his patrimony. The old couple, now useless, because of no further use to him, sit morosely and sadly in their respective corners. "No," mutters the old man, "these do not look as if filial affection makes their few remaining days happy. Here, too, Love does not dwell."

Proceeding on his way the old man comes to a house in which a newly-married couple have just made their home. The young husband is at the moment taking leave of his wife. He kisses her and she smiles happily and waves him adieu with her handkerchief.

"I have found Love," whispers the old man, looking towards her he perceived the face of the young wife to assume a mocking smile.

"Hateful thing," she mutters audibly to herself. "If he were not so rich I would have laughed in his face when he came to woo me." Evidently, considers the old man, Love does not dwell here, and sadly turns away.

He comes next to the estate of a country gentleman, whose birthday is being celebrated by the villagers and his own tenants. The people are at the top notch of enthusiasm, and huzzas and shouts of gladness rend the air.

"At last," mutters the old man, "here I find Love." He mingles among the people, and overhears their conversation. "Yes," exclaims one, "to-day we can well be merry; the lord of the manor has ordered a feast for his tenants and unlimited mead. A little shouting has its recompense." The bystanders laugh and nod their approval of the speaker's sentiments.

The old man stealthily leaves the place. He feels as if he would not care to see and hear more; he longs for the little cabin, and almost in despair he wends his footsteps homeward.

After a little while he comes to a house, at the door of which a woman, scarcely younger than himself, is seen standing. Addressing him she says, "You look so tired, won't you come inside and rest awhile and refresh yourself."

No one had asked him so kindly or been so hospitable to him on his whole journey. Gladly accepting her hospitality, he sinks with a sigh of relief into the proffered chair which she shows him. The signs of a thrifty and orderly housewife are everywhere apparent. There are flower pots in the window and the table is newly spread for a repast.

She bids him take his place at the table, but adds, "You must wait, my son shall be here in a few minutes."

"Does he return from a foreign country?" inquired the old man. The woman reddens and appears ill at ease.

"Is he your only son?" again asks the old man. "Oh, no," she answers. "I have five children; four have become old enough and are doing finely for themselves. They all live here in the neighborhood."

"And no one here to greet their brother?" queries the old man.

The woman is embarrassed by this direct question. "This," says she, "has its reason. You will not deride me, as my other children have done, if I tell you why I am so rejoiced to welcome my son home. He does not come from abroad, but from the penitentiary. He has been in prison for many years, because he, in a fit of anger, killed a comrade. But now he has expiated his crime, and surely he needs his mother's love now," she adds, the light of a mother's love shining in her eyes.

Suddenly footsteps, hesitating in their tread, are heard approaching. Half hesitating as if in doubt of his reception, a man with closely-cropped hair and a face distinguished for its pallor enters the door.

"My son!" cries the woman, and her arms clasp him, and with a convulsive sob she falls into his arms. In the joy of their meeting they have forgotten the old man. With a new light in his eyes he silently and reverently leaves them to their own joys and proceeds on his homeward journey.

"That is Love," he triumphantly says to himself. "My journey was not in vain. I return to my books with the



knowledge that they have not lied. Love is not found as often as the poet will have us believe, but when we find the true, genuine, holy love, it is first found in a mother's heart."

*Paul G. Krutzky, 1900.*

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## College Chat.

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Spring.

Out—'99 "Ciarla."

Coming—Final "exams."

Dr. Ettinger, whose faithful service has been given to Chautauqua for the last six summers will again be Dean of the Faculty and Professor in Latin.—*Pa. Chautauquan.*

Dr. Richards returns with a new supply of semi-humorous postprandials. He will also deliver a public lecture and have charge of English Literature, Economics, and Psychology.—*Pa. Chautauquan.*

The officers of Sophronia are: President, Case, '99; Vice-President, Straub, 1900; Recording Secretary, Reagle, F., 1901; Corresponding Secretary, Wenrich, 1901; Critics, Kunkle, A., '99, and Raker, '99; Treasurer, Drumheller, 1900; Budget Editor, Blank, 1901; Chaplain, Horn, W., 1900.

Steigerwalt, '99, has been elected on the Press Club to take the place of Kunkle, A., who has resigned.

Professor Merkle has recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, and has resumed his duties as Principal of the Academic Department.

Kleppinger, '98, and Bender, '99, enjoyed a tandem trip to Philadelphia.

Since Hawaii has been annexed, the engagement of Queen Lill to Jonathan Klick, '99, has been announced.

Dr. Bauman, to Gruhler (in Philosophy): "Mr. Gruhler, is there any figure on the board by which you can determine the velocity of light?"

Gruhler (looking wise): "Yes, sir, Doctor; the clock."

The Glee and Mandolin Club gave a concert on Saturday evening, May 7, at Emaus. The boys were greeted by a large and appreciative audience. It proved a success financially.



Straub, 1900, who has been on the sick list, has fully recovered.

The Freshmen are busy rehearsing their play to be given in June.

Prof. Philip Dowell has assigned the work and subject for the prize herbarium and thesis in Botany. It is to be on "The Forest Trees of Lehigh County," and is open to competition by all Sophomores.

The Sophomore and Freshman German oratorical contest was held in the chapel on Wednesday afternoon, May 4. The judges were Revs. Bousch, Semmel, and Renninger. The following men spoke: Sophomores—Allenbach, Boyer, Flexer, Fritch, Kuntz. Freshmen—Fetherolf, W., Schofer, Kressler, Gerner, Wenrich, Drumheller, Benner, Bickel, Hamm, Brode, Fritch, Fetherolf, J., Schell, Goldsmith.

Lutz, 1901, and Roy Applegate, a student in the Academic Department, left college and enlisted in the U. S. volunteer army.

The Editor received two sheets of music from Messrs. J. Fischer & Bro. "The Dance" is the title of one and is written in a waltz movement, with a bright and flowing melody throughout the entire chorus. "Goosey, Goosey, Gander" is a humorous chorus, and is a cleverly written composition. They were presented to the Glee and Mandolin Clubs and will be rendered by them at the next concert.

Dr. B. (in Physics): "Mr. Trumbower, '99, what is a mirage?"

Trumbower, '99: "Why, it is—— Well, it is a thing that fools you."

*W. J. Seiberling, '99.*

*F. N. Fritch, '99.*

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## Editor's Table.

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*The Morningside*, which makes its first appearance at our Table, is unique. Its small, neat form and excellence of contents places it among the foremost of our purely literary college publications. "The Serf" and "An Incident of a

Retreat" are worthy of special mention. The verse ranks among the best found in our exchanges for the month, an excerpt of which is published elsewhere.

*The Gettysburg Mercury* is considerably improved by the changes it has undergone. The literary matter is very good. "Morality and Athletics" is a very sensible defense of college sports. "A Daughter of the Aztecs" is an interesting story, and the first attempt at fiction we have noticed in *The Mercury* for some time.

We welcome *The Pharetra* to our Table, and have read its pages with interest. The verse is very good, but comprises more than one-half of the literary matter. We regret to notice the almost entire absence of the essay and short story, the former of which is generally most prominent in college papers.

A discriminating review of "Quo Vadis" appears in *The College Student*. The same number also contains several good stories and essays.

*The Free Lance* excels in fiction. It has in abundance that which so many college papers lack—the interesting short story. "A Man, a Girl, and a Boat" is well written; the style of the dialogue is quick and catchy, and the entire story very interesting. The plot in "The Eye of Satan" unfolds a theory that has been widely circulated of late by certain scientists, who claim that the last objects seen by a man or animal which has been suddenly killed are indelibly photographed upon the retina of the eye. This picture may be developed, and the possibilities of this theory in the detection of crime are unlimited. The writer has worked up the story in a capital manner, and presents the points with clearness and force.

To secure proficiency in making after-dinner speeches, Yale has formed a club the members of which will be given opportunities for this kind of speaking at banquets to be held frequently by the club.—*Ex.*

In the German universities the professor is regarded as the servant of the State, and any breach of discipline on the part of the student while in the classroom is looked upon as an offense against the government.—*Ex.*



## SONNET.

Go, gallant sons! Columbia bids you go.  
 The voices of thy dead across the sea,  
 From yonder tortured isle, cry out to thee;  
 The voices of a hundred years of woe;  
 The hordes of starving thousands here below  
 With outstretched, prayerful hands put forth the plea;  
 The Old World, bound by ancient jealousy,  
 Calls to the New to quell the common foe.  
 Mother of Tortures, now at last the hand,  
 Destined before the world to crown thy shame,  
 Is raised in mighty strength at God's command  
 Thy cruel, unbridled tyranny to tame;  
 Is raised to sweep from off our western strand,  
 The cursed, blood-stained stigma of thy name.

*H. M. B., in The Morningside.*

No college magazine can hope to take a high stand in the world of its contemporaries when it endeavors to combine the functions of a newspaper and chronicle with that of the expression of the literary life of its *alma mater*. True, the world of each is its own habitat, but if it is to hope for recognition in the ranks of its collegiate contemporaries it must seek to be the expression of the literary life about it. The magazine of the preparatory school serves its purpose well, but it is hardly a fitting model for the college monthly. The college magazine occupies a field entirely its own. Here it can bask or strut at pleasure.—*The Inlander*.

Eleven colleges in this country issue a daily paper.—*Ex.*

*Bernard Repass, '98.*

## The World of Letters.

"In the Midst of Life," by Ambrose Bierce, deserves special attention. Under this new title appears a volume containing those stories by Mr. Bierce formerly published as "Tales of Stories and Civilians," with the addition of several more. Mr. Bierce's reputation is so well established with lovers of good literature that we can do little more than note the fact of this book's appearance. We think it very safe to say that with the single exception of Poe, no American writer has ever written any short stories that can compare with



these. We certainly ought not to have temporarily forgotten Mr. Bierce, whom no one can permanently forget after having once become acquainted with his admirable work.

"The Vintage; A Romance of the Greek War of Independence," by E. F. Benson. The story of the freeing of the Peloponnesus, from Corinth to Maina, is here told in a spirited and romantic style. If the frivolous taint of "Dodo" still lingers about Mr. Benson's name, surely "The Vintage" will cleanse him from it. It is a very serious and a very simple-minded book, conventional in tone, but obeying healthy and pleasing conventions. The peasant life of Greece is treated in idyllic fashion. The generous efforts to cast off the Turkish yoke are recorded with warm enthusiasm, which is attractive and contagious, while there are passages of adventure that are fresh and stirring as the heart of the reader could desire.

Professor Kuno Francke, whose work on German literature is one of the most scholarly in existence, has finished a new book of "Glimpses of Modern German Culture."

In his romance of Palestine, "Hassan: A Fellah," Dr. Henry Gillman has selected the present time for the story, but has drawn freely from all the rich treasures of the past for ornaments. The pen portraits of the people are studies made upon the spot, and the description of Jerusalem and the surrounding country are word-pictures of the land as it is to-day. The portions connected with the "Thar" or blood-feud between the Syrian villages and the insurrection in Crete, are very dramatic.

It is not alone the minister who can derive profit from the clever letters on "The Clerical Life," by Rev. John Watson, D.D., Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, D.D., and other prominent divines, but also those not connected with the ministry. These are common-sense epistles addressed directly to typical ministers, and contain a great variety of useful hints to speakers, writers, and conversationalists. The nature of these essays may be inferred from some of their titles. One is "To a young minister who is given to anecdotage in the pulpit;" another is "To a minister whose sermons last an hour;" a third is "To a minister who regards himself as a prophet of criticism." Then the minister who is invited to many tea parties, the one who refuses to wear a white tie, the other

who has studied in Germany, and a third who is inclined to intellectual condescensions, come in for their share of attention. It is a volume of amusing irony, containing hints and suggestions to every preacher and speaker that cannot fail to be helpful, for the reader can never miss seeing the point.

Mr. Stevens, whose "With the Conquering Turk" was just published, contemplates two new books upon the Nile this year. He will include in the first his papers which have recently been appearing in the London *Daily Mail*. The second book will deal with Khartoum and his journey there. He, like others who have wandered in Egypt this year, is a firm believer in the country as a camping-ground for the literary man.

We understand that Mr. Mackenzie Bell is collecting material for a book about Jean Ingelow similar to that which he recently published on Christina Rossetti.

It is possible that Mr. Phil. May's illustrations to "David Copperfield" will be published, first of all, in a portfolio. The idea seems to us an excellent one. Many people do not care for new illustrations to Dickens when they are included in the novelist's works, but a portfolio of drawings, giving us Mr. Phil. May's idea of "David Copperfield" and its characters and scenes, should be exceedingly welcome.

*J. W. Koch, '99.*

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JUNE, 1898.



Commencement Number. M.C.

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1897-98

Contents.

Editorial,	231
Baccalaureate Sermon, <i>Rev. Theo. L. Seip, D.D.</i> ,	232
Valedictory, <i>Levi F. Gruber, '98</i> ,	243
Latin Salutatory, <i>John T. Eckert, '98</i> ,	249
The Demagogue, Our Danger, <i>F. Nathan Fritch, '99</i> ,	250
Commencement Week,	253
Muhlenberg College,	265

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# THE MUHLENBERG.

"*Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ.*"

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Vol. XV.

ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1898.

No. 10.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
EMILE J. KEULING, '98.

ASST. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:  
WILLIS BECK, '99.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:  
BERNARD REPASS, '98.  
JOHN W. KOCH, '99.  
W. J. SEIBERLING, '99.  
F. N. FRITCH, '99.

ALUMNI EDITOR:  
GEORGE T. ETTINGER, PH.D., '80.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:  
FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.

JAMES BERG, '99.


This journal is conducted and supported by the Literary Societies of Muhlenberg College.

THE MUHLENBERG will be forwarded to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and until all arrearages are paid as required by law.

Address all communications for the Editors to THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

On all matters of business, address Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, Allentown, Pa.

Remittances are to be made payable to THE MUHLENBERG.

 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy for one year, \$1.00, invariably in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

(Entered at the Post Office at Allentown, Pa., as Second-Class Matter).

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## Editorial.

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The Commencement issue of THE MUHLENBERG presents to us many interesting accounts. We have had a most prosperous term, and the many pleasures that were enjoyed during the closing week of this memorable scholastic year should ever urge us to cultivate a high spirit of loyalty for our *Alma Mater*. To those laggards who have neglected their golden opportunities, these contents may ever serve as a source of regret. They who have been faithful to their duties will find joy beyond measure in the perusal of the following pages. It is the sincere hope of this retiring staff that each alumnus, graduate, and undergraduate has spent his time in a way that he need not have occasion for sorrow. We wish you all a happy summer's vacation!



### The Thirteenth Baccalaureate Sermon,

BY PRESIDENT T. L. SEIP, D.D.,

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE 19, 1898.

---

"What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"—*Psalm 8: 4.*

In the Psalm in which these words are found, the inspired writer ascribes honor and praise to the Lord for His glory as displayed in the works of creation, and in His condescending love to man. Its beginning and ending are marked by the same acknowledgment of the excellency of His name. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth." But whilst the main purpose of the Psalmist's song is honor to the Most High, in the course of his praise, he presents *man* so prominently to view, and, in the verse of the text, starts a question of such vital importance to every human soul, that we shall direct our meditations more especially to this feature of the Psalm.

We have thought it an appropriate subject, my young friends, to present to you at the conclusion of your course as undergraduates in Muhlenberg College, and deem it important to endeavor, from the sacred desk and with the sanctions of the Divine Word, to enforce once more, and for the last time in our present relations, the teachings of the classroom on the same topic. May the ever-blessed God, our adorable Saviour, who Himself condescended to become man, aid us in our presentation of this subject.

The years roll on. Human beings come into the world. They pass away. Indeed, every moment we are addressing you, some are engaged in the final struggle with death, whilst others are appearing upon life's stage to take their places, and in their turn to meet the same end.

What is man? Why is he here? Whither is he tending? These are questions as old almost as the human race. They have been the puzzles of sages, the unsolved problems of every age. And yet, our very happiness, as thinking beings, depends upon having a definite, positive answer to these questions. Such an answer is furnished us, not by the light of reason and philosophy, but thanks be to God, by the revelation of Himself in the inspired Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

Whilst the study of finite nature reveals a first, great Cause, that can be none other than the infinite, absolute God, the Creator of all things; whilst every theory of development necessarily implies a Developer, and we may learn His eternal power and God-head "from the creation of the world" and "by the things that are made," yet the philosophy of nature fails to give us a complete view of God's character, and hence of man's relation to Him; fails to reveal the state of sin and the remedy for it; is silent on the subject of a Saviour and a Holy Spirit; teaches nothing of sacramental grace, and hence leaves man wofully ignorant of the knowledge necessary to a right life here, and a blessed immortality hereafter.

It is true the book of nature does reveal the existence of God, and some of His attributes, and it gives some intimations of the origin and destiny of man; but, for a complete and satisfactory view of these subjects, we are dependent upon the fuller revelation given in God's Holy Word.

We propose to limit our discussion to the question contained in the first clause of the text:

#### WHAT IS MAN?

We answer, in the first place, that he is not the result of what some call "natural selection," or others, a development from some lower order of beings; views which have been advocated by a certain class of scientific men, but stoutly denied by others of equal and, as we think, superior eminence and ability in science.

The popular scientific theories on this subject fail to account for man's life and soul; for his religious aspirations and moral qualities. And apart from this, if man is the result of the development of a lower order of being; if he correctly ascribes his origin to the ape or the gorilla, why have we no instances of such development now? Why are no links or transitional forms between this brute and man to be found at present? Man and the ape have lived side by side for thousands of years, and yet no one has ever seen such a development. No one has ever heard of an instance of it. There is not even a tradition of it. And certainly, if such had been the origin of man, might we not reasonably



expect that the first man would have transmitted the knowledge of it to his children, and they to their posterity? We should then have the questionable glory that some seem to seek, not of being the high-born offspring of God, but the low-born product of a brute.

When men who occupy the very highest position for their eminent learning and ability as original investigators of the secrets of nature, oppose such unscriptural views, and when we find the Scriptural account of man's origin defended by the most eminent interpreters of science and Revelation, we need not hesitate where to look for the answer to the text. We must not look to materialistic science, for, if we do, we shall look in vain.

Theories that are firmly maintained in one generation are given up in the next, as unscientific and unworthy of belief. In truth it is not unusual to find men who have originated or advocated views in conflict with the Scriptures, and have desired believers in the Bible to give up their faith in order to accept such theories, themselves, upon further reflection and examination, abandoning the very belief upon which they had periled everything sacred, even their immortal souls.

Science has its proper sphere of operation. There are many questions, which it has aided in solving, the solution of which will be found in harmony with a correct interpretation of God's Word. The natural world, or the book of nature, can teach no facts in conflict with the Bible, or the book of Revelation, for both are alike from the same divine Author-God.

Truth can not contradict itself, and God, being the Spirit and Author of truth, can not teach one doctrine with regard to man's origin in the Bible, and another, in conflict with it, in nature. Either the one or the other must be false. When men profess to have discovered facts in science that contradict the Bible, it is always safe to wait for further investigation, to ascertain whether they *are* facts, or to reëxamine the Divine Word, and see whether it has been rightly understood and explained in such particulars. The result in such cases has always been in favor of the Bible.

Scientific theories in answer to the question of the text, of an unscriptural, obscure and contradictory character, have been started, have flourished, and have been abandoned, one after the other; whilst the clear, consistent and positive



answer of the Bible has stood the test of ages, and endures as the only truth in which the soul can rest with confidence and certainty. Hence we look in vain for the answer to the text outside Revelation.

And what answer does the Word of God give to this question?

The answer is positive. He is a *creature* of God. In the first chapter of Genesis we read as follows: "And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."

In the second chapter of Genesis, we read: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

This is clear. Anyone can understand from this account that man is not the development of a higher from a lower animal, but that he is the creature of God, made by His hand, consisting of a body, made of the earth, and of a spirit, breathed into him by the Creator, by virtue of which he became a living soul.

In the passages just quoted from Genesis, and in the verses immediately following the text in the eighth Psalm, we have man presented to our view, first, in his *state of integrity, before the fall*; in his original strength and dignity, as made in the image of God, as designed to exercise dominion over nature, and over all other living creatures.

Man's resemblance to the image and likeness of God consisted, not in an outward likeness, but in the powers of man's mind and soul; in his intellectual and spiritual capacities; in his original righteousness, holiness, and knowledge of God; in that position of dominion in which he was placed to represent the Creator upon earth.

Man is a reasonable, personal soul, and in this respect is the likeness of God. As the Psalmist expresses it: "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels." The Hebrew word for angels (Elohim) used by David was properly the name of God Himself, so that the real meaning of the passage is, "Thou madest him a little lower than the *Divine*."

Natural science teaches that the whole physical creation was prepared for man, as the highest type of God's creatures on the face of the earth.

The condition of the world before man's creation was a prophecy of his coming. The physical creation rose step by step, platform upon platform like a pyramid, whose apex is man.

Cicero says: "When you look upon a large and beautiful house, though you should not see the master, and find it quite empty, no one can persuade you that it was built for the mice and the weasels that abound in it." So with the world. If some spirit had looked upon it during its formation, he must have observed that it could not be designed merely for starfish and lizards, but that there must be some higher order of being for whom all this was preparing.

Need we add that it was for man, the last creature made by God, and that, too, in his own image. Verily, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the Divine, and hast crowned him with honor and glory. Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

Tholuck has well said: "The lion has his tooth, the crocodile his coat of mail, the birds their wings, the fish their fins, but which is man's weapon for attack, which his shield for defence? The spirit, the breath from God. Therefore all must obey him. The cattle on the pasture, wild beasts roaming the forests, birds flying below the expanse of heaven, fish swimming in the depths of the sea; they all must obey him—man is their lord and king."

The remnants of man's original state, his superiority over other living creatures, is clearly shown by the differences between him and them. Materialists have gazed so intently at the apparent resemblances between man and the lower animals that they have become blind to the amazing differences between them. There is not a single feature in the human face that does not constitute a character of beauty and nobility foreign to the animal. His nervous system stands vertical with the brain at the top, and that brain nearly treble the size of the brain of the gorilla.

The body in all its parts is placed directly under the control of the head. The erect stature, which seems like the promise



of a world above, denied the animal which goes bowed to the earth; the perfection of the hand and foot are distinctions of the same value.

The hand is especially worthy of remark. Man alone has a true hand, and uses it for the creation of a multitude of industrial and artistic works.

Man alone has the idea, the feeling of right and wrong, of the beautiful, the ugly. He alone is conscious of the morality or immorality of his acts. He alone has an idea of God, and is attached to Him by feeling and intelligence.

Man alone of all living beings forms complete families. The brute takes life as it finds it. Man takes it according to his will, modifying and changing it to suit his purposes, for all the regions of the globe are under his dominion, and he can, in a thousand ways, vary the mode of his existence. Man is superior and differs from brute animals, even in satisfying his ordinary appetites. He alone prepares his food by cooking it. He alone provides clothing to protect him from the elements. In the variety of instruments, of arms, of industries, the difference is immeasurable. He alone possesses a rational mind and intelligent speech. The difference in his social and collective character is great. Men associate themselves together, combine their forces, and though individually weak, they acquire an immense power. The animal constantly loses territory, which man gains, and the day will probably come when there will be on the surface of the earth only such animals as are useful and agreeable to man.

Every animal lives only for itself. It perishes and leaves only its skeleton behind. Man lives not only for himself, but for those that are dependent upon him and associated with him. He transmits his works and conquests to his descendants.

His dominion over nature is exhibited on every side and in a variety of ways. Forests have disappeared before his advance; the wilderness has been subdued and rendered fruitful; barren wastes have been made to blossom as the rose, and marshy fens have been reclaimed, and converted into fertile fields smiling with abundance. He gathers supplies alike from the inhabitants of the stormy seas, and of the air we breathe. Not only does he garner the fruits from the surface of the earth, but digs down into its depths and

compels it to yield up its hidden treasures of silver and gold, of mineral and metal, designed by the Creator for the well-being of man. He utilizes electricity and steam in a thousand different ways and industries.

He clothes himself in garments made of the skins and hair of animals, the plumage of birds, the pods and fibres of plants and trees. In short, he subordinates all nature to his uses, to his comfort, to his pleasures, and this, too, merely by the brain-power lodged in him as lord of creation; by that element of his character in which he reflects the image of his Creator; by the powers of his rational, his immortal spirit.

Whilst the Bible does not trace the origin of man back to the lower animals, but puts special honor upon him; makes him the child of God, created in His own image, for his companionship and glory; whilst it gives us an account of man in his original dignity and strength, it also represents him, secondly, in his *fallen state, in his degradation and weakness.*

Man is not what his Creator designed him to be, but is fallen and degraded in character, by his own voluntary act, by perverting his powers as a free being to his own degradation. But, nevertheless, by reason of these very powers he is capable under divine grace of recovery and restoration to his original place and destiny as the offspring of God. The depth of man's fall can not be conceived. No theory of development, no speculation of philosophy, no dream of poet can place man upon such a pinnacle of honor as that upon which God set him at the first. He has thrown himself down from that position of dignity by self-will, the love of the creature, by knowing, wilful, daring disobedience of God.

Man is not a poor struggling creature just breaking away from the fellowship of brute beasts, and making fitful endeavors after a higher life. He is a fallen creature. The image of God, a little lower than the Divine, he has debased himself to the level of the creatures of the earth. Take away sin from man, and he would no longer grope after an affinity with brutes, but feel again his fellowship with God.

Our present knowledge and power are but poor fragments of the glory which we were originally destined to enjoy. That glory man can not recover by material means. No progress in the physical sciences can ever restore him to his



forfeited position. The soul is the true seat of dominion, and his restoration must come through the renovation of the soul.

The Psalmist also, in the connection in which our text is found, views man in his fallen condition. He says: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man (frail, sinful, fallen man) that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Not only in this Psalm, but in various other places in the Old and New Testaments, we have man represented in his weakness after the fall. The whole book of Ecclesiastes may be called a description of the vanity, of the emptiness of man's life. In speaking of man's work and life the "Preacher" says: "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit." In other places he is described as "weak" and "insufficient" of himself to do a deed or think a thought, as blinded with ignorance. (2 Corinthians 3: 5; Matthew 6: 27.)

Isaiah says: "We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noonday as in the night."

Man is subject to *affliction* and *bereavement*. Job says: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."

There is hardly a day that does not bring its troubles with it. We are subject to trials from every side; nor do they always come singly, but often in troops. They come unexpectedly; often when we are least able to bear them. Our fondest hopes are blasted. The nearest and dearest relations of life are severed. The icy hand of death is often laid upon the most cherished in the family circle; in the community. All this is the result of sin, to which man is subject.

The Scriptures represent him as averse to that which is good, and inclined to that which is evil. The description of man given in the sixth chapter of Genesis is still true of him, in his unregenerate state. We there read as follows: "And God said that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

The Psalmist says: "There is none that doeth good, no not one."

St. Paul describes men as "having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts \* \* \* who, being past feeling, have given themselves over unto lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness." (Eph. 4:19, 20.)

St. John says: "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (St. John 1:18.)

We need not go far for the evidences of sin. We see them all around us, yea we feel them within ourselves. They appear alike in the child that has just learned to prattle, and in the trembling feebleness of old age.

We are appalled at the statistics of crime throughout the world; at the multitudes of children that are born amid a life of sin and misery; at the tens of thousands of immortal souls that are perishing in the dens of wickedness and woe everywhere; at the dissoluteness and debauchery, the rioting and drunkenness, the falsehood and misrepresentation, the malice and slander, the treachery and dishonesty, the fraud and robbery, the sin and crime that prevail in every station, from the highest to the lowest. Is it a wonder that in view of all this sin man should be subject to death? That even among crimes, the last that concludes the catalogue as the result of such a sum of wickedness should be murder?

St. Paul says: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned."

The last great enemy introduced into the world as a result of the fall is death. To him all must finally surrender; the emperor on his throne as well as the humblest subject at his feet; the righteous and the wicked; the young and the old; all classes, sexes and conditions alike are subject to his summons. Verily, all this is a sad contrast to what God designed man to be originally. Since such is man's wretched condition, as we learn both from the Scriptures and from observation,

#### WHAT IS THE REMEDY FOR THIS EVIL, AND WHAT MAN'S DUTY?

It is not the will of God that man should continue in this misery and be lost. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no



pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" (Ezekiel 23: 11.)

The only remedy for fallen man is in the seed promised in Genesis—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We must turn from our evil ways to Him. He has visited His fallen creatures, as was prophesied in our text. He took on Himself and bore the burden of our sins. He paid our ransom on the cross with His own precious blood and death. It is only through faith in Him that we can hope for the renovation of our souls; for restoration to the image and likeness of God. Christ alone has conquered sin and death for us, and we shall look in vain for any other remedy than that presented in him. He is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Christ is our only righteousness. We must repent of our sins, confess and abandon them, for "if we confess our sins God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

We must believe and thus accept God's love. "He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Faith in Christ, trust in His work in our behalf, and the renewal wrought by the Holy Spirit through the Word and Sacraments, are the only hope of salvation according to the Scriptures. This simple faith brings forth corresponding fruits in the life of the Christian; manifests itself in his daily intercourse with others in all the relations of life.

Wherever faith enters in, sin is driven out. The warfare between good and evil is carried on with ever increasing vigor and success. Just as true Christianity advances, so misery and crime disappear. Though not all that cry, Lord! Lord! shall be saved, yet it is not among the church-going population, the truly Christian people of any community that we find the habitually destitute and abandoned. Christianity raises men from their fallen condition, makes them truly noble, gives them the high respectability of a heavenly birth, and in addition to the increased comfort and security that attend its progress everywhere, bestows upon them wealth far surpassing all earthly riches.

These blessings are within the reach of all who will seek

them through Christ. God has in His mercy offered them to you and to me. He says "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Man's duty is clear. He must not reject these merciful offers, if he would enjoy the blessing.

Let us therefore, my dear friends, lay earnest hold on these divine promises, now while God gives us the power. Let us make a devout use of the means of grace, His Word and Sacraments. Then can we hope for relief from sin and misery, and to reappear in the image and favor of God, a little lower than the Divine.

My Young Friends of the Graduating Class! Upon you especially I would impress the teachings, not only of a sound philosophy, but of what is of infinitely more importance, the inspired Word of God, on the subject which has claimed our attention this morning.

On this solemn occasion, when we are together as teacher and taught for the last time; when you are about to leave us, and go forth into the world, each to pursue his own course in life, let me urge upon you, as my parting counsel, never to forget your high birth as the sons of God, and that you are, therefore, under obligation to render Him filial love and obedience. Never forget that you are made in His own image and likeness, and that though that image has been marred, nay, even destroyed by sin, yet it will be restored by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit, operating through the means of grace, providing you do not resist that grace.

If you always remember the responsibility resting upon you as the high-born offspring of God, you will not go astray, nor make shipwreck of your lives.

Cherish right views of man and his duty; of your own particular duties in the world. Set before you, as your highest ideal, the example of our Lord Jesus Christ. Endeavor by God's grace to love, serve and obey Him, and whatsoever your calling or sphere of labor; however exalted or humble your station in life may be, your careers will not be failures, but you will come off more than conquerors through our Lord Jesus Christ.

In these times of war, when many of your fellow-citizens



are equipping themselves with carnal weapons, to fight the battles of their country for the achievement of liberty and a higher civilization for the oppressed and suffering at our doors, go ye forth as good soldiers of the Cross, panoplied with the whole armor of God, with Jesus Christ as the Captain of your salvation.

If you follow Him in all the conflicts that are before you in life, you will finally be led to victory and peace.

May the blessing of Almighty God our Heavenly Father attend you in all your future lives, and may the Holy Spirit sanctify your hearts for Christ's sake. Amen.

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### Valedictory.

BY LEVI F. H. GRUBER. (First Honor.)

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The ruthless hand of Time has touched the throbbing heart of another year and has hushed its beating forever. And oh! how changed! Well might we all cry out: Relentless Time, stay thy destroying hand! But Time knows no mercy. Its flight is ever onward, bearing us on its wing. The world must move and we must move along.

To us this day marks the close of one chapter of our life's career and the opening of another. Behind us all is fact; before, a world untried. But Time and Change go hand in hand. Are we alone the slaves of Change and Time? No! all nature is one ceaseless change. The earth each year assumes another garb of verdure. The water of the ocean is evaporated by the sun, and in the form of clouds is carried over the land where it is precipitated as rain or snow to be returned again to ocean. Thus might I say faunas and floras rise from the earth, follow those before them, and then return to mother earth again forever. Day follows night and night the day; the sun rises and sets and is followed by the stars. Seasons, years, cycles, æons, in grand succession, are measured off by nature's greater clock; and with this flight of ages races rise defying nature's laws, their Maker's ways in working out His purpose. To the astronomer even the very stars of heaven and our own sun are journeying through unmeasured orbits. Thus also in human history, change, continuous change, revolutions of all types, kingdoms,

races, succeed each other, in the rise and fall, like the angry billows of the deep. There is but one that remains unchanged, and that is God. All things else change, and death is nothing but a change.

“There is no death,—  
What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the gateway to that bliss elysian  
Whose portals we call death.”

“Thus the seer, with vision clear,  
Sees form appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth;  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.”

But nowhere is change more subtle and more beautifully significant than in man himself. His life, indeed, “from birth to death,” “from earth to heaven,” is one of change—continuously developing and making for perfection.

We, too, while sorrowing over the speedy completion of our college days, must yet rejoice over the changes for the better wrought within us. Four years, indeed, are lying silent, chill, in death, but from that death shall rise a deeper life. If education consists in unsensencing the mind and unselfing the will, then, truly, ought a course of training culminate in a struggle for the life of others. Old and selfish views must be dethroned to give their place to nobler, better views of life.

If our honored preceptors have effected this change within us, then have they fulfilled their missions nobly.

To-day we stand upon the threshold of the great world as composite beings. Turning the analyzing spectroscope of mind upon ourselves, we find there the imperishable impress of those faithful masters whose very beings have grown into our own.

With a view of the past before the mind, we might soliloquize on the height of our attainments. What mysteries of



science have we not unraveled? What obstacles in mathematics have we not surmounted? What heights of philosophy have we not scaled? Have we not reasoned with Socrates in his native tongue? Have we not beheld the glories of Paradise with Milton? Have we not scaled the heavens with the astronomer and seen him weigh and measure the stars?

"Stop! Wait!" says a trembling voice behind me. "Tell me of their natures and the planets that may attend them. Are the other planets inhabited? Give me the philosophy of the color of flowers. Why do the molecules assume just such positions in the development of plant and animal life? Explain the mysteries of your own being." It is the voice of a sage, silver-haired with the snows of seventy winters, and bending under the accumulations of a life of research.

Alas! how little have we accomplished! For us to pride ourselves in anything we have learned, over against what is yet unknown and perhaps shrouded in eternal mystery, would be as vain as for the glowworm or the firefly at night to glory in its light and to defy the sun. Phantom-like great problems lure man onward like the rainbow retreating before him who on its matchless arch would scale the heavens.

We, like the little child at eventide wandering from her mother's home to catch an eastern star, have wandered from hilltop to hilltop, ever rising in greater splendor one beyond the other, but the star has risen ever higher. Hill after hill of mountain-height we scaled simply to find the star each time one more beyond but ever rising. The world with scenic beauty lies through the mists below, but there's a higher silver-headed peak beyond, and the star is far above. We sink down in despair of further endeavor: O God, give us Thy light, for all seems night. But an angel lifts us up, and says: "Do not despair! All men find it so. You are finite and imperfect. That star is in the infinite beyond. It is the star of truth revolving around the Star of Bethlehem. Only move on. Ascend another peak and then another. God is with you. 'Tis only when you will celebrate that great Commencement Day above that you will understand."

Yes, we are but beginners on our present height. To-day we celebrate but the *commencement* of a career that should be consecrated to the research and propagation of truth forever. Did I say forever? Yes, forever here; perhaps forever

there! Even here man's powers are developing with a prophetic consciousness toward some great final goal; and we may devoutly believe they are fitting him better to understand and to appreciate the glories and complexities of the world beyond, where, in God's great university above, they may continue to develop throughout the cycles of eternity, yet forever incommensurable with the capacities of his God.

To us about to enter life's great conflict a short prospective view can not be all in vain. Out yonder is a stage. A complex play is on. As the curtain rises foot after foot, the view, which at first, fragmentary and meaningless, is all a mixture and a discord, gradually develops into one of perfect unity, symmetry, and beauty. Now every piece of furniture and scenery, and every actor, every comic act and tragic scene, although perchance of death, plays its peculiar part.

The world is all a stage before us where to act. Down through the vistas of the future I see the warring of the elements against our lives and efforts. The storms of heaven are on and battle with the forests of the everlasting hills. The sea is surging high as if to meet the lightning from the sky. Must we move on to meet the battle and the storm? We can no more delay. Brace up, O faltering heart! 'tis storms and battles that will give you strength just as they do yon forest trees! Now look again and skim the distance dim: the air is calm again; the sun comes forth in greater splendor, then night is diademed with stars.

Only read yourself and the world's great drama aright, then all things will have their place. All sunshine and gloom, sorrow and joy, trial and disappointment, are but the blessed smiles of God. 'Tis only when the curtain of being shall have been fully raised that we can see the full meaning of life's great complex drama.

Kind People of Allentown: Our hours with you are numbered. The battle of the world is on and demands our services. We must enlist. But before we go we must say our last farewell. It was indeed good for us to be here. We met you as strangers; we leave you as friends, most generous friends. Your firesides and the genial overflow of soul have been our highest joy. Side by side with you we worshiped in your churches. Your Sunday-schools we never can forget. As we bid you farewell, be assured we shall remember you.



Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: Personally many of you we have not met, and shall we say farewell? We know you by your works, which shall prove to us a life-long benediction. Under your care our *Alma Mater's* interests are secure. May she ever prosper and rise upward to a higher goal.

It will be ours to attempt to help you and to be an honor to your sacred trust. May God bless your efforts. Farewell!

Gentlemen of the Faculty: In bidding you farewell, we can not help but notice the absence of that venerable figure of Dr. Garber. For over two years his pleasant face beamed radiance on our souls. But he has left your side to go where all is well, where his magnanimity has heaven and eternity before it for still more glorious exercise. In leaving you, we leave not only kind teachers and scholarly gentlemen, but devoted friends. Your words, whether of rebuke or commendation, were always meant for good. Your lives have fashioned ours. Under your guidance we have climbed from truth to truth, from height to height, where angels condescend to dwell with man. Your labors for us our thanks can never pay, but greater pæans of praise await you yonder where you will meet your already departed brother. May it ever fare well with you!

Our honored President: Must we also take our leave from you? You have been to us like a father. Your words of advice have been as jewels to a nobler life. As a profound scholar we honor you, but as a kind and noble teacher and devoted friend we love you. To-day we leave you as a class, but as we go we reverently thank God that He has permitted us to meet with such a man. Your reward awaits you yonder. And now, invoking the blessing of God upon you and your noble work, we bid you a fond farewell.

Fellow Students: To you we now must leave our places. Upon you devolves with us the honor of our common *Alma Mater*. Resume your duties, actuated by high motives in accordance with life's high destinies.

"I hold it true with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones.  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The ties of friendship formed within those classic walls shall nevermore be broken. We wish you all God-speed. Farewell!

Dear Classmates: Must we, too, part? Must our last farewell be spoken also? Can not we at least remain together? Alas! a thousand voices bear me witness that our parting moment is at hand. We looked forward to this day with pleasure, but now how hard to leave this place of hallowed memories! For four long years have we dwelt together and drunk of the Pierian spring, but, of that happy band who began the ascent of the fourth autumnal slope together, one bright form is missing. With a feeling of pain and sorrow do we behold his vacant chair.

But on that dreary day, when Nature seemed to shed her tears for one so prematurely called away, as our eyes took their last farewell look and we resigned his body to its last resting-place, our spirits looked beyond, where that great Commencement Day is grander far and knows no parting. Then—

“While in life’s late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
We walk to meet the night that soon  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
We can not feel that *he* is far  
Since near at need the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar  
Shall we not see *him* waiting stand,  
And white against the evening star  
The welcome of his beckoning hand?”

“He seeks at least  
Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place to clasp and say,  
‘Farewell, we lose ourselves in light.’”

But to us the call of further duty comes, and we must face the stern realities of life.

To-day we classmate bonds must sever,  
To meet as friends, as *one class* never.

But as we leave and say our sad farewell, let us resolve to keep memory forever green, ever bearing in our lives the poet’s mandate:



"Thou must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow,  
If thou another's soul wouldst reach;  
It takes the overflow of hearts  
To give the lips full speech.  
Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed."

And now, once again, citizens of Allentown, fellow-students, trustees, faculty, classmates,—to one and all, a long farewell!

### Latin Salutatory.

JOHN T. ECKERT, JR. (Second Honor.)

Cives atque amici: In commutatione maxima sumus. "Aulaea hesterni diei demittuntur, aulaea crastini diei convolvuntur; sed hesternus et crastinus ambo sunt." Hodie decedemus, qui decessus nobis dolorem magnum afferet. Sine dubio a collegio decessum significabit, quo opportunitatem accipiendi, quod tam magni aestimamus, nostrum animorum cultum, habebamus. Sine dubio ab amicis caris bonisque decessum significabit. Hodie nos inire difficultates vitae oportet. Modo in limine, initio vitae verae, sumus. Dehinc itinere nostro solitario separatim errabimus. Tempus futurum nobis curae nunc est.

"Quod sumus scimus, sed quod simus non scimus."

Attamen certa spes est, quae fortasse unum utile juvenibus sit, qui magnum id opus effecerunt.

"Mundus est omnis ante illum quo opus Deligat, Deusque dux ejus."

Nostri dies ludi hilaritatisque praeteriti sunt. Hunc in ora curriculi collegii complendi sumus. Profecto nos fateri oportet nostros dies collegii optimos et carissimos fuisse. Nos classis recitationem postremam una transegimus, et hodie officium postremum exsequimur. Naturaliter piget nos portas collegii relinquere, ex quo fruges eruditionis assiduo extraximus. Profecto miseret nos hunc locum relinquere, qui semper carus et laetabilis pectoribus omnibus erat. Sed

tandem nos effecisse magnum aliquid opus omnes gaudemus. Praesentiam tuam hic hodie magni aestimamus, et pro eadem sinceras vobis gratias referimus. Arbitramus vos venisse nos visum et auditum. Nos classis hic vos salutatum convenimus.

Multa de vita collegii narrare possemus. Nostri doctores professoresque quantum in ipsis fuerunt; pro nobis praecepta multa vitae introduxerunt. Praecepta multa pulcherrima, quibus constanter adhaerere oportet, emisunt. Illis gratiae multae sint. Illis multum successus beatitudinisque sit; ita optamus.

Egregii doctores professoresque animis omnium virorum ea pretiosa praecepta imprimere, quae nos docuerunt, pergant.

Semper nos consilio prudente adjuvistis. Nos secundum virtutem et humanitatem veram duxistis. Ergo vos salvere iubemus. Vos, cari comites collegii, qui tam consulto et alacriter pro nostra delectatione et felicitate nobiscum una egerunt, salvere iubemus. Vos, cives et amici Allentonienses, pro cohortatione nobis praebita, pro studio nobis ostenta, pro benignis verbis tam persaepe dictis, benignam salutem dicimus. Doctores, professoresque, comites collegii, cives, amici, omnes mei auditores, vos omnes salutamus.

### The Demagogue, Our Danger.

In Grecian mythology it was one of the tenets of the faith that above and ruling even the thunderbolts of the king of heaven and resisting the entreaties of the queen, was a force irrepressible, all-powerful, and not to be evaded, which impelled both gods and men to work out their course on earth according to their destiny.

Men and heroes might plan and scheme to advance their interests, and in so doing might use their greatest shrewdness to bring to bear upon their problems the most remarkable ingenuity, but if the Fates had foredoomed the enterprise then failure must be their portion. On the other hand, if the efforts were to be rewarded with success, then from the ruins of all plans good fortune was sure to emerge. Near the city of Athens, close to the Parthenon, in a quiet, sequestered spot, was to be found the worshiping place of these Eumenides—the Fates.

Above stood the solemn and sombre Acropolis representing



the strength and wisdom of the violet crown. The Parthenon was reared to call to mind the might and power of Minerva. When one of the Athenians desired to entreat those on high for some special favor, were he slave or patrician, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, he humbly sought the unadorned cave of the Eumenides—the well-minded ones.

Imagine not that the reign of the Fates is at an end. They are still intangible and unrecognizable, but all-powerful and all-pervading which dominate and control all things temporal. We shall not find them in the executive mansions of states and nations, in spired cathedrals or domed churches, in the council of the city or government, parading their influence or advertising their power. Yet, who can deny that they exist? Exist and rule they do, call ye them by the name of boss, plutocrat, or politician. We think that we are moving in our own orbit, managing our affairs according to the dictates of our own desires, voting as we please; but how greatly we err! Is it not time for us to realize that we are ruled by powers which, for the most part, are left to flourish by our indifference?

We have been given a domain imperial in extent, boundless in resources. We are now left to work out our political salvation according to a new system, without precedents, without the guidance of history. Year after year adds to the difficulties we must surmount, the problems we must solve. Upon a false decision, upon a wrong deduction, may depend the happiness of seventy millions of people, the fettering of future generations with debts hardly to be borne. How do we proceed to solve the debatable points presented? Enlightenment being in order, all is plunged into darkness. Plainness being a requisite, the casuistry of a Jesuit is brought to bear. Incense is buried before the altars of gods of one party, while to the other faction these same heroes are beheld with all the virtuous indignation of iconoclasts.

Whence come these foul, black masses of lies? Who send forth these infectious fogs which involve the mind in untruths and inaccuracies? They do not arise of their own accord. They are not the spontaneous creations of fortuitous circumstances. These cries, these slogans based upon assumptions, this calm appropriation of all things good and the fastening of all things vile upon the opposition, is the doing of the

demagogues. O glorious art! suffered to fall into decay for a while, but now revived and studied and practiced to a degree which your founders could not dream of, what a magnificent field you have appropriated!

Continents, aye, the world itself, is the carpet upon which you show your marvelous fields of legerdemain. Balls have given way to statesmen, rings to emperors, and golden boxes to the cabinets of monarchs and nations; followers of Dr. Dee, you have discovered the secret of making wealth without the aid of the philosopher's stone.

If you desire to satisfy political ambition, then behind these in the mighty seek for those who wield the sceptre. If successful with the powers that be; if your obeisance be sufficiently low, the prestidigitator will begin his work. Like Æolus in his cave, the demagogue sends forth his winds to destroy those who have not made their peace, and waft to pleasant havens those whose interests are linked with his.

In this mighty upheaval of all that is base and vile, what has become of truth and honor? They are considered but as empty names, words to be conjured with, the playthings of wise men wherewith to dupe fools.

Ye who, in the pride of your strength, exulting in your supposed freedom, try to throw off the spells of these most powerful forces, stop, look, and listen. Beware of the entreaties of friends; they are serving another master for a reward, and your conversion is the consideration. Look not for the truth in the columns of your favorite newspapers. Hearken not unto the voice of slander. Poison fills the air, and the ground thou standest on is not solid. If as an earnest advocate of right you will persist in a useless folly, prepare to sustain the harshest consequences. Succeed, and you succeed alone and become a marvel unique and suspicious. Fail, and you are aught but an object of scorn and ridicule.

To such as these who sink party spirit and party spite in love for country, the country owes more than can be expressed in words. They are the ballast which maintains an even keel for the ship of state. The purveyor of homilies and maxims in this age is received with but little favor. And yet—and yet what shall it profit a nation if having intelligence, it uses it not? if being free it foregoes its liberties?

*F. Nathan Fritch.*



### Commencement Week.

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#### Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 19.

Commencement week was ushered in this day when President Seip delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class in St. John's Lutheran Church, the Rev. S. A. Repass, D.D., pastor. The morning dawned gray and grave and seemed to have united itself with the occasion to make it a very solemn and impressive one. And so this long looked-for day appeared to the Senior Class, robed in academic gowns, as they slowly marched up the center aisle with the Rev. Doctor Richards leading, reminding one of the Brotherhood of the Holy Gethsemane, stripped, however, of all its gruesome aspects. The graduating class occupied the front pews in the middle aisle, and listened for the last time to the deep and excellent words spoken by their honored and revered teacher and president. Two beautiful bouquets of roses and sweet pease decorated the altar. Despite the threatening weather the church was well filled by the students and friends of the college, who were treated to some excellent singing by the large choir.

#### Monday, June 20, Senior Reception.

Owing to the serious sickness of a very dear one, the usual reception tendered to the Senior Class by President Seip was omitted. But the genial and kind Doctor Richards, and his good wife, offered their beautiful home and spacious lawn to the members of the graduating class. They were received and entertained by the worthy doctor and his wife, assisted by their daughter, Mrs. D. Reeves Stockton, of Philadelphia, and the Misses Rosa M. and Adelaide P. Richards, Annie E. Seip, Elizabeth B. Repass, Caroline J. Cooper, E. Linda Cooper, Miss Holland, Jessie A. Hausman, Edith M. Schnurman, and Mr. Frederic Cooper. Later in the evening President Seip and Mrs. Seip found opportunity to honor the occasion with their presence. After pleasant greetings were exchanged, and some vocal selections rendered by Miss Schnurman, assisted by Miss Rosa Richards on the piano, the guests enjoyed a very pleasant promenade with their fair friends upon the lawn, which was tastefully lighted with Japanese lanterns. The evening's joyous festivities closed

with exceptionally fine refreshments. It was a splendid evening very splendidly enjoyed, which will linger forever in the memories of the members of the Class of '98.

Tuesday, June 21, The Freshman Play.

The Class of 1901 has stepped aside from the beaten path of former classes, and has presented an original play in "Professor e Rustico," which was received with much applause and praise by the well-attended house. The class has some exceptionally fine musical and vocal talent in it, and which was given in an excellent manner. The following was the programme:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Clarence Lowrine, a country professor . . . . .	Fred. B. Gerner.
Levi Lowrine, farmer, father of Clarence . . . . .	John H. Schofer.
Dr. Puddifoot, a New York gentleman . . . . .	F. R. A. Goldsmith.
Jim Puddifoot, { Dr. Puddifoot's college-bred	{ Geo. L. Raether.
Joe Puddifoot, { sons,	{ Irv. Rothenberger.
Caleb Corntassel, country squire . . . . .	Luther Serfass.
Dr. Saintly, village parson . . . . .	S. Martin Wenrich.
Richard Randolph, { Classmate of Clarence,	{ J. Howard Woerth.
{ U. S. Consul at Cairo,	
Dr. Knowleston, college president . . . . .	Daniel W. Hamm.
Prof. J. Mondrich Kelmer, Principal of Academic Department . . . . .	G. H. Drumheller.
Teddy Larkins . . . . .	Ralph E. Kline.
Triumvirate . . . . .	{ John A. Blank. Percy B. Ruhe. Irwin O. Schell.
Zeke, farmhand . . . . .	Raymond Kressler.
Kiosk, the servant . . . . .	Herbert J. Schmoyer.
Sambo . . . . .	Alex. Diefenderfer.
Turn Key . . . . .	Luther Serfass.
Lorina Lowrine, farmer's wife . . . . .	Sam. E. Moyer.
Mrs. Randolph, Clarence's former sweetheart . .	Geo. K. Rubrecht.
Officers, students, etc., by members of the class.	

THE PLAY IN BRIEF.

Clarence Lowrine, the son of a poor farmer of small means, after much deliberation is sent to Berglen College. While there he receives much aid from his wealthy city chum, Dick Randolph. But shortly after graduation a fight occurs on account of jealousy, and they part as enemies.



From thence they pursue different courses in life. The one, Dick Randolph, being a diplomat, the other, Clarence Lowrine, a scientist in Egypt.

While there Clarence is arrested on false charges and thrown into prison. He is rescued from prison by his former chum, Dick Randolph, who is at that time Minister to Egypt. He is taken to the Consulate where there is another American, Jim Puddifoot, a classmate at Berglen. Neither of the three recognizes each other, but through a ring in the possession of Jim Puddifoot a general understanding takes place.

Shortly afterward Clarence returns to America and takes the chair of Natural Sciences at Berglen College, thus making true the name of the play, "Professor e Rustico."

## SYNOPSIS.

Act I. Ruralville.

Act II. Berglen College.

Act III. Egypt.

Act IV. Berglen College.

## PATRONESSES.

*In Urbe.*

Mrs. Geo. Albright, Mrs. Edwin Albright, Mrs. G. C. Aschbach, Mrs. Henry Brobst, Mrs. J. D. Christman, Mrs. Walter E. Decker, Mrs. E. A. Donecker, Mrs. C. W. B. Gerner, Mrs. B. K. Hamm, Mrs. Joe H. Hart, Mrs. W. H. Hartzell, Mrs. Irwin F. Huebner, Mrs. Herbert C. Keller, Mrs. Thomas J. Koch, Mrs. A. A. Kline, Mrs. J. T. Kressler, Mrs. J. Harry Lawfer, Mrs. O. R. B. Leidy, Mrs. Joseph B. Lewis, Mrs. L. B. Mason, Mrs. C. A. Marks, Mrs. J. H. Massey, Mrs. James K. Mosser, Mrs. C. H. Moyer, Mrs. Geo. Ormrod, Mrs. S. A. Repass, Mrs. A. J. Reichard, Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Mrs. Thomas Saeger, Mrs. H. S. Schell, Mrs. T. L. Seip, Mrs. H. S. Seip, Mrs. Alex. S. Shimer, Mrs. Hiram S. Shimer, Mrs. Louis Soleliac, Mrs. R. Peter Steckel, Mrs. M. J. Stephen, Mrs. Reuben P. Steckel, Mrs. Edwin H. Stein, Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Harry C. Trexler, Mrs. W. W. Wackernagel, Mrs. G. C. Williams, Mrs. M. A. Young, Miss Florence J. Brobst, Miss Mary E. German, Miss Elizabeth Grim, Miss Eliza Keck, Miss Jennie Renner, Miss Miriam Ruhe, Miss Gertrude M. Rabenold.

*Ex Urbe.*

Mrs. J. A. Rubrecht, Telford; Mrs. Elmer D. S. Boyer, Vera Cruz; Mrs. E. R. Benner, Shoenersville; Mrs. Charles Goersch, Jeddo; Mrs. B. J. Schmoyer, Mrs. H. J. Schmoyer, Trexlertown; Mrs. F. Goldsmith, Miss Grace Williams, Catasauqua; Mrs. J. M. Drumheller, Pottstown; Mrs. E. G. Kern, Coplay; Miss Sallie Beitenman, Denver, Col.; Miss Nellie Beck, Stone Church.

## Wednesday, June 22, Junior Oratorical Contest.

A good audience gathered in the Academy of Music at ten o'clock to listen to the Junior Oratorical Prize Contest. There were thirteen contestants, who occupied the front semicircle of seats, and in the center sat President Theo. L. Seip. The judges were the Rev. E. L. Miller, of South Bethlehem; S. N. Potteiger, Esq., of Reading, and the Rev. E. M. Grahn, of Easton. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

## MUSIC.

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

- "A Plea for Fidelity" . . . . . John Bender.  
 "The Victories of Peace" . . . . . Edgar F. Heilman.  
 "Individual Independence" . . . . . Ambrose A. Kunkle.

## MUSIC.

- "Truth and Opinion" . . . . . Willis Beck.  
 "Our Nation's Debt" . . . . . Wm. A. Hausman, Jr.  
 "The Reign of Rameses" . . . . . Wm. J. Seiberling.  
 "The New United States" . . . . . Edward Raker.

## MUSIC.

- "Friendly Services" . . . . . Frank N. D. Buchman.  
 "A Formidable Factor" . . . . . Fred. A. Fetherolf.  
 "The Demagogue, Our Danger" . . . . . F. Nathan Fritch.

## MUSIC.

- "Our National Unity" . . . . . Peter S. Trumbower.  
 "Science and Civilization" . . . . . John G. Hartley.  
 "Humanity Upholds Justice" . . . . . Luther Warren Fritch.

## MUSIC.

## BENEDICTION.



**Society Reunions.**

At two o'clock in the afternoon the reunions of the literary societies were held. Both halls were very beautifully and appropriately decorated with palms, flags, and bunting for the occasion. In Euterpea the meeting was called to order by President Rex, who called Prof. Dr. Richards to the chair. The following programme was rendered: Prayer, by the Rev. W. W. Kistler. "God Bless Our Native Land." Address of welcome, Charles G. Beck. Piano solo, W. J. Sykes. Remarks, J. H. Waidelich, S. A. Bridges Stopp. Piano solo, A. T. Aschbach. Declamation, E. D. S. Boyer. Vocal solo, A. B. Yerger. Remarks, Rev. Dr. J. A. Bauman, Rev. W. W. Kistler. Piano solo, F. L. Erb. Remarks, Prof. Campbell, Rev. P. George Sieger. Song, "Alma Mater." Remarks, Rev. M. J. Bieber. Vocal solo, V. J. Koch. Remarks, Rev. E. H. Trafford. Long Meter Doxology.

In Sophronia the meeting was called to order by President Edward Raker, who called the Rev. Dr. W. Wackernagel to the chair. After the opening exercises of singing hymn "Now thank we all our God," Scripture reading and prayer was offered by the Rev. G. E. Kunkle. The address of welcome was made by Harry Hehl, in which he called attention to the new piece of furniture added since the last reunion, the fine upright piano, which was bought by the society, and which is not encumbered with any mortgage or debt, but has been paid and is free from debt. Addresses followed by Rev. Warren Nickel, Prof. E. E. Campbell, President of Irving College at Mechanicsburg, Dr. M. K. Neiffer, Rev. P. A. DeLong, Rev. G. G. Gebhard, of Tamaqua, O. S. Henninger, John Snyder, M. S. Hottenstine, Fred. E. Cooper, F. Ebert, Joseph Slough, Willard Kline, Rev. Kunkel, Rev. J. A. Scheffer. Songs were sung by George Erdman, Claude Allenbach, Alexander Diefenderfer, Messrs. Schell, Ruhe, and Blank. The exercises closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

**Board of Trustees' Meeting.**

The trustees of Muhlenberg College met this afternoon. Those present were: Rev. J. L. Becker, of Lansdale; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, Alfred G. Saeger, Thomas W. Saeger, Hon. E. S. Shimer, Rev. J. D. Shindel, of this city; Rev. J. S. Erb, Slatington; Jacob Fegley,

Pottstown; Rev. H. S. Fegley, New Tripoli; Hon. F. E. Meiley, Lebanon; Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., Selinsgrove; S. N. Potteiger, Reading; Rev. T. E. Schmauch, Lebanon; Rev. J. A. Seiss, D. D., Philadelphia; John Seaboldt, Lehigh-ton; George R. Ulrich, D.D.S., Philadelphia; A. Stanley Ulrich, Lebanon; Rev. J. H. Waidelich, Sellersville.

The following committees were reëlected: Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, President of Board; Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Secretary of Board; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Treasurer. General Executive Committee: Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, President; Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Secretary; Rev. C. J. Cooper, Rev. J. D. Schindel, Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, Rev. J. S. Erb, J. K. Mosser, A. G. Saeger, T. W. Saeger, Hon. E. S. Shimer, Hon. C. J. Erdman. Examination Committee: Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. J. D. Schindel, Rev. J. S. Erb, Rev. C. J. Cooper, Thomas W. Saeger. Committee on Degrees: Revs. Dr. Seiss, S. A. Repass, G. T. Spieker, J. F. Schantz, S. E. Ochsenford.

Treasurer Cooper reported the expenses for the year \$6,404.92; in the permanent fund: balance in treasury, \$7,448.94; receipts, \$12,210.64; balance in permanent fund at end of last year, \$1,648.22; in current fund, total receipts, \$15,215.15; expenses, \$14,000; balance, \$1250. Total endowment fund, \$154,145.95.

Treasurer Cooper reported that he, during the year, had been mostly occupied on the Jubilee Fund. He preached in various churches. The bequest of Elizabeth Schaeffer amounted to \$4,744.33. The scholarship of Edward S. and Sarah Wertz was completed. George C. Loos, of Philadelphia, contributed \$100 toward the Alumni Professorship Fund.

Suitable action was taken on the death of A. W. Potteiger. On the death of Rev. B. M. Schmauch and George H. Reinold, Rev. Drs. Schantz and Ochsenford were appointed a committee to prepare minutes. The executive committee reported the sale of the Bowman property. Prof. Dowell was elected professor of the Asa Packer Professorship of Natural and Applied Sciences, at a salary of \$1200.

#### **Triennial Banquet of Muhlenberg College.**

The fiftieth anniversary of the Allentown Seminary and the Allentown Collegiate Institute and Military Academy,



now Muhlenberg College, was celebrated last night in connection with the triennial banquet of the alumni of the latter institution. The affair took place in Central Market Hall, and in point of numbers, sociability, and representative gathering it was an eminently satisfactory success. There were about 200 present, including the ladies, and in the gathering were seen men high in their station and influential in their calling. Ministers whose eloquence, learning, and work are known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and honored by all the leading institutions in the country; lawyers of renown, who laid the foundation and reared the edifice of their education within the walls of the institution whose anniversary they had come to celebrate; educators whose characters were moulded, whose intellects were fostered, trained, and reared, who were equipped with their intellectual weapons that enabled them to carve out a name and fame for themselves, within the walls of old Muhlenberg and under the guidance of its honored presidents; physicians, who brought to the institutions which were to fit them for their special calling an intellect which had already received the benefit of broad, thorough, and catholic instruction; men in every walk of life and of every degree of achievement mingled in Market Hall. Old age and comparative youth bridged the chasm of time with an interchange of reminiscences and noted the vast progress which the worthy institution to which they owed so much had made, the difficulties she had overcome and the obstacles she had surmounted. Amid all the good cheer, the hearty hand clasp, the fervent greeting of friends long parted, the renewal of old acquaintances, relating of long-forgotten college pranks and jokes, there was that air of refinement and beauty which only the presence of ladies can lend.

Stripes of red, white, and blue bunting divided the hall, at the east end of which were the tables. On the platform the Allentown Band, half concealed behind a bank of ferns and palms, rendered a choice program.

The Committee of Arrangements, consisting of Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Dr. Howard S. Seip, and Reuben S. Butz, Esq., labored faithfully to make the affair a success, and they deserve every credit for their unselfish work, hard and unappreciated as such labor often is.

The hall was decorated profusely, though in good taste, with the national colors, and Col. Harris, with a corps of able assistants, had prepared a feast that appealed to the eye as well as to the appetite. It was about ten o'clock when the signal was given that the banquet was ready, and to the strains of a spirited march the guests proceeded to their appointed places at the tables.

Rev. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, offered prayer, after which for about two hours strict attention was paid to a discussion of the admirable menu.

It was close to the midnight hour when the best course of the banquet was reached and Dr. Ettinger took up the functions of his office as toastmaster. He proved an admirable presiding officer and prefaced every introduction in a witty and felicitous manner and apt and pleasing style, the sauce, as it were, to the solids that followed.

Rev. Dr. G. F. Krotel, who was to respond to the toast "The College Fathers," was unable to be present on account of illness, and his place was taken by Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass. The learned doctor, in his introductory remarks, stated that the hour was late and he would be brief, but there were others to whom *multum in parvo* is but the echo of an empty phrase and in whose lexicon there is evidently no such word as "brevity." The doctor paid an eloquent tribute to the work of the college fathers and what they had wrought for the good of posterity.

Rev. Dr. W. R. Hofford, who was at one time principal of the Allentown Seminary, was next on the toast list. He spoke of the more than ordinary interest attached to the present occasion and of the work started 50 years ago. He paid a high tribute to Muhlenberg College, and spoke on the great influence the Allentown Seminary had on the community in the moulding of character and the formation of true Christian manhood and womanhood. He also gave several interesting reminiscences of his connection with that institution. His remarks were greeted with great applause.

President T. L. Seip, D.D., responded to the toast "Muhlenberg College." Concisely but eloquently he spoke of the work of the institution of which he is the head and made an earnest appeal to the citizens of Allentown for their support and



encouragement. The honored doctor also paid a beautiful tribute to the ladies present, for the work they have always performed in behalf of Muhlenberg College.

Hon. George L. Wellington, United States Senator from Maryland, who was to have responded to the toast of "Education and the Commonwealth," telegraphed that the Hawaiian matter compelled him to remain in Washington.

"Fifty Years Ago" was responded to by Prof. J. H. Dubbs, D.D., of Lancaster. Prof. Dubbs was in his happiest mood, and his wit and humor, his trenchant remarks and recital of humorous episodes and interesting reminiscences of his boyhood days, when he drank at the fount of knowledge in the old Allentown Seminary, evoked rounds of applause and laughter. Particularly interesting was that portion of his speech pertaining to the personality of Rev. Dr. C. R. Kessler, the founder of the seminary, and the idiosyncracies of some of the students.

Prof. M. H. Richards responded to the toast "The Faculty." Dr. Richards is the ideal after-dinner speaker. He is unique, original, quaint, with a wit as keen as a Damascus blade, a cheerful philosophy, and an infectious humor, which make his talks a source of never-failing delight.

"The Sons of Muhlenberg" was the toast selected for Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, assistant superintendent of the schools of New York city. Dr. Shimer in glowing terms referred to his *alma mater* and the affection which her sons entertained for her. He paid a high tribute to the work of President Seip, and read from the catalogue over a score of names of Muhlenberg's graduates who have achieved fame and honor in their chosen profession. In the course of his remarks Dr. Shimer referred to the statement of a distinguished Western educator, who praised in the highest terms the scholarship of the men from Muhlenberg. Vice-Chancellor McCracken, of New York, also said that in looking over the catalogues of all the leading colleges in the country some years ago he found that Muhlenberg was the only college that made the Bible a study. Since then other colleges have placed the study of the Bible in their curriculum.

Rev. Ernest M. Grahn next read a very lengthy paper on "The Sacred Calling." The hour was getting so late and the audience began to exhibit such signs of impatience that the

last three speakers, Dr. Richard H. Beck, on "Tinctures and Pills;" and Aaron B. Hassler, Esq., on "Briefs and Fees," and Rev. Charles L. Fry, on "Earth's Noblest Thing—A Woman Perfected," spoke only a few minutes on their respective topics. The audience then sang "Star Spangled Banner," which terminated the exercises.

The menu card was a work of art. On the title-page, in gilt letters, were the words "50th Anniversary, 1848-1898, Allentown Seminary, 1848-1864; Collegiate Institute and Military Academy, 1864-1867; Muhlenberg College, 1867-1898." The symbol of the college, an eagle on a Bible, surmounted by a cross, also graces the title-page. On the inside is a steel engraving of the Allentown Seminary, 1848. The menu card bore the college colors.

Rev. J. T. Rossiter, D.D., who was to respond to the toast "Allentown Collegiate Institute and Military Academy," was unable to be present.—*Allentown Chronicle and News*.

#### Thursday, June 23.

The thirty-first annual commencement took place in Music Hall in the morning. A very large audience greeted the Faculty, the Board of Trustees, alumni, clergymen, visitors, and the graduating class as they respectively appeared upon the stage.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Latin Salutatory . . . . . John T. Eckert, Jr., (97.45) Second Honor.

MUSIC.

"The Teacher's Sphere" . . . . . William S. Heist (96.04).

"Slow Haste" . . . . . Emile J. Keuling.

MUSIC.

"The Scholar" . . . . . John K. Sullenberger (96.47).

"The American Aristocracy" . . . . . Bernard Repass (95.32).

MUSIC.

German Oration . . . . . George I. Lenker, (96.98) Third Honor.

"The Crusade Renaissance" . . . . . Will. E. Steckel.

MUSIC.

Valedictory . . . . . Levi F. Gruber, (98.64) First Honor.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees . . . . . By the President.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

BENEDICTION.



**Degrees Conferred.**

President Seip announced that the Board of Trustees had conferred the following degrees:

Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) upon Hon. Gustav A. Endlich, of Reading, Pa.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rev. G. S. Kleckner, of Bath, of the Class of '90, and upon the following members of the Class of '95: Victor J. Bauer, Macungie; Vitalis J. Becker, Royer's Ford; Preston A. Behler, Jacksonville; Forley Ebert, Schnecksville; Warren J. Ellis, Jonestown; Luther D. Gable, Reading; Ammon A. Killian, Port Royal; Charles E. Kistler, Lynnvillle; Rev. E. H. Kistler, Germantown; Frederick C. Krapf, Newark, Del.; Luther D. Lazarus and Joseph Stopp, Allentown; Philip A. Miller, Paxton; Newton T. Miller, Lancaster; Harry P. Miller, Selinsgrove; Prof. John E. Sandt, Greenville; Elmer E. Snyder, Martin's Creek; Wellington J. Snyder, Philadelphia.

Dr. Seip also announced that the degree of Bachelor of Arts had been conferred upon the entire Class of 1898.

**The Prizes.****SENIOR CLASS.**

Amos Ettinger Gold Honor Medal, given by Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Ph.D., to the member of the class attaining the highest average in all studies, to Levi F. Gruber, of Obold, Pa.

Butler Analogy Prize, \$25 in gold, for the best competitive examination in Butler's Analogy, presented by Wm. H. Staake, Esq., of Philadelphia, awarded to Geo. I. Lenker, Sunbury. The other three contestants are specially commended on their examinations.

**JUNIOR CLASS.**

Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical Prize of \$25 in gold, for the best oration as to matter and manner, at the Junior Oratorical Contest, awarded to F. Nathan Fritch, of Bethlehem. Honorable mention of Ambrose A. Kunkle, of Treverton.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS.**

Eliza Botanical Prize of \$15 in gold for the best essay and illustrated herbarium on "The Forest Trees of Lehigh County," presented by Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., of Pittsburg, awarded to Franklin S. Kuntz, of Freeland, Pa.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE PRIZES.

Ten dollars to the student excelling as to knowledge of subject and proficiency in physical culture, presented by Dr. H. H. Herbst, of this city, awarded to Frank N. D. Buchman, Allentown, a member of the Junior Class.

Five dollars, also given by Dr. Herbst to the member of the Freshman Class excelling in physical culture, awarded to George K. Rubrecht, of Telford. Honorable mention: Percy B. Ruhe, of Allentown, and Fred. P. Reagle, of Hokendauqua.

## GERMAN PRIZES.

Books offered by the Seniors to the Sophomores for the best German declaration, awarded as follows: First, A. G. Flexer, Allentown; second, Franklin S. Kuntz, Freeland; third, Robert R. Fritch, of Allentown.

Books offered by the Juniors to the Freshmen for the best German declamation, awarded as follows: First, J. George Brode, of Tamaqua; second, S. Martin Wenrich, Reinhold's; third, J. A. Schofer, of East Greenville.

After the usual announcements the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. S. Laird, of Philadelphia, and the singing of the doxology.

**The Commencement Dinner.**

Immediately after the exercises in Music Hall the Commencement dinner was given by the ladies to the friends of Muhlenberg at the college. Over two hundred guests enjoyed the elegant repast, for which the ladies of Allentown are so well known.

**The Semicentennial Anniversary.**

At three o'clock the exercises incident to the fiftieth anniversary of the origin of Muhlenberg College were held on the college campus. The Allentown Band furnished the music. The oration was delivered by Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D.D., of Myerstown. The speaker in a very interesting manner gave the history of the early trials of the seminary, academy, and the gradual progress of the college. His speech was replete with reminiscences and data.

After he had finished, Rev. Dr. Seip introduced a number of other speakers, among whom were Rev. Dr. J. Fry, who



brought the greetings of Mt. Airy Seminary, Rev. Dr. Samuel Laird, President of the Ministerium, who brought the greetings of that body, and Rev. Dr. W. R. Hofford, once principal of the seminary. Rev. C. J. Cooper read a number of interesting letters from old students, with whom he corresponded. Rev. Berkemeyer, of Sellersville, was a conspicuous personage on the stage. He was the first student that applied for admission to the academy, and was one of the four students there the first day. He pronounced the benediction.

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### Muhlenberg College.

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The catalogue of Muhlenberg College has come to hand, and gives evidence of growth and prosperity.

It shows that 160 students were in attendance during the past year, 21 in the Senior, 28 in the Junior, 22 in the Sophomore, and 39 in the Freshman Class, and 50 in the Academic Department. The number of the alumni is 416.

The catalogue shows that Muhlenberg offers two courses, a Classical and a Scientific course, leading to the corresponding degrees of A. B. and B. S.

A change is to be noticed in the matter of expenses. While the tuition and boarding remains the same, the charges for room, heat, and care of room, are somewhat higher, for which the college proposes to give the students greater comforts.

The next scholastic year begins September 1. This institution offers our young men of Eastern Pennsylvania all the advantages of a first-class college education at a very moderate outlay.

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